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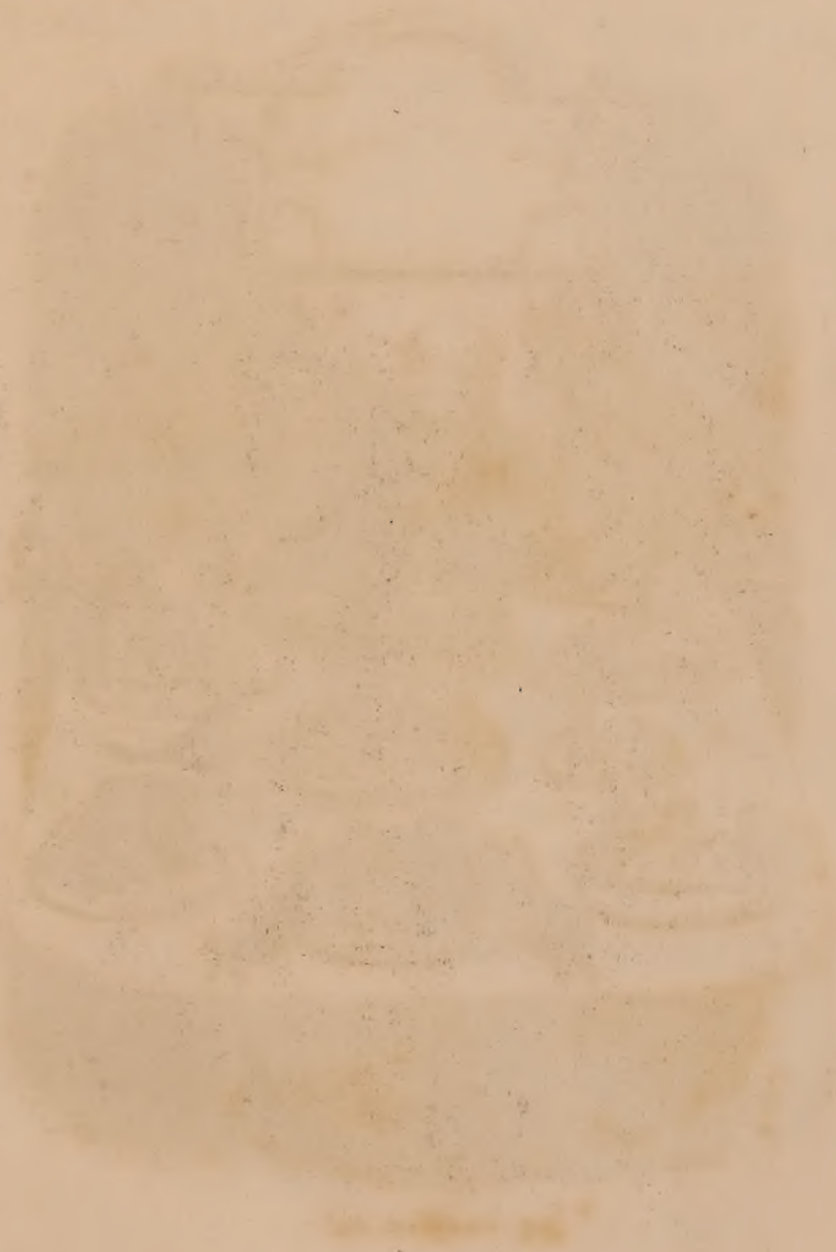

George Cruikshank fec.

ANGELO'S PIC NIC;

OR,

TABLE TALK,

INCLUDING NUMEROUS

RECOLLECTIONS OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS,

WHO HAVE FIGURED IN SOME PART OR ANOTHER OF

THE STAGE OF LIFE FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS;

FORMING AN

ENDLESS VARIETY OF TALENT, AMUSEMENT, AND INTEREST,

CALCULATED TO PLEASE EVERY PERSON FOND OF

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

" Othello's Occupation's gone !"

IN ADDITION TO WHICH ARE SEVERAL

ORIGINAL LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS,

From the following Distinguished Authors:—

COLMAN,
THEODORE HOOK,
BULWER,
HORACE SMITH,
MRS. RADCLIFFE,
MISS JANE PORTER,
MRS. HALL,
KENNY,
PEAKE,
BOADEN,
HERMIT IN LONDON, &c.

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TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD,

&c. &c. &c.

The following Work

IS,

(BY HIS GRACE'S KIND PERMISSION)

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

MOST HUMBLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS GRACE'S

OBEDIENT AND VERY FAITHFUL SERVANT,

HENRY ANGELO.

ANGELO'S PIC NIC.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VIGNETTE.

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A WORD TO THE READER.

In putting forth the following pages, in continuation of his Reminiscences, the Author regrets that he has to speak so much of himself; but circumstanced as he is, he has no alternative. There are some incidents in real life, more romantic than romance itself; and this remark will be found to apply to many of the narratives which follow. He has no scruples on this head, however, in laying them before the public, being conscious of no deviation from the truth. He is merely anxious to excuse himself for that awkwardness which always, more or less, attends a narrative of personal anecdotes and adventures, although they may be of a kind highly interesting to the public.

OUT OF DATE,

BY

WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

A MAN is somewhat like an almanack, he has, like it, his day and date, his coming out, and his going out. The novelty of seeing him, gives him a starting point; the world goes with him in his progress, but age, like a relentless creditor, arrests him. He is then out of date, neglected, and laid on the shelf. Thus I have found it too; but let me further follow the simile, why is it thus with us both? Because mankind only praise us for what they can get out of us; they consult us for their own information, to assist their memory, or to pass an idle moment. When a successor comes out in fresh print, well tagged with gilding and morocco, a new picture, a fresh face,—farewell old friend and old almanack; the last impression is like a prosperous man rising into notice; or, like the ghost in Macbeth, it pushes us without ceremony from our stools. The new almanack is

to be found in every body's drawing-room, at the breakfast table, on the sofa by lady fair, by the fire-side, or is carried about like a vade mecum by Prince and Peer, by Lord and Commoner, by rich and poor. The young thriving man, in like manner, is welcome at every board, admitted to stately library, and elegant boudoir, the arm companion of the gay, and, in short, known to all the town. "Ah, Angelo! and so it used to be with thee. Where do you dine to-day? Shall we see you at our party? Do you go to Covent Garden, Old Drury, the Opera, or Promenade, to-night? Can you spare us a few tickets for the Masquerade, or will you take some for the benefit Concert?" Such was the order of the day, and my round of amusements. Angelo, with a good cook, and a full cellar, was almost an Angelo indeed to youths with keen appetites and trencher friends; but when out of date, might go al Diavolo, and shake himself. How often have I sauntered down Bond Street, St. James's Street, and Pall Mall, in search of side dishes at my table, *id est*, for stray friends, and those to whom roast beef and bright port might be an object, to edge in round my dinner table. That was the time of day; but now "you

have really the advantage of me, when had I the pleasure of seeing you? My memory really betrays me as to your name," (and well it is, if not betrayed for thee). " I quite forget your face." This is the language of the almanack of other years, of the Angelo out of date; but it is more the altered features of the case than of the face which produce this species of oblivion, of " friend remembering not."

But I am not going to turn old proser, or quarrel with the world. No! I shall rather tell a short story of an impudent guest of mine in by gone years, and with it conclude my philosophic reflections, grateful that some patrons have still stuck to me, and anxious that my *Pic-nic*, made up as it is by abler hands than mine, and furnishing better fare than my poor brains can afford, may be both in time and in good odour with my indulgent customers, and that my old stories may serve as a foil (this savours of the shop), to more valuable modern ones, and that poor Angelo may not, like the fallen Angelos of old, be consigned to utter social darkness and oblivion.

In my usual court-end of the town, my Sunday's lounge, wandering about, not seeking whom I

might devour, like the rooks of the day, but seeking for persons to fill up my table; I fell in with the son of a certain general officer, and, as usual, offered him pot luck, which he accepted, yet still remained in a stationary attitude at a post, planted at the corner of a street. I now looked at my watch, and perceiving the hour of attack on roast beef and plum pudding approaching, I urged him to come away; still he lingered, and when harder pressed, confessed that there was still a chance of a great man's riding by, this being near his time and beat, who gave splendid dinners and copious libations of French wine, and that he did not like to throw away a chance. I left him indignantly, but he appeared when dinner was begun, and so talked me into good humour that I forgave him; and he made up for lost time on my sirloin, where there was cut and come again.—A word to the wise—there are many guests of the same stamp.

A YOUNG HUNTER.

Previous to my father's building a riding house in Carlisle Street (then King's Square Court), and publicly teaching equitation, his time was totally

devoted to Lord Pembroke, who had a manège at his mansion in Whitehall. His lordship, who had long been known for his gallantry, and his opera manœuvre when abroad with the beautiful Signora Crevelli, the first dancer at the Scala, Milan (which excited the mirth of all the English there), and who was the great attraction of the Italian Noblesse, &c.; but the care of the mother, who like the many who bring their daughters here for sale, depending on the best bidder, the mercenary *madre* expecting to raise her price, each shared alike that refusal, no one could say *che felicità*. Lord Pembroke, who well knew no time was to be lost, and ever fond of a frolic, especially when un tour d'amour, while the audience were all waiting for her appearance, His Lordship only waited till she was dressed, all expectation, when instead of seeing her "*fantastic toe*" on the boards, she had *stepped* into his Lordship's carriage, which was in readiness to take her away to Florence, leaving the Italians to swear cose petto di Bacco, questo poco d' Inglese. Pleased as he was with this adventure, having out-witted the mother, and the disappointed bidders, supplanting them, at his return to England, though this

might have been considered merely a theatrical false *step*, another that followed soon after was a far different *step*, though a fashionable one then, which has lasted to this day, and at the time made not a little noise in the gay world.

Miss Hunter, who was the general admiration of every one, Lord Pembroke, though then a Benedict, ran away with her; the consequence was, a son, who, after, was my schoolfellow and crony at Eton, and went by the name of Repkombe, (the letters of his father's name), afterwards changed to Montgomery, and died a captain in the navy. This elopement filled the newspapers with anecdotes of his Lordship's amours, mentioning the Signora Crevelli, and the following lampoon, which I perfectly remember hearing many years ago, and only lately repeated to me, as my father's name is mentioned, and coupled with Lord Pembroke's, it will show the lessons of the latter were not confined to *riding* in a house only.

With Angelo, Pembroke had taken much pains
To keep a good seat, and manage his reins—
But to ride this Young Hunter, he found it a hardship,
For she swallowed the bit, and run off with his Lordship.

THE PIC-NIC.

THE BANQUET HALL:

OR,

THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ALBANS.

(Now first published.)

BY THE CELEBRATED MRS. RADCLIFFE.

FAR distant rose those walls upon the light,
The stately walls, with tapestry richly dight,
Of th' Abbot's banquet-hall, where, as on throne,
He sat at the high dais, like Prince, alone,
Save when a Royal Guest was there,
Or papal Legate claimed a chair.
Here marble platforms, flight o'er flight,
Slow rising through the long-lined view,
Showed tables, spread at different height,
Where each for different rank he knew,

And with pleased glance, adown the hall,
Saw Bishops in their far-sought palle
The Abbey's noble Seneschal,
Barons and Earls, in gold array,
And warrior knights, in harness grey.
There was the Prior's delegated sway,
The grave Archdeacon sat below,
And th' hundred Monks, in row and row;
Not robed in dismal sable they
Upon a high and festal day,
But all in copes most costly and most gay.
There, too, the Abbey-Marshal shone,
And there, beside the Abbot's throne,
Chaplain of Honour from the Pope, alone.

II.

Thus the Lord-Abbot, were he proud,
Might muse upon the checkered crowd;
Nor always did his mind disdain
The worldly honours, though so vain.
His board with massive plate was laid,
And rare inventions it displayed;
Each Sewer-Monk his homage paid,
With bended knee and bowed head;
And latin verse, half sung, half said
On every platform, as he rose
Through the long hall to its high close,

Where frankincense from golden urns
In light wreath round the Abbot burns.
The chaunted Latin Grace was sung
With pomp of instruments that rung
The arched roofs, galleries, and screens among.
And, when a royal guest was there,
The Abbot rising from his chair,
Blest with spread hands, the ordered feast,
While reverend stood each princely guest,
And far adown the hall might see
Knights, Bishops, Earls, on bended knee.

III.

And when came up, at old Yule-Tide,
The boar's head, trimmed with garlands gay,
With shining holly's scarlet pride,
And the sweet-scented rosemary,
O ! then what merry carols rung !
What choral lays the Minstrels sung !
Marching before it through the hall,
Led by the stately Seneschal.
This was the joyous Minstrel's call,
In Leonine with English strung :

" *Caput Afri defero.*
The boar's head here in hand bring I,
With garlands gay, and rosemary ;
I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio."

IV.

Then every voice in chorus joined
Of those who sat in festal row,
You might have heard it on the wind—
Heard it o'er hills of desert snow,
That sudden chorus sweeping high,
Then sinking on the wild waste, die.
As if the winter-wind would sigh
Some sad, lamenting prophecy
O'er all—*Qui erant in convivio!*
And from these hills of desert snow
Oft have been seen, in vale below,
Through windows of that Banquet-hall,
The mighty YULE-CLOUGH blazing clear,
And the Yule-tapers, huge and tall,
Lighting the roofs with timely cheer.
But ere a few brief hours were sped,
The blaze was gone—the guests were fled;
And heavy was the winter's sigh,
As those lone walls it passed by.

V.

Now, ere the Abbot's feast began,
Or yet appeared the crane and swan,
The solemn carver, with his keen
Knife, and well ARMED with napkins clean,

Scarf-wise athwart his shoulder placed,
And on each arm and round his waist,
Came, led by Marshal, to the dais.
There every trencher he essays,
O'er the GREAT-SALT makes flourishes,
Kisses each spoon and napkin fair,
Assaying whether ill lurk there,
Ere he present it to the lord,
Or offer it at the REWARDE;
The Sewer, half-kneeling on his way,
Of every dish receives assaye
At the high board, as guard from guile,
The Marshal waiting by the while,
And ancient carols rising slow
From the young Choir and Monks below.
And thus, as every course came on,
These pomps an awful reverence won.

VI.

Soon as the last high course was o'er,
The Chaplain from the cupboard bore
The ALM'S-DISH to the Abbot's board,
With viands from the tables stored,
And ample loaf, and gave it thence,
With due form and good countenance,
That the Almoner might it dispense.

Next came the cup-bearers with wine,
Malmsey and golden metheglin,
With spice-cake and with wafers fine.
This o'er, when surnaps all were drawn,
And solemn Grace again was sung,
Came golden ewer and bason, borne
In state to the high board along.

VII.

But at high-tide, ere all was past,
Marched the huge wassail-bowl the last,
Obedient to the Abbot's call,
Borne by the Steward of the hall,
The Marshal, with his wand before,
And streamers gay and rosemary,
And choral carols sounding o'er.
'Twas set beside the father's dais,
Where oft the Deacon in his place,
Who bearer of the Grace-cup was,
Filled high the cordial Hippocras
From out that bowl of spicery,
And served the Abbot on his knee;
Thus sent around to every board
This farewell-wassail from his lord.
The Abbot, tasting of the wine,
Rose from his chair, in wonted sign

The feast was o'er; yet stood awhile
In cheerful converse, with high guest,
Who from the table round him pressed,
Then with a kind and gracious smile,
The wassail and the board he blessed,
Ere yet he left the gorgeous scene,
And sought the tranquil shade within.

VIII.

Here, with proud grace, did Wolsey stand,
Signing forth blessings with his hand,
And oft the Grace-cup had allowed
To move among the willing crowd,
Grandeur sat on his steadfast brow,
'Mid high Imagination's glow.
He seemed to feel himself the lord
Of all who sat beside his board,
And whether peer, or prince, or king,
'Twas meet to him they homage bring;
And homage willed they since his pride
Had genius, judgment, taste, for guide,
Which held it in such fine control,
Pride seemed sublimity of soul.

LORD BYRON.

Although so much has already been written about Lord Byron, including the most trivial anecdotes of his childhood, I will venture to let one of mine take its chance with the public, along with its many predecessors, some true, some doubtless fabricated, and if mine lacketh good telling, the truth of it must make amends for the style; for I have always thought with the great satirist Boileau,

"Il n'y a rien beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable."

I have already had occasion to speak frequently of his Lordship, and recollections are continually recurring to my mind of by-gone years, when I felt honoured by the notice which he conferred upon me. Yes: I cannot omit this trait of his personal courage, which might have been of very serious consequence; and though it may seem told, merely to introduce his name, *n'importe*, I shall not hesitate to insert it; having, in fact, been present at the occurrence. In the year 1806, one night in the month of July, I was seated with Lord Byron in the last row of

the front boxes, at Coleman's Theatre; the heat was so intense as to oblige us to keep the box-door open during the intervals of the acts, when a young man, with a blustering air and *noli me tangere* look, intruded himself on the same seat. As soon as the curtain drew up, his Lordship told him, in a firm yet polite manner, that the box was already full; he nevertheless tenaciously persisted in keeping his place: some words ensued, but seeing that he was still determined to maintain his position, Lord Byron, being next the door, pushed him *sans cérémonie* into the lobby. Having watched his behaviour, and hearing him mutter something to himself on this *faire reculer*, ending with, "I know who you are, I know;"—I followed him out, and insisted upon his explaining what he meant. "Oh! you are Angelo," said he, "*that* taught my brother to fence, and I am an officer," with other bullying expressions. I was by this time surrounded by a number of my friends, who were laughing at the man's arrogance, as if his military rank entitled him to insult me. Considering it as coupled with his insolent intrusion, and not to be excused by the humiliation of being thrust out of the box, I here demanded

his name, but he endeavoured to evade the question, by quitting the theatre. This, however, did not prevent me from following him into Pall Mall, where, apologizing, by saying that he did not mean to offend me, he informed me that he was a cornet in a regiment of light cavalry, and that his name was Hanson. Some time afterwards, I recollect reading his name in the list of the killed, in an action in Spain; and I found by my book that his brother had been a scholar of mine, in the city. I have since heard that his father was an orange-merchant.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

A striking instance of skilful seamanship in his present Majesty, WILLIAM the FOURTH, when, in the year 1790, his Royal Father's ship, the *Valiant*, was distinguished by bearing on her books the name of the then DUKE of CLARENCE, as Captain.

It will appear by the books of the above ship of the line, that, from the 12th of May, 1790, to the 27th of November following, the ILLUSTRIOUS DUKE was borne on her books as Captain, and continued on board nearly the whole of that time, cruising in the chops of the Channel, and several leagues to the westward, with a view of exercising

her crew, and giving expertness to such of the people as had newly entered. It may be here observed, that during the preceding period an armament was in progress against Russia, for aggressions in the British district, and seas of Nootka Sound.

Early in November, the Empress of Russia had the discretion and good sense to authorise her ministers to offer such atoning explanations, and assurances, as led to a termination of all our hostile preparations; and, in consequence, the *Valiant* was one of the ships ordered to be paid off, and laid up. As she was at Portsmouth, her Royal Commander received orders to proceed thither. It, however, occurred to his Royal Highness, upon the approach of the *Valiant* to the destined port, that, in consequence of sudden unfavourable appearances in the weather, it would be advisable for the ship to proceed through the Needles; and orders were accordingly issued to that effect: but the Duke having learnt that the master had never taken a *ship of the line* through *that* Channel, and had become alarmed at so important a charge (as at that period such an undertaking was deemed), lost not a moment in

relieving the master from his apprehensions, by saying, in the presence of the entire ship's company, that he would HIMSELF navigate the ship, with the blessing of Providence, to her anchorage. And to the high gratification of the officers and men, the *Valiant* was ably piloted through the *Narrows* and brought to her berth at Spithead.

His Royal Highness soon afterwards departed for London, *leave of absence* having been lodged with the Port Admiral, the worthy veteran Roddam, who wrote next day to the Earl of Chatham, extolling the skill and conduct of the Royal Seaman, which letter that excellent nobleman communicated immediately afterwards to our then VENERABLE MONARCH, George the Third.

MEMOIRS OF MONSIEUR DE ST. GEORGE.

After the flattering encouragement I received from the many who were my late scholars, and pleased with the fencing anecdotes in my "Reminiscences," already having spoken of the Dieu de Dance Vestris; though "Othello's occupation's gone," still sticking to the *shop*, I cannot

say too much of the Dieu d'Armes, St. George. Some years ago, having published my Extracts, and the medical opinions on the utility and advantages of Fencing; although in print, and extinct, except the few copies in possession of those who received them from me.

The following is a narrative of the Chevalier de St. George, which I sent for purposely, to my friend, Monsieur Saint Ville, at Paris.

His memoirs cannot fail to be acceptable to those who have only heard of his skill; but more particularly to the amateurs of the art, the life of a man that was universally admired for his many accomplishments.

LIFE OF THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE.

The Chevalier de St. George was born at Guadaloupe. He was the son of M. de Boulogne, a rich planter in the colony, and who became the more fond of him as he was the result of an illicit connexion, by no means uncommon in the West Indies. His mother was a negress, and was known under the name of the handsome Nanon. She was justly considered as one of the finest women that Africa had ever sent to the planta-

tions. The Chevalier de St. George united in his own person the grace and features of his mother, with the strength and firmness of M. de Boulogne. The youth's vigour was highly pleasing to the father, who frequently laughed, and said he thought to have produced a man, but in fact he had produced a sparrow. This sparrow, however, grew into an eagle. No man ever united so much suppleness to so much strength. He excelled in all the bodily exercises in which he engaged—an excellent swimmer and skaiter. He has been frequently known to swim over the Seine with one arm, and to surpass others by his agility upon its surface in the winter. He was a skilful horseman, and remarkable shot—he rarely missed his aim when his pistol was once before the mark. His talents in music unfolded themselves rapidly; but the art in which he surpassed all his cotemporaries and predecessors, was fencing: no professor or amateur ever showed so much accuracy, such strength, such length of lunge, and such quickness. His attacks were a perpetual series of hits; his parade was so close that it was in vain to attempt to touch him—in short, he was all nerve. St. George had not attained his 21st year when his father proposed him to go to Rouen, and to fence with

M. Picard, a fencing master of that place, with a promise, that if he beat him he should have, on his return, a little horse and a pretty cabriolet. Like Cæsar, he came, saw, and conquered, and St. George had his cabriolet. This Picard had been formerly in the army, and harangued very foolishly against the science. St. George, whom he called the Mulatto of Laboissière, would, he publicly asserted, soon give way to him; but he was mistaken, for Laboissière's pupil beat him with ease.

M. de Boulogne survived but a short time this first triumph of his son; he left him an annuity of 7 or 8000 francs, and an adequate pension to his handsome Nanon, whom he brought to Paris. The remainder of his immense fortune went to a daughter of his, by a creole woman: but the various talents of St. George were like a mine of gold; he might have amassed considerable wealth, if he had united prudence to his other qualities. He was very liberal in money matters, and indulged freely in all the pleasures which then made Paris such a delightful residence: he mixed in every circle, and yet seemed to neglect nothing. His concertos, symphonies, quartettos, and some comic

operas, are the best proofs of his extraordinary progress in music. Though he was very young, he was at the head of the concert of amateurs; he conducted the orchestras of Madame de Montesson, and the Marquis of Montalembert.

In 1779 he was received as an inmate in the house of the Duke of Orleans, and held the rank of Lieutenant de Chasse de Pinci; he lost this place at the Duke's death:—this post of honour and of profit was obtained by St. George through no mean intrigue—no underhand proceedings. The loss was serious to him, and he felt it, and he was reduced again to apply himself to his favourite art. He came to London, and had the honour of fencing before His Royal Highness the Regent, with Fabian, a celebrated professor at Paris, and thrusting Carte and Tierce with Madame le Chevalier D'Eon. He returned to this country in 1780, and was again received by His Royal Highness at Brighton, and went to London, under an idea of establishing himself in this country; but his plans were so badly laid, that he was altogether unsuccessful.

On his return to France, it was with difficulty he could avoid uniting in that astonishing impulse,

which then animated twenty millions of people. He went with the torrent, and was soon elevated by the prevailing party to a very high rank in the revolutionary army. He was presented with the colonelcy of a regiment of Hussars, and in this character served under General Dumourier, in Brabant; but St. George, who was perfectly ignorant of the details of a military life, became a victim of the intrigues and arts of individuals. His regiment charged, and, notwithstanding its bravery, was overpowered by the number and discipline of their opponents. He was defeated, and his first steps in the career of glory were the area of his downfall. He never after held up his head.

The Chevalier de St. George died at Paris, in 1810 or 1811, regretted by his friends, and by the few who know how to feel for, or excuse, the imperfections of humanity—qualities from which none of us can hope to be exempt.

CONTRIVANCE.

Resuming my pen again about fencing, a few words of a CONTRIVANCE, *un jeu convenu*,

between a late fencing-master here, named Goddard, though his merits (we both practised at the same time together at Paris) were not to be disputed as an instructor, yet, to excel all his competitors, not contented at his return to this country when boasting his superiority to all others in the profession; his puffs in the papers, assuming the name of Piecass (French charlatanerie), the better to attract the attention of John Bull, but he must fence with St. George, publicly challenging him in the newspapers, exciting that curiosity, and to give *éclat* to the *assaut*, the Pantheon was announced for their meeting. I should first premise, previous to the time of the CONTRIVANCE, St. George on his second visit to this country, what with the expenses at the time, living in extravagance at Grenier's Hotel, Jermyn Street (so few then in London), which was as fashionable as the Clarendon, at the time surrounded with fencers of all descriptions, amateurs, masters, flatterers (many depending on his liberality), fiddlers included, their continual reception at his table, and that profusion of Champagne, Burgundy, &c.—so reduced, and not able to continue his prodigality. Not a doubt existed but Goddard's proposal (with

the expectation of promoting this business) that the money received at the door (tickets half a guinea each), and the money of those who had previously, out of curiosity, with their guineas visited him for a ticket, he (St. George) was to possess the whole, well accounts for what followed; the hits were to be equal, making it appear their abilities were the same. The day fixed, and the room crowded, "impatient for the pay." Myself a spectator, I trust, professionally speaking, my opinion may have some *little* weight, however I might have bowed to St. George's superior judgment. Not one of those subterfuges, or false attacks, which I have taught during fifty years, the *fausse attaque* to discover your adversary's intentions, that instruction which emanated from my father and the first fencing master at Paris, it appeared to me St. George, from the commencing of the *assaut*, never once adopted; on the contrary, suffered Goddard to stretch out his arms, instead of defending himself. Had he waited but half a second, other resources might have deranged his opponent, the *fraissement, coup de fouet, etc.*, which he avoided, and, to my utter astonishment, the umpires decided the fencing match — Hits

equal—*Partie égale.* St. George neglected, on his first *allongement*, the great advantage, "such a length of lunge" (as mentioned in his memoirs), that extension, his adversary so inferior in size, he must have been out of measure. In fact, after the remarks I have made, as far as my opinion may agree with amateurs or instructors of the science, little doubt appeared to me, but, that from the first attack to the last, the whole was a *contrivance;* the ambition of one, and the *bésoin* of the other, speaks for itself. The next day St. George left London to return to the continent. I need not say, as long as fencing is considered the science of attack and defence, it is the person attacked to defend himself, especially if opposed to a sword. To stretch out his arm then, he must be fool-hardy indeed, to have recourse to such an alternative.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Soon after his arrival in London, from the intimacy subsisting between his family and Mrs. Lindley, I had an opportunity of introducing Sir Thomas to my father. Young Lawrence had a peculiar mildness in his deportment

and manners, which was irresistibly pleasing. Mrs. Lindley often brought with her a sister of his, a beautiful girl of about seventeen. I met the then Mr. Lawrence, some twenty years after the period mentioned, at the house of a Mr. Malton, where we spent the evening, and where the great artist sang a duet in a most *amoroso* and *affetuoso* style, with a very lovely young lady (now living), who seemed to attract him very much, if one might judge *par le langage des yeux*. Mr. Malton was a celebrated instructor in perspective, and lived in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. Some time after this, Sir Thomas applied to me, to give him lessons for exercise, when I resided near Soho Square; but the time was not fixed, and the lessons never took place. Two or three summers ago I paid him a visit in Russell Square, and remained with him half an hour; I reminded him of our meeting at Malton's, and of the duet sung so completely *con amore*, at which he laughed heartily; it was indeed all *amour et tendresse*, but

> Si l'amour passe avec le temps,
> Le temps passe avec l'amour.

Talking of the race of time, mine has been a

long one, yet it seems but of a day; how rapidly in succession do the weeks, months, and years, pass, and though long in prospect, how short in the retrospect! And such is life!—and I am to-day old Angelo, whose father was old Angelo a few seasons back, and yet we all talk of killing time, whilst time is killing us.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

LETTER FROM J. HEATH, ESQ.

My dear Sir,—I will give you, as you desire, the particulars of my acquaintance with Mr. Lawrence. When I first knew him he was a boy with his hair about his shoulders, and I believe near eighteen years of age. We lived very near each other, he in Leicester Fields, and I in Leicester Street. We saw each other several times a week. During our acquaintance I frequently remonstrated with him about his painting nothing but little crayon portraits, for which he received five guineas a piece. He said he was perfectly contented, as he had as many to do as he wished. But one morning he called on me, and said he had something to show me which he thought would please me, and upon going to his

lodgings he surprised me with a portrait of himself, done in oil, as large as life. I expressed myself much pleased, and promised him a sitter, a Mr. Dansey—who at my recommendation sat to him; and this was the *first* portrait he ever painted in oil. It was so well done, that it was universally admired, and he promised me that he never would paint another picture in crayons, which promise he faithfully performed. He then told me he could not draw the human figure, upon which I recommended a master, who afterwards attended twice or thrice a week, till he thought himself quite completed. He then painted a picture of Homer reading his verses to the Greeks, after which he rose to such eminence as to be patronised by the King, and visited almost all parts of Europe, to paint the Pope, and the different monarchs of Europe.

JAMES HEATH.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

In the fashion of his day, this Veteran directed his satire against the natives of Scotland; and in two dramatic characters, Sir Archy M'Sycophant and Sir Pertinax, he has attributed to

them, with little consistency, a love of *sarcasm*, and the practice of *sycophancy*. In whatever proportion the Scottish *man of the world* may possess or practise these qualities, Macklin himself was wholly addicted to sarcasm. — Where he for a moment intended to flatter, some unlucky word or other defeated his design; his nature prevailed against his interest, his praise became ironical, and his very preference suspected. I am about to relate one of his attempts to minister the "sweet poison of the age's tooth," to no less a man than David Garrick. But in order to do this with suitable effect, I must recal from the partial oblivion which near a century has thrown upon it, the fact, that the Shylock of Shakspeare, Charles Macklin, in the year 1754, established in the Piazza, Covent Garden, an *Ordinary and School of Criticism* under the same roof. In the former, he brought in the first dish himself, placed it upon the table, and profoundly bowing to his guests, retreated to the side-board; then, by signs, he directed his *dumb* waiters, who never spoke but to answer a question from one of the guests. On the removal of the cloth, and the

covering the table with the bottles and glasses, Macklin himself tied a bell-rope to the arm of the president's chair, and, again bowing profoundly to the company, quitted the room, leaving them to the enjoyment of their port or claret. The charge for each guest was three shillings. As soon as the dinner was served, the outer door was closed. Here the great actor was nothing more than the head servant, and as such, he appeared with the servile badge, a clean napkin, crossing his left arm.

But, in whatever *changes* he may indulge, the actor's pride is in strict preservation of character. The quondam professor of silent obedience soon, in turn, imposed silence upon his *guests;* and in full dress became himself the orator of what was called the *British Inquisition.* Of the peripatetic school, Macklin now assumed to be the modern Aristotle, and to lecture upon the Drama, *ancient* and *modern,* though of either Greek or Latin he was entirely ignorant; and, as he read no language but his own, he was unable to acquire even the imperfect acquaintance with antiquity, that French translation placed within the reach of the *polite.* From Dennis and Dryden,

however, something was to be picked up. Shakspeare he may be presumed to have read, as players commonly read him, in the interpolated copies; but as to his *fables*, Mrs. Lenox had, the very year before he started, published two volumes, containing the *novels* and *histories* on which his plays had been founded, with her own critical and not very gentle remarks. Yet these, with a confident brow, an emphatic utterance, the practice of public speaking, and an established reputation, kept the young Templars for some time in hopes of improvement, and the tavern dreamers in the notion of his authority, upon all subjects at least connected with the stage.

And now we are arrived at the moment to relate our incident. The rival Romeos of Garrick and Barry had shaken the scenic world to the very centre; and, though the public contest had dropt, the critical strife was likely long to continue. Macklin, in *fact*, had been the *adviser* of Barry, in his desertion of Garrick, and the competition between them; and, as his countryman and sworn friend, is likely to have *really* preferred the more material requisites of Barry, his beautiful person and harmonious voice, to the

energy and consummate professional skill of Mr. Garrick. But he took an opportunity to communicate to the little manager that he was at length in a station which enabled him at *once* to close all debate upon the subject of the Romeos, and decide the point for ever in Mr. Garrick's favour. " Eh! How?" exclaimed Garrick, " my dear Mack—Eh! how can you contrive to bring this about?"—" Sir," returned Macklin, " the *British Inquisition* shall settle the matter; I shall discuss the play."—" Why, eh! to be sure, my dear Mack, no man in the world can be more competent than yourself to do this; but I don't conceive the mode exactly of exhibiting the—the differences of conception and manner!"—" I'll tell you, Sir," rejoined the critic, " I mean to show your very different deportment and utterance in the Garden Scene;—*the* Garden Scene itself is decisive of the whole business. Barry comes into it, Sir, as a great Lord, swaggering about his love, and talking so loud, that, by G—, Sir, if we don't suppose the servants of the Capulet family almost dead with sleep, they must have come out, and tossed the fellow in a blanket."—" To be sure," said Garrick.

" Well, Sir, having fixed the attention of my auditors to *this* part, then, I shall ask them—' But how does Garrick act this?' Why, Sir, sensible that the family of the Capulets are at enmity with him, and all his house, *he* comes in *creeping* upon his *toes*, whispering his love, and cautiously looking about him, *just like a thief in the night.*"

At this unlucky illustration, Garrick could hold no longer. He thanked Macklin for his good intentions, but begged he would decline his purpose; " it might seem invidious to *poor* Barry; and besides, after all, was it not a question better left to the decision of an audience in the theatre, than to become the subject of a lecture, however able the Professor?"

That Macklin enjoyed this, I know, for he used to tell the story.

ROWDEN.

SELFISH.

Like the too many frequenters of the Theatre, whose prepossession and partiality for the old school, they consider the present inferior. However, I may fancy myself competent, from long

experience, of comparatively expressing my opinion. Residing these last twelve years far distant from the seat of amusements, lost to the " mirror up to nature "—eminent as those performers of the day; deprived as I have been of that gratification (free of the Theatres) when an evening seldom intervened that I was absent; recollection now is only left me of those bright *stars* that once shined: though I was young at the time, yet my memory has not failed me. Referring, first, to that great planet, Garrick—

> " A Garrick's excellence engaged his lays,
> " And claimed the fairest wreath of critic praise."
>
> CHURCHILL.

I may venture to affirm, from Lear to Abel Drugger, I have seen him in all his characters, to his final *congé*. Powell's Castalio, Barry's Romeo, Woodward's Bobadil, Mrs. Yates's Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Crawford's Lady Randolph and Alicia, Mrs. Clive's Kitty, in High Life below Stairs. These I mention as seniors, previous to the many others that followed, who were the favourites of the day, eminent as they were, not forgetting King's Lord Ogilvie. I may never expect to " look on the like again."

THE KEEP LINE CLUB.

At the Keep Line Club, so often mentioned by Reynolds, in his " Life and Times," Fitzgerald, the patriot poet, so admirably shown up in the Rejected Addresses, made a very conspicuous figure. One of this gentleman's earliest productions was his Prologue to Morton's Drama of Columbus, with which, as with most other of his lucubrations, he was himself so well satisfied, that he was long in the habit of reciting it to all companies, and on all occasions. This was very well once in a way; but his *prose* contributions to the " Keep the Line " were of a much more formidable character; and Angelo, who liked a little of " the Table Talk " to himself, was sometimes tempted to *break the line*, steer a-head of him in his awful career, and pour in a broadside of raillery, for the protection of the rest of the party, which Fitzgerald returned with more weight of metal, though his guns were not so sharply served. This at all events operated a *diversion*, in every sense of the word, and the dialogue certainly went off with more applause than the poet's monologue. When the latter, however, which

was sometimes the case, became irritable and personal, the Fencer generally closed the contest, exclaiming, " Well, never mind, Fitz, keep your temper, and tip us the Prologue to Columbus."

KENNEY.

THE LATE MR. HOLCROFT

Was an excellent reader of his plays, and always believed that he should have succeeded as an actor. Asking Lewis, if he remembered him on the stage, and what was his success; " I remember him," said Lewis, " only when acting with him, as the original representative of Figaro, in his own play of the ' Follies of a Day,' on which occasion, at the fall of the curtain, old Harris came up with great good humour, and shaking him by the hand, said, ' I give you joy, the play has got over your acting, and nothing can give a stronger proof of its intrinsic merits.' "

KENNEY.

CHARLES LAMB,

Whose ready wit and rich vein of humour are well known, was staying at Paris, with his friend

Kenney, when Talma invited them, with Howard Payne, to come and see an original picture of Shakspeare, on an old pair of bellows, which he had purchased for a thousand francs, and which proved to be a well-known imposture, of which the great tragedian had recently become the victim. After admiring his supposed acquisition, the party announced their intention of seeing him that evening, in the play of Regulus, and invited him to sup with them afterwards, to which he assented. Lamb, however, could not at all enter into the spirit of French acting, and in his general distaste made no exception in favour of his intended guest. This, however, did not prevent their mutual and high relish of each other's character and conversation, nor was any allusion made to the performance, till, on rising to go, Talma inquired, " how he liked it?" Lamb shook his head, and smiled. " Ah!" said Talma, " I was not very happy to-night; you must see me in Sylla."—" Incidit in Scyllam," said Lamb, " qui vult vitare Charybdim."—" Ah! you are a rogue; you are a great rogue," said Talma, shaking him cordially by the hand, as they parted. We cannot paint the good-natured tone and look,

which took all sting out of this joke, as it does out of all others uttered by the same distinguished humorist.

KENNEY.

GEORGE COLMAN.

On a ramble with Jack Bannister and George Colman, we passed an evening at the Castle at Richmond. After supper, Colman, inquiring of the waiter about his master, was informed, that very day he had hung himself in the cellar. Though my endeavours were often very inferior at a pun, I could not help saying, " Very low, very low indeed !" When to my surprise, he laughed, at the same time observing—" That's not bad, Angelo !" Ever since, I have occasionally made an attempt to pun ; and what is far from encouraging to my attempts, have often been obliged to explain them. When looking for a laugh, not the least notice ! However, I have this comfort left—I can boast that I have often excited the smiles of Lord Byron, who was most pleased with those which he said were " far-fetched."

REPARTEE.

Whether wit, pun, or repartee, if not in print, to those that never heard the anecdote lately told me, I leave it for their perusal. At a fête given by our late Majesty George the Fourth, the costume as worn at the coronation, on that occasion, was introduced. George Colman, who was one of the Exons of the King's guards, his dress so adorned, attracted the notice of the Duke of Wellington, who laughing, said, " Why, Colman, you look like Pam."—" Do I, your Grace? then, *I* am the hero of *Loo*."

THE MINUET.

Referring to the old school. Of the many changes, the present is now considered superior; though but few years have intervened, I cannot omit alluding to the gentlemen of the *pump*—dancing masters. Considering my late profession not only as a science, but personal improvement, promoting the expansion of the chest, the graceful attitudes of the form, whilst it gives motion and activity to every part of the body—speaking

technically of the beneficial effects, not merely as an accomplishment; such an inducement was my sheet anchor, I experienced, during fifty years. Universally patronised by the nobility and gentry, and, if in quoting Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son, I may be acquitted of *vanterie puffing* my late profession, though now long independent, having grounded my arms—" I am very glad you have taken a fencing master; that exercise will give you some manly, firm, and graceful attitudes, open your chest, place your head upright, and plant you well on your legs."

However I may give offence to the *Artistes* of the " fantastic toe," a new term adopted by the French. Following their example here, a seller of oysters, in large letters, calls himself a *purveyor;* so is a cook-shop, to any passer by. Having, as well as my father to his late Majesty, when Prince of Wales, shown some hundreds how to make their bow, little practised now, a sailor's shake by the hand being more preferable, particularly to the ladies, the squeeze, " How are you?" the general salutation. After what I have seen of the present system, though not an *artiste* (the *toe* no compliment to the *brush*), it appears to me the reverse to those advantages; dancing would give a

finish, united with fencing—both accomplishments. As to the curtsey, I cannot but remark, instead of the body erect, the shoulders back, Madam, or Miss, stooping forward, with her arms extended, holding her gown, one leg at a distance behind the other, almost to the ground, makes her *reverence.*

As to the minuets I have seen at the dancing masters' balls, the boarding school fry, from the position of their arms, that distance holding their dress from them, the more they must contract their shoulders. Is this graceful? Is it not contrary to improve the shapes, or open the chest? I should be sorry to offend the gentlemen of the *Kit;* but whilst no blame can possibly be attached to them, obliged as they are to follow the fashion of the day, probably the novelty introduced by some of the Corps de Ballet here, besides pleasing the papas and mamas. However I may be considered no *foil* to the *artistes* of Terpsichore, they cannot deny, but the fencing master's opinions are *pointed.*

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

On a visit lately to Brighton, I was agreeably surprised at meeting an old acquaintance, I had instructed above forty years ago, at the late

Doctor Burney's, who at that time had an academy at Hammersmith, called Fairlawn House. When I mention the name of Barrett, those of the last century, who have either frequented Bath or Brighton, must recognise the name as that of the child of nature, or more appropriately as Lubin. His general knowledge was great, having, when a pedestrian, visited the first courts in Europe, and obtained various acquirements, speaking fluently the different languages. His company was universally courted; having known him from his youth, though the traits of his character then might appear eccentric, still, to do him justice, it was a proof of his perseverance to excel in improving his mind, as well as his accomplishments. At the time (then growing to manhood) when he was at the Doctor's, who, after Parr, was considered with George Glass the two best Grecians, not content with one good master, certain days in the week he left his Omega at school to learn new derivations in London from another. After the erudite abilities of the names of Burney, the Tourist, the Grecian, and Novelist, my feelings caused no alarm; however proud *I* may have been of my name, which to many, looking up to their's,

have been a "tower of strength," a father's previous abilities, the son following his profession. Like Dr. Burney's scholar, so it was with me; my instruction alone was not sufficient; the fencing schools in town were such inducements, my lessons were not enough to keep him to myself. At that time there were many academies (previous to the Revolution), continual new visitors making their *début*, *soi-disant* fencers of the *première force* from Paris, merely *les oiseaux de passage*, who, boasted of their abilities; my young *élève* was the first in these schools to put their abilities to the test, especially at Olivier's, who taught in Bell-yard, Lincoln's Inn, a favourite with the benchers, where he was much encouraged. Lord Macdonald (who for years attended mine) was considered the strongest fencer, and occasionally exhibited an *assaut* to the visitors; his lordship was above six feet, and a difficult antagonist *(un peu baroque)*. On those occasions, Barrett was always his opponent; yet, whatever his pursuits were to improve himself abroad, nevertheless, he was a constant attendant to my fencing room, at that time at the Opera House, a favourite with all, where Sir Francis Burdett gave him the preference, and who

was the best fencer I ever instructed, particularly for that coolness and presence of mind so very necessary when depending on science and judgment. When opposed to these vaunting foreigners, with their *fanfaronade*, and intimidating noises, nothing could flurry him, or put him off his guard; and though not from quickness, but skill, few were able to cope with him, leaving no great proof of their *première force*. My old scholar Barrett, still retaining that activity and strength, which years ago gave him such superiority, was as anxious as myself to engage with these *grands tireurs*, from the *grand* metropolis. However their abilities (some excellent fencers) might have entitled them to encouragement, their dissipated conduct, their extravagance, was such, that few remained here long enough to establish themselves; and the French revolution following, those that remained, as aliens, were sent to the right about, leaving me the *champs de bataille* to myself; and I may venture to say, I kept it till the year 1821, when I then grounded my arms. *Le rideau est tombé*, " Othello's occupation's gone." My father, when in his eighty-sixth year, but a few days before his

decease, gave lessons. Could *I* have continued to this time, though my health is good, yet many are the advantages I have been deprived of promoting it, forbid ever to use that exercise again. I did hope to follow my father's example, " Hélas! on n'est pas héros partout." Whilst I was at Brighton, my friend informed me that Mr. Leslie, who, in my opinion (for many years past he preferred my room to practise in, having received his previous instructions at Brussels), was by far the best fencer there, both for science and quickness, and with that calmness, the more hits his opponents received, the more his sang-froid displeased them, some *en tête* fancying themselves his equal, during the time he was at Brighton with Sir Michael Stewart, encouraging the exercise there. Sir Michael, when a boy, having been my scholar, and following it up since, whose excellence not only with the foil but the Scotch broadsword, was always a great acquisition to my academy. These two gentlemen forming a party, with my singular *élève*, they occasionally met to fence together, and to keep up the science, setting the example to the many who, though they may have had the best masters—it is not merely the lesson

can make them excel, without the absolute necessity of keeping up the practice, at the same time promoting that health, which otherwise they might be deprived of, without that sudorific produced by the foil in preference to master Galen.

Hearing that a Monsieur Micheles, fencing master at Brighton, was patronised by Mr. Leslie, to me was a sufficient estimation of his abilities; and being informed he was much taken notice of by the nobility and gentry there. Desirous to be introduced to him, my friend took me to his house, where, after a civil reception, having been previously informed of my intended visit, he exhibited before me, *fleuret à la main;* not with one of his scholars, or inferior antagonists, but with a French amateur, whose scientific knowledge and execution must have been acquired from long practice abroad. Pleased, seeing the correctness and science of the *old school*, the veritable attack and defence, if not so strictly attended to now, no disparagement to the efforts of the present school, when some learn for a few months, only because it is *genteel*, and they have had the first masters; some for a good sweat, and, like the school boy, impatient to read before he can say his A B C,

fence loose before they can thrust *carte* and *tierce;* no wonder they are *ferailleurs,* far different to those who, not only learn for amusement, but, strictly attending to the master, become scientific and good swordsmen. As I have as yet said very little of the art, my intention being to write more at a future time, I cannot refrain from mentioning one of my former scholars, who had practised at my room for a number of years, adopting a method peculiar only to himself, and very unpleasant to those he fenced with. Not succeeding in his attack, sooner than defend himself (no matter if he is hit) against the *risposte* (return), instead of replacing himself on his defence, kept pushing (more appropriate *poking*) on. This is not the science of the attack and *defence,* and quite the reverse to the use of the sword. If I have been prolix, dwelling so much on my late shop, I trust those who read my opinions will excuse my pen wandering, referring to those days when I had the general esteem and friendly notice of my scholars; it was not my pen then, but " my voice is in my sword." Referring to Monsieur Micheles; on taking my leave, he would not suffer me to depart, without first partaking

of a *gouté* with him, when we were all ushered up stairs, where I found a table set out, with a large Perigord French pie, and different sorts of wine, when the foil gave way to the *fourchette*; the latter, if not so quick, not a little in motion, assisted by the exertion of the former, to promote the appetite. After, coffee, and *chasse café* liqueurs, beholding his portrait in a costly hussar dress, covered with silver, and the cross of the Legion d'honneur, I was informed he had been a captain in Buonaparte's guard; and judging from his affable manners, and his civilities to me, the more I was pleased with my introduction, and at passing such a morning's agreeable lounge so unexpectedly. In mentioning my recollections of many years ago, what I have said of my accomplished friend, his indefatigable perseverance to improve his mind and his person (no compliment either to the Grecian *savant*, or his fencing master), I should hope, knowing his goodness of heart, he cannot be offended with me. His father, whom I had long known, and had often seen at my house, having formerly been an officer in the blues, was considered one of the first horsemen of the regiment, and a strong fencer,

was not without peculiarities, as well as the son. Often when attending my schools, at the time he resided at Knightsbridge, I have seen him walking to town followed by four dogs, his attachment to one having originated in saving his life, when attacked by a midnight assassin; and, strange as it may appear, I have heard that, at his decease, he left 40*l.* per annum for their maintenance.

MORE BEEFSTEAKS.

During the short interval that Louis XVIII. returned to France, I passed a few days at Brighton. Dining one day in the coffee room, facing where the packet from Dieppe anchored, four Englishmen entered, who had just landed from the vessel, after damning the French parlez-vous and their country, saying that they had been starved; impatient for their dinners, first calling for pots of porter, desired to have plenty of beefsteaks; this was about seven in the evening. Having dined, and drank my coffee previous to taking my walk, I was pleased to listen to their uncouth remarks of what they had seen, and waited till their beefsteaks appeared; when on the table, I

left them silent, no longer abusing the mounseers and their damned *maigre* soups, their voracious appetites "eager for the fray." It appeared the excursion they had made did not exceed Dieppe, remaining there *only* till the packet returned. Leaving them to take my evening promenade, at my return, an hour after, I found them still calling out, "Are the beefsteaks coming?" Travelling often may create an appetite, but not to be compared with such complaining John Bulls, "as if increase of appetite had grown on what it fed on"—beefsteaks. After dinner, I left them singing—"Oh the roast beef of Old England!"

HEWARDINE,

With whom I have passed many a pleasant and convivial hour, and having professionally *en ami* obliged him. However, his songs *à la Morris* proved lucrative to him, and amusing to the many who have listened to them. He voluntarily offered to write one for me, as a select and exclusive, that no person should sing it, first, but myself. Leaving me the choice of the air, I fixed on

" Poll, dang it how do ye do?" the Sailor-boy capering on shore. The following week I was to have it, when, alas! poor fellow, he was no more. His social company—his humour—and courted society, that dissipation exceeding his stamina, and no resolution to recruit it, by absence from those who gratified their own amusement, hastened him, at an early age, to his grave.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Some little distance beyond Bear Hill, where the late Duke of Kent once resided, Dibdin had his country house, where John Bannister and myself passed our evenings. This was during his summer residence. Till supper, I was amused hearing some of his new compositions, preparatory to his exhibiting them at his theatre in Leicester Street. It was in his summer-house he told us that " Poor Jack," and the greater part of his favourite songs, were composed. His harpsichord, I think, he told us, belonged to Handel. After supper, the song following, when it came to my turn, *par complaisance* to our musical host, I

sang "Meg of Wapping," and occasionally was favoured with his smiles; however my endeavours might have failed, *n'importe*, it was his composition. My friend Bannister, who was in high spirits, and who had kept us the whole evening amused with his drollery and imitations, sang the "Rushlight," then the favourite comic song of the day, written by Colman. However diverting were Dibdin's ballads, for eccentric humour they were not to be compared to the ridiculous idea of putting out a candle, by which Bannister had so often created such roars of laughter, in the different attempts, holding it in his hands to no purpose. All our laughing did not alter a muscle of Dibdin's countenance, when, out of patience, stopping him in the middle of his song, he found fault with the words, "rushlight and crushlight. Ha! ha! what nonsense; too bad! too bad, Jack." *L'amour propre.*

SIR VICARY GIBBS.

M^c^Howarth, who was an amateur of the Highland Broadsword exercise, having wrote an excellent treatise on that science, which was

so much admired, being pirated by a bookseller, near St. Paul's, was sold in numbers, at a very inferior price, and caused a very considerable loss to him. When an action was brought at the Guildhall, in the city, against the invader of his rights, I was subpœnaed as a witness, being a professional man of that science. Counsellor Garrow, who pleaded for the defendant, and cross-examined me, was endeavouring to puzzle me with questions about my profession (his son could have done it better, who was once one of my scholars), which it appeared to me he was little acquainted with; but when he persisted in some questions, and feeling myself hurt, just as I was going to answer, Sir Vicary Gibbs, who was counsel on the other side, and who sat near, said something aside to him, then smiling and addressing me, "Mr. Angelo, I remember you many years ago, at Eton, we were old school-fellows." Soon after, no longer subjected to be cross-examined, and opposed in my replies, I was released from my unpleasant situation, and much to my pride and satisfaction the notice conferred on me so many years after by such a high legal character. In referring to a list I have by me, who

were at Eton in the year 1767, I find the name of Gibbs in the fifth form, a few boys above the present Rev. Dr. Randolf, the late Dr. R. Rennell, of the Temple, and the late John Reeves, Parliament Place, all collegers on the foundation, and must have been about seventeen, when I was at the lower part of the school.

POURQUOI.

If the recollection of many years ago, anecdotes of my younger days and since, the various situations my pursuits have placed me in these last fifty years, so well known *sur le pavé*, my *entré* free to all public places, received at the tables of my superiors, the notice of the many, including those authors, artists, &c., who have distinguished themselves by their superior abilities, my "Reminiscences" have derived material information; and, after the approbation bestowed on my second volume, I flatter myself my scribbling efforts again may not be unacceptable, at least to those I am known to, either as a professional man, or an old acquaintance; and when late in life to have recourse to

memory, recording those events, the issue of many years gone by, if I fail with my pen, having ever wielded the foil in preference to the book-making trade. However, the many who have succeeded *au fait* to writing fictious stories of the dead, characters that emanated from the author only *nemine contradicente*. Of the many I have spoken of, the greater part whom I was personally known to, nobility, gentry, &c. now living, I leave them to say, if in one instance I have deviated from the truth. Indeed, bold as I have been to venture my lines for the press, such embellishments as *fiction*, however they may amuse, are far beyond my endeavours to impose by invention, or impose on those who have patience to read my Reminiscences; and whatever may be the opinions of my friends, should they put the question to me *pourquoi*, what could possibly tempt *me* to become an author, a fencing master too, and to write about himself, they are welcome to my reply, "It was my poverty, not my will consents." *Chacun doit penser à soi.*

PREJUDICE.

Retired in a village for several years, those I were known to there were surprised (though only two miles from Bath) at my want of curiosity to go to the theatre, especially when visited by London actors, leading stars, astonishing the country, being a *Paysan.* During the space of seven years, only three times they had my company; it was far different years ago, when my constant practice (living in Bolton Row), particularly on Tuesdays and Saturdays (having my *entré* at all the theatres), on those nights in my way visiting the opera, attracted by the Bravura song in the first act, and the dance (always then two ballets, pastoral and serieux); next, Drury Lane, to see Kemble in the last act, taking Covent Garden in time for the after-piece, and in my way home making the Opera House my *finale* for the grand ballet. "*Hélas, tempora mutantur.*" And what I may judge of the many (some like myself) of the present day, indulging their amusements *sans payer;* others, who were renters, sure nightly visitors *opiniâtrés,* are attached only to the actors of last century, and fastidious of what they have

seen. However those who excel now, and whose transcendent abilities are sure of filling the house, and though curiosity could not excite them to judge, they will even persist that the performers *now* are far inferior; and, unless Garrick and his cotemporaries could tread the boards again, no inducement could possibly tempt them to visit the theatres. "*Dire et faire, sont deux choses bien différentes.*"

AN HONEST BLACK-LEG.

Soubise, whom I have already mentioned in my first volume of Reminiscences, a blackamoor, except Mr. Holwell (son of Governor Holwell of Black Hole memory) who had been in India, and boarded at my father's house in Carlisle Street, was the only one who refused to sit down at the same table with him. However, my mother soon persuaded him to the contrary. Although Soubise's sooty complexion was objectionable, yet his insinuating manners, his accomplishments, his drollery, were such, and that amusement from his endeavours to do the *agréable*, he became the general

favourite. Of his eccentricities, if I may so call them (this must have been above fifty years ago), I remember seeing him, when presenting a chair to a lady, if from some distance, make three pauses, pushing it along some feet each time, skipping with an *entre-chat en avant*, then a *pirouette* when placed. One of his songs, truly ridiculous, his black face and powdered woolly head not suitable to the words, was a Vauxhall song then, "As now my bloom comes on a-pace, the girls begin to tease me;" when he came to tease, making a curtsey to the ground, and affecting to blush, placing his hands before his face, an encore was sure to follow. As an orator, his favourite exhibition was Romeo in the garden scene. When he came to that part, "O that I was a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek," the black face, the contrast of his teeth, turning up the white of his eyes as he mouthed, a general laugh always ensued, which indeed was not discouraging to his vanity, and did not prevent him pursuing his rhetorical opinions of himself. Fancying he was admired by the ladies, he boasted much of his amours, and his epistolary correspondence. At the time, I sketched, on copper,

a caricature of him, called the Mungo Macaroni, which was exhibited in Darley's shop, in Rupert Court, St. Martin's Lane; his portrait, by Zofani, which belonged to the Duchess of Queensberry, given to my mother, I made a present to my friend, Mr. Burgess, Solicitor, Curzon Street.

FENCING.

Extract from the Morning Herald, April 9th, 1787.

On Monday, a grand assault was made at Carlton House, before the Prince of Wales, the Duc de Lausanne, Madame d'Eon, and a few of his highness's select friends. The principal competitors were M St. George, M. Fabian, M. Mogé, and Mr. H. Angelo. The assault between M. St. George and M. Fabian had every claim to admiration; the quickness of the first-mentioned gentleman was incredible; to the praise of M. Fabian, we must also add that he discovered very considerable skill. The Prince did M. St. George the honour to thrust with him, in *carte,* and in *carte* and *tierce,* and astonished every beholder with his amazing grace; whenever his Royal

Highness put himself on his guard, his attitudes were highly elegant and easy. From the sanction of the Prince to this polite exercise, many of our young nobility have began to apply with uncommon attention to the practice of defence. The Prince avowed himself highly diverted with the various encounters, which continued between the different parties, from two o'clock till past four.

VANITY.

St. George having made me a present of his portrait, painted by Mather Brown, I was proud to place it over my chimney-piece in my fencing room; and as many of my scholars solicited me to permit them to have a copy, which I refused, I employed Ward, a famous mezzotinto scraper, to make a print. When finished, previous to its being made public, the first proof I sent to St. George, who was then at Paris, when I received, by return of post, a letter to delay its appearance till he sent me some lines to put under. A few days after I received the following poetical effusions of his friend the fencing master, M. De la Boussière, not a little flattering, to please the *vanity* of his scholar.

M. ST. GEORGE.

From an Original Picture at Mr. Angelo's *Academy.*

Dans les armes jamais on ne vit son égal,
Musicien charmant, compositeur habile,
À la nage, au patin, à la chasse, à cheval,
Tout exercice enfin, pour lui semble facile,
Et dans tout, il découvre un mode original.
Si joindre à ses talens autant de modestie,
Est, le nec plus ultra de Hercule Français;
C'est que son bon esprit exempt de jalousie
N'a trouvé le bonheur en cette courte vie,
Que dans les vrais amis que son cœur s'étoit fait.

The above *éloge* is not a trait of his "*autant de modestie,*" verses written purposely to be placed under his portrait! What! a fencing master? I may say, "Would the gods had made me poetical." As a fencer he certainly was considered for a number of years far superior to all the others; many who travelled *exprès* to Paris to oppose him, returned back *beaten;* and, except his abilities as a musician, a thorough master of music, his other accomplishments may have been superficial. Two years after, he returned to this country; which happening in the month of August, the usual period of my vacation, I followed him to Brighton, where he resided at that

time, and took up my abode in the same house, by which means I had the opportunity of practising with him every morning. On his return to France, during the revolution, he was presented with the colonelcy of a regiment of hussars (the greater part *des tireurs d'armes*). In this character he served under General Dumourier; but St. George, who was perfectly ignorant of the details of a military life, became a victim of intrigues, and of the arts of individuals. His regiment charged, and, notwithstanding its bravery, was overpowered by the numbers and discipline of their opponents; he was defeated, and his first career of glory was the era of his downfall; he never after held up his head. The Chevalier St. George was born at Guadaloupe; he was the son of M. de Boulogne, a rich planter in the colony; his mother was a negress, and was known under the name of the handsome Nanon. St. George died in Paris, in 1810 or 1811, regretted by his friends, and the few who knew how to feel for and excuse the imperfections of humanity, qualities from which none of us can hope to be exempt.

PIETY IN PATTENS.

A private party of theatrical amateurs having selected Foote's burlesque interlude of Piety in Pattens (first performed at his primitive puppet show, 1774, Little Theatre, Haymarket), a piece I have often seen him play the Squire Western, and Thomas the butler. I once attempted the part of the latter, by far the most comic, interlarded with a deal of dry humour. O'Keefe, in his Life, speaking of it, alludes to the taste of the day, "To ridicule the sentimental comedies, the piece consisted of the most trifling and common-place thoughts, wrapt up in a bundle of grand phrases and high-flown words, and had its full effect as a burlesque on sentiment." A worthy friend of mine, whose acting once delighted the whole town, and whose ready wit and repartee were proverbial, to give a zest, and to add to my *finale* as a butler, introducing his technical ideas, purposely wrote the following song for me :—

Attend, my dear Polly, attend to my song,
And as 'tis a short one, it cannot be long ;
The Squire, my dear Polly, is full of deceit,
As full, my dear Polly, as an egg's full of meat.

Derry down, &c.

An egg, if once cracked, will never be sound,
And its virtue, dear Polly, oft falls to the ground;
With *you* it will be, should the Squire prevail,
For virtue, when cracked, from that moment is frail.
Derry down, &c.

Say your virtue's as sound, as bottled brown stout,
Which nought but the corkscrew of wedlock draws out;
On your side, like a bottle, unless *that's the case*,
You'll lie safe and sound, till the parson says grace.
Derry down, &c.

MORAL.

Pure maids and pure liquor for ever will please,
But damaged, grow stale, like wine on the lees;
Then wire down your honour for virtuous use,
Or else it may burst, like a bottle of spruce.
Derry down, &c.

MY WATCH.

Six years ago, at one of the pugilistic benefits in Windmill Street, in expectation of meeting my old acquaintance, Jackson, I was one of the *mélange de haut en bas*—such they proved to me. I had been but a few minutes in the place, which

was densely crowded, and was endeavouring to advance to the temporary stage, when a whiskered dandy, in a braided blue frock coat, was continually placing himself in my way. Although I tried to avoid him, if possible, he seemed still determined to keep me back: no sooner had he quitted me, than, to my surprise, I missed *my watch*. Considering myself an old stager, and too knowing, as I thought, for the light-fingered gentry, never before having experienced such a loss — enraged at the moment, I vociferated aloud, "Take care of your pockets, thieves and blackguards! plenty of them here." *Furieux*, I could not contain myself, but continued my complaints so pertinaciously, that a friend, who was with me, was frightened away by the noise. Two days after, calling on a gentleman who was an amateur of the *fist*, I mentioned the circumstance to him. Knowing the greater portion of the ring, this friend said, "I'll speak to Frosty Face'd Fogo, I dare say he'll find it out for you." As I had another watch, and although the chain and seals of the lost one were gold, I was not inclined to purchase them back of a thief. I regretted, indeed, the loss of a mourning ring given

to my father, who was included in one of the coaches, a mourner at Garrick's funeral. This ring I very much valued. However, thanking him for his kind offer to serve me, I said I should be happy to pay for the ring, could I possibly procure it again,—and I entertained not the least idea then of ever seeing it. To my astonishment, on calling at his house, he had obtained it for me, having paid a sovereign; truly rejoiced I was to get back such a valuable memento. According to Fogo's account: "Knowing a *gemman* that was acquainted with a thief, who knew another *gemman*, it was traced to Duke's Place, where my watch was found deposited *cum multis aliis*." No matter who were the *gemmen*, the ring since then has *ever* remained on my finger. Having been from a child so well known to Garrick, the loss to me, of this valued memorial of such a friend as the Roscius, would have been most severe.

NO GRECIAN.

Upon the examination for the Remove at Eton (that part of the school between the fourth and

fifth form), which takes place every half year, though I succeeded with my Theme and Verses, I was not so fortunate when tried in Greek. Doctor Foster, who was then head master, having called me up to derivate (Eton term) the Greek word Βαλλω, and the boy before me a Colleger, brother to Sir Hanbury Williams, next to me the Honourable Charles Monson, the two, *des ignorans*, all three indeed of one feather, I stood no chance of being prompted, or of having a side whisper to assist me; answering Βαλλω, Βαλλῶ, Βαλεια, instead of Βαβλεια, I was ordered to sit down—previously, as I surmised, to a good flogging. Charles Monson, who was called up next, replied no better than myself, but being an honourable, escaped the vapulation. However, as I was the Fencing Master's son (my father at that time attending Eton), I got my remove into the fifth form. "Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit."

ETON MONTEM.

One year there was a mock Montem among the inhabitants of the town, at Eton. The elder

Williams, the carpenter, was marshal, who strutted at the head of the *Hommes de Métier*, holding his *bâton ;* who the captain was, I do not recollect ; my Dilly Stevens who let horses to the boys, the two Pipers, and Gill their boats, Frank Wetheridge the bricklayer, famous for his slang, were the most conspicuous characters of the motley crew in the procession to the Brocas (those old Etonians who read this, may remember their convenient acquaintance for boats and horses when *running tick*), a clump of high trees near the river, facing Windsor, where a collation with plenty of beer and punch enlivened their sham festival, much to the amusement and fun of the Etonians, who assembled around them, listening to their songs and merriment *al fresco*.

ETON AND WESTMINSTER.

The Etonians, who ever distinguished themselves at cricket, were challenged, near forty years ago, by the Westminsters to play a match. It was accepted ; Uxbridge was fixed for the field of trial, and it took place in the August vacation.

Invited by the Westminsters to the dinner there, and the match in the early part of the day being won by the Etonians, this hastened dinner, and a very pleasant *agrémen* followed. The songs and hilarity which accompanied, keeping the rival discipuli in high cheer—indeed, after the exertion and the fatigue of the bat, the wine did not a little "set the table in a roar." On our return to town at a late hour, particularly when we got into the Bath road, at Hammersmith, there were plenty of windows smashed, as a memento of the day's port. However, the Westminsters may justly value their skill at cricket, when the disadvantage they labour under is computed; fixed in the metropolis, they have little time to improve, the distance to the fields is so far, and they are so often obliged to fight the Vulgars (as they call them) for the ground, it is then no wonder they are inferior to those where the fields are adjacent to the College.

THE HOPEFUL.

Judging from the appearance of Morland, this truly eminent artist's works retain more the appearance of the stable than the parlour. Hone,

the portrait-painter, told me a story of him when a boy. One winter morning calling on his father, who resided at Paddington, young Morland, then not more than twelve years old, was in the room during the time, when the father was called out on some business. Directly, the boy placing himself, and holding up his clothes, turned his back to the fire, and began whistling. Hone, surprised at the consequence he assumed, asked him, where he went to school, when he replied, "None of your schools for me." What do you do at home? "Kiss the maids, demme!" At that moment, the father entered, saying, "Well, don't you think my son a nice little fellow?" Oh yes! a very *nice* little fellow indeed. The dress, as described of him to me, then a boy, had the resemblance of a groom or jockey to a pony race; a green coat, striped waistcoat, tight leather breeches, yellow topped boots, and a coloured handkerchief round his neck. Such talents, thrown away, left to record his name!

FAT AND LEAN.

Whilst I was on a visit to Lord Barrymore's, in August 1799, who then resided on the Steine,

at Brighton, the conversation after dinner was about Pedestrianism. Bullock (at the time well known on the turf), a heavy and corpulent man, was of the party, who offered to start against his lordship, on foot, for one hundred guineas—a hundred yards, provided he would give him thirty-five, at the same time he (Bullock) was to choose the ground. The bet was instantly accepted, and the following day was fixed for this grand exploit. The Prince, who was ever pleased with the many diversions (Lord Barrymore kept the place on the *qui vive*), was present, with a numerous assemblage, many bets, on both sides, depending; the odds against Bullock, who did not hesitate to take them, when to the surprise of Lord Barrymore (who did not weigh ten stone, the other eighteen) who, considering himself sure of winning his wager, had fixed on one of those narrow alleys (only room for one person to walk), a high wall on each side, well known at Brighton, on the east side of the town; and as the previous wager was specified and witnessed on paper, no objection could possibly be made. At starting, each party took his place, Bullock thirty-five yards in advance, and though Lord Barrymore soon got

close to him, the other by his contrivance, what with his breadth of shoulders, his arms extended, and being the most powerful, keeping the other behind, laughing, with ease took his time to win, to the annoyance of the many who lost their money.

MURDER.

At the time I attended at the East India College, at Hertford, a shocking murder was committed at Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, on the Friday evening, October 20, 1807, by Thomas Simmons, a clown about twenty (through jealousy of a maid servant he courted, who lived with a Mr. Boreham, a quaker). Frantic at the time, he wanted to murder all who came in his way. The unfortunate victim with the former was a Mrs. Warner, an inmate in the house; he was so exasperated, brandishing a knife he held, that with difficulty he was overpowered, and secured. Being confined in the county gaol at Hertford, curiosity excited me to see him. I was ushered into the kitchen of the governor's house, at the end of which was a window, with iron bars, that looked into the prison yard;

placing myself there, I had to wait till he was called for. After the gaoler loudly repeated his name, calling Tom! Tom! as if a dog, Tom made his appearance, placing himself before me, a lank looking figure (middling size), in a ploughman's smock frock, an ugly countenance, and prominent pointed nose; seizing the moment, having my pencil, and procuring some paper, I sketched a likeness of him, as he stood some time motionless before me; the back-ground was the prison, and a group of felons.

THE CITIZEN.

Having had a general invitation to Benham, in Berkshire, the Margravine's residence, mentioning to her Highness how very fond I was of fishing, and her domains being famous for that sport, I had her leave to take a friend with me. To gratify the pride of a *Bourgeois gentilhomme*, the son and partner of a wealthy hop factor in the Borough, well known at that time (some years ago) by the nickname of Young Dashem, vulgarly called, *up to any thing*. Favourite as he was with his

acquaintance, none could keep pace with him in extravagance. Of one *trait*, which must have been more for boasting and talk, were his hunters, horses which he kept at Epsom, for the Derby Hunt; and seldom, I have heard him say, had he occasion for them, other amusements interfering. Each time that he hunted during the season, the expenses attending, must have cost him thirty guineas, fancying it gave him the consequence *du premier pas*. By way of a show off, when we have been playing at three-card loo, till six in the morning, a post-chaise and four have been waiting to take him to cover. Dissipated and extravagant, he was glad at all times for me to take him out on a fishing excursion, having cards of permission for the different waters; on those occasions I took on myself to be the Sir Clement Cotterell, those conditions as master of the ceremonies, *point d'extravagance*. Pleased as he was to go with me to enjoy his favourite sport, the order of the day was, live *well*—not too *well*. Master Dashem was then obliged to leave his ostentatious city manners at home, I, the piscatorial *ami*, taking him by the hand; it was *vasano-piano*, slow and sure; we then were ever *d'accord*.

Such was my friend who accompanied me to Benham; and as my gig-horse was not good enough, his (as he said) having cost eighty guineas, and could trot sixteen miles within the hour, his chaise of the last fashion, so preferable to mine; besides the bedisened livery of groom, so *vastly* genteel; our appearance would be more gentlemanlike, and respected. He should have said, that on the road we should be more welcome as a couple of *Flats* to the inn-keepers, for the good of the house. However, I did not oppose his offer; though, being incumbered with his groom, it would have been cheaper for me (fifty-four miles), as we divided our expenses, to have made one day's journey, and paid my share for a post-chaise. Leaving town about twelve, our first stage was to the Windmill, Salt Hill. Forgetting myself at the time what a *genteel* companion I had with me, when I ought to have known better, I left him to order dinner; instead of for two, as if his eyes were larger than his stomach, he must have ordered dinner for six—such a display of dishes—claret, &c. When I travel, leaving eating at home, to me a veal cutlet is as good as a feast; and many a day, when I have been fishing, and

only got a nibble, one comfort was left, a bite at the bread and cheese I carried with me in my pocket. When the bill was called, I might have fancied myself at the other inn, formerly the Castle, and in the same situation. Samuel Foot was there (though an old story, it may be new to the reader), when finding fault with the bill, he desired to see his master, and asking his name, when told Partridge, the wit replied, "By the length of your *bill*, I should have taken it for Woodcock." However, judging of the expensive *commencement*, so *vastly genteel*, at night, when we arrived at Newbury, I took care to order the supper, a roast fowl and one jorum after; *he* would have called for red and white wine; here I put in a negative, "*ce qui vient par la flute, s'en va avec le tambour.*" The next morning, in our fishing costume, we sallied forth to the Margravine's, about half a mile from the inn. Her Highness was not there, and the Margrave was taking his ride. However, I left my card, at the same time desiring the servant to say I was gone to the river, about a quarter of a mile from the house, to fish. As it was not the first time, I was well acquainted where the best and largest fish were—trout, pike,

and perch. Preferring our sport to a dinner, intending to make a day of it, we provided ourselves with sandwiches, and remained fishing till eight o'clock, then the month of June, when my friend, who was some little distance from me, called out, "Here's a queer old farmer coming, to call us away," thinking we had got beyond where we were allowed to fish; "Ay, and he will take away our rods." Before we could put up our tackle, he approached us. "Mr. Angelo, I am glad to see you;" and with that cordiality as if we had been old acquaintances. "Have you had any sport?" not a little to the surprise of my brother fisherman, particularly so, when replying, "famous, your Highness." When introducing him—this is my friend, I have taken the liberty to bring with me to fish in your domains. Such a meeting was so unexpected to the abashed citizen, who, but a moment before, was abusing the old fellow (fearful his rod would be taken from him, and swore he would push him into the water first), now felt himself "a fish out of water," and seemed to be at a loss how to make his *obéissance*. However, the Margrave's extreme affability, shaking hands with him, saying how welcome he was, removed

all that *mauvaise honte*, which, otherwise, his presence might have flurried him into, how to behave, the first time he found himself in company with a prince. Had we been fishing in private property, and any one had attempted to take away his fishing tackle, I have not the least doubt but he would have pushed him in the water, to boast after to his friends in the city, what d——d good fun he had, pushing the farmer in the water. The introduction over, and the Margrave telling us dinner would be ready at our return, I took upon myself to put up the fish and tackle, when he took young Dashem by the arm, with as much good nature as if they had long known each other. No *haute noblesse* here. His condescension was proverbial; loved by all his neighbours, ever accosting them with all the ease and freedom of a country gentleman—not the least appearance, either in dress or language. Leaving them to walk together, I remained till a servant came to carry away the fish. At my return, the Margrave had ordered our things from Newbury to be placed in our bed rooms, and we had only to go there to disrobe ourselves of our fishing dress, and by the time we had finished, dinner would be ready for us.

Descending to the drawing-room (far different to the situation we were in an hour before, when hungry and ready for our dinner, which we must have made at supper), a few minutes after the servant announced dinner was ready; when, making our bows, we retired. Here was an excellent *répas* of two courses, solely prepared for us. Champagne, hock, &c. (the latter had long been the Brandenburgh small beer to me). This was a new sight to the young cit, smacking his lips at the dessert, a pine apple before him—the servants absent.—"Here's a go, what will they say to this, when I tell them what the prince has done for me?" Whilst we passed the glass, talking over our fishing day's sport, what a change was here: such a sumptuous dinner, instead of a mutton chop, which I told him might be our fare, had we gone to the inn. Our dinner finished, and on our presenting ourselves to the Margrave, who, with his visitors, several *émigré* French noblemen, were at cards. Some I was well known to at Brandenburgh House, having seen me perform there.—Counts Montalembert, Le Chasse, and Daller, the Margrave's chamberlain. About eleven, sandwiches were passed round;

bon-soir followed. The next morning, after breakfast, the Margrave and Master Dashem, who now, "'twas hail, fellow, well met." The latter had not a little boasted of his hunters, and the sums he had given for them; and the other, having a fine stud of horses, took him to his stables, to show him, and was so pleased with his gig horse, which was brought from the inn, and the stories he told,—what an excellent trotter he was, that he accompanied him in his gig, to try his paces, and was so well pleased with my introduction, that every day during our continuance they took their rides out together, Dashem having the choice of any of his horses. As to myself (having been my father's rough rider when he had his *manège*), I had too much of the saddle, to like riding again; my time was more pleasingly engaged in fishing, till the dinner hour. This lasted a week; and if grandeur, crowded with every luxury, were inducements not to quit our princely reception, my Bourgeois spark would have been glad to have cast his sheet anchor there. But business calling me to town, not all his persuasions to stop longer, could prevail on me to come in snacks for the "good things," as he called them, much to his

regret. Making our *dévoirs* for the honours conferred on us, we took our leave. This excursion was his constant theme after. The dinners—wines—the notice the Prince took of him (not Margrave), honouring him with his presence in preference to me for his companion to ride out with; these absorbed his thoughts; for a long time he talked of nothing else. His hunters now were laid upon the shelf; all was, that "some have greatness thrust upon them." Returning to our late pursuits, I to the foil, the other to his hops (no dancing master); 'Twas "Stick to the shop, and the shop will stick to you."

THE FLEAS.

During the August holidays, when I was a school-boy, my father and mother took my two eldest sisters to place them in a convent in French Flanders, having fixed on the Ursulines, at Lisle. On our arrival there, a grand fête was given (that lasted during our stay), on the occasion of its being the completion of the first hundred years subsequent to the city being re-taken from the

Spaniards. The festivities consisted of fire-works, *jets du vin* (fountains of wine) for the populace, firing of cannon for prizes, a general illumination, &c. On our visit to the convent, we were received at the gate by the prioress, a tall handsome English lady, a Mrs. Skerratt, whom they called St. Edward, and there my sisters were left. Among the amusements that made the most impression on me, though a boy, not understanding a word of French, was the opera of the *Déserteur*; it was so well acted, that with difficulty I could refrain from crying: when often seeing it since, whether the mind was dissipated with variety of amusements I know not, and though perfectly acquainted with *dénouement*, they were not like my juvenile feelings. At our return to England, we left Lisle for Dunkirk. Arrived there in the evening, walking on the quay, we were informed that a vessel was to leave the port that night, at twelve o'clock. Having permission from the *superintendant* to quit after the gates were closed, we were punctual at the time to embark. Captain George, an Englishman, having the command, though a small vessel, yet assured us he could give us excellent accommodation. To

relate them would be the reverse of our expectations, a very small cabin, and cots, with blankets *only*. The first two hours, however, we reconciled ourselves *(par force)*, but our patience was afterwards exhausted; such a heavy sea rolling over us, close confined under deck, huddled together, that, what with the heat and the pitching of the vessel, being sick the whole time, feeling continual twinges all over me, impatient too for daylight, my situation was *affreux*, myself most afflicted with the motion, was, as the French called it, the first to *payer le tribut*, accompanied as I found myself when daylight appeared, no candles being suffered during the night. I found that all sorts of vermin were my bedfellows, fleas, &c. &c. My white stockings (having lain in my clothes), where I had pinched my visitors, were covered with red spots. The wind having subsided at an early hour, we were admitted on deck; it appeared an elysium to us, when the truth accounted for my troublesome companions; our conveyance was laden with *rags*, the refuse of the hospitals, of which mendicants were inmates. At eleven o'clock we got to Northfleet, when my father, my mother, and a lady who was of our

party, went on shore (the tide at the time being against us); there a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, beefsteaks and tea; the previous night had not taken away the appetite. I, who was still too ailing to join them, was sent forward to make my way to town, but was first loaded with lace, which our female *compagnon de voyage* had purchased and smuggled at Lisle. All my clothes being lined with this handsome lace, not having met with a conveyance, I had to tramp as far as Greenwich, when a stage coach took me to town; the party leaving soon after their breakfast, when the tide served, proceeded in the vessel to the Tower, and were at home on my arrival there, madam not a little pleased to receive her lace safe. Some time after, my father having procured a situation in the Custom House for Captain George, happy to show his obligations when any thing was wanted from France, was ever ready to smuggle for my father; French pies, game, &c. were often got very cheap; and I remember my mother saying, that among the articles of hair powder, perfumes, &c., with one guinea she has procured what in England would have cost four.

calling out hip! hip! hip! success to fishing, little thinking at the time what would be the result of the toast. As I drank punch but once a year, my brother fisherman and I drank negus; here we were fortunate to escape what followed; the two Daffy Elixir gentlemen, instead of accompanying us the next day, were the whole time confined to their beds, through showing their politeness to the proctor, who felt no ill effects from what he had been long accustomed to, and was much amused watching our fishing; while the other two, from the effects of the punch, were left to regale themselves with mutton broth. At our return back in the evening, my *camarade pêcheur*, not contented with the trout *he* had caught himself, as they lay on the table to exhibit our day's sport, was purloining some of my largest; this I objected to, and the scramble that ensued caused such a quarrel, that the remainder of the time we were together not one word was exchanged; and what made it the more disagreeable, we lay in a two-bedded room, two orator mums, not a little to the risibility of the others.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

The last time when I was at Paris, meeting with an old acquaintance I had known many years, who, from being a horse dealer, and providing carriages, had made an ample fortune, and retired to Paris, where he had long resided. In the course of talking of the different places of amusement, and the numerous sights, I mentioned *Père la Chaise*, the one most impressive to my feelings. To my surprise, he had never been there; that had excited the curiosity of every stranger, when observing—"What, not yet been to see Père la Chaise?" Still sticking to his shop, he replied, "Poh! Père la Chaise, give me a chaise and pair."

THE THRASHING MACHINE.

An amateur, as I have long been, of caricatures, Rowlandson having been my instructor, for in my opinion it is a dangerous amusement. Of the many I once exhibited in the shops, I have ever avoided giving offence, and have only sought those characters who were known only for their

singularity, and who were pleased that their likenesses were made public, notoriety being their sole aim. So far, to them, I made myself useful. Latterly, having sketched the contour and resemblance of a schoolmaster, well known for his morose disposition and austerity, his fondness for the *thrash*ing machine and the *on dit*, not only the pleasure he seemed to enjoy at the writhen countenance of his victim, as he lays on his cuts with all his force, but boasting of the number he had flogged before breakfast. An old pupil of his, to whom I have given the sketch, who had contributed his share towards his old schoolmaster's amusement, taking out his pencil, wrote underneath, "*sanguineos occulos, virgamque requiret.*" Should Sir Francis Burdett's motion succeed, the army and navy be exempt from flogging, and the schools follow the example, this utendum est ætate, which this magisterial amateur of the *thrashing* machine has so long amused himself, however that deprivation may be a disappointment to him. After my former attempts at caricaturing, I should be sorry to expose any one publicly, or remind those who, in their juvenile days, felt the process of the *thrash*ing machine.

Soon after I left Eton, I became assistant to my father. Of the many I recollect to have instructed near the same period, were five youths in the navy; one a lieutenant, the others, four midshipmen. The former, Lord Robert Manners, was killed on the 12th of April, when captain of the *Resolution*, in Rodney's engagement with De Grasse, Mr. Halliburton (Lord Moreton's brother), who, going on shore with the crew in the long boat, to Long Island, during the American war, was found the next morning with the others in a bog, frozen to death;—the Hon. Mr. Lumley (Lord Scarborough's brother), when captain of the *Isis*, lost his life engaging with *Suffrein*, after the gallant defence, the East Indiamen made at Port Prayer; —Young Falconer whom I had known when a child, in an action in the West Indies, captain of a frigate, who, whilst opposed to another of superior force, on the bowsprit, in the act of splicing them together, received a mortal wound; —the fifth is now the only one surviving, Lord Maryborough, then a midshipman. Lord Moreton (who was one of my cronies at Eton) told me that

a monument was erected to the memory of his brother, in Long Island, and that in the beginning of the French revolution, when equality was the order of the day, some French sailors, who had landed there, seeing a coronet, with the other insignia, not only defaced them, but the inscription.—So much for liberty and equality.

FRICASSEE.

Of the various characters I assumed at the masquerades, some where the head was to keep pace (tongue) with the head, one was a dancing *paysan*. Here silence occasionally gave way to the heels, a *pas de deux* different to all others. D'Egville (the father of our excellent ballet master, we were all indebted to for so much amusement, as well as his numerous scholars, who exhibited their graces) dressed as a French cook, myself *en jupon*, a Flemish woman, both of us *en sabots* (wooden shoes), danced the *fricassee*, a favourite amusement of the French peasants, the noise of our *sabots* keeping pace with the music; whilst at intervals, the clapping of our hands, and our

grotesque costume, such a novelty was the more pleasing, as varying the evening's amusements. Old D'Egville, who, although he had been many years in this country, was not merely contented with displaying the " fantastic toe," but by way of keeping up his character as a Frenchman, must speak broken English ; his attempt, not so well as he spoke it in the morning. Many of the John Bulls there, would have beat the Frenchman at his own game, whilst I was continually in motion, preferring the sound of wooden shoes, to the *patois flamand.*

R. S. AND P.

When Sir —— was introduced to the honours of the metropolitan shreivalty and of knighthood, he became drawn out of that close application to business to which he had laudably devoted his earliest days. The first fashionable invitation he received, was from Lady B——, a civic dame, the wife of a former sheriff. It was to an " At Home ;" and at nine o'clock, Sir —— waited on my lady, to express his regret that he

could not attend the invitation. " I need not tell you, my lady (said the knight), that business must be attended to, before anything else. We have a large order to pack up, which I fear will not be done before half-past nine o'clock, so you see I should be half an hour too late for your party; but I've brought the ticket back, that you may scratch out my name, and then it will do for another. Now, my lady, I hope you will excuse me, but do tell me the meaning of this word in the corner, it has puzzled us all at our house exceedingly—R. S. V. P.; my mother says it is a French word, but I think it no word at all. I think it is what they call initials, " a Regular Small Whist Party. Now tell me, Lady B——, which of us is right?"

B. B——t.

LONG BILLS

and low bows. The landlord of the principal inn at Henley-upon-Thames had retired from the cares of business a few years since, with a handsome competency, and took up his abode at an agreeable distance from town. An old frequenter,

seeing him at the gate of his garden, took occasion to compliment him on his having had the merit to realize a liberal independence in much less time than was usual, and to express his surprise how he had been able to effect it. "All done by *long bills* and *low bows*, Sir," answered ex-Boniface, esq.—"Yes, Sir, always took care to charge as liberally as I thought my customers would bear; and if they found fault, which they sometimes did, rather outrageously, I always mollified them with low bows.—Besides, tithes, taxes, rent, and corn laws, were no bad excuse, you know."—"But Mr. ——, I think you must have made a pretty profit of your wine, for, between ourselves, now the game is over, I may say, it used to be d——d bad."—"Always bought the best wine I could for the price I gave; that, to be sure, was not much; in fact, I made a little fortune out of three pipes of port, which you have often tasted. They were rather on the queer, to be sure, but a great bargain:—as often as you or any body else damned the wine, I made a low bow, and offered to change it with the utmost pleasure; that was civility, you know. Anything may be done by civility, and a low bow. If any

one damned the wine, as being doctored and fiery, I made a low bow, and said, " I perceive it is too *full bodied* a wine for your palate;" then I took the bottle away,—emptied as many glass fulls out of it as he had given damns, and filled it up with water. Returning with a fresh bottle, " There, Sir," said I, " that is an older wine, which I flatter myself will meet with your approbation." This, delivered with a look of modest assurance, and a low bow, seldom failed. If, on the contrary, he called it damned stuff, and said there was no spirit in it, I used to bow, and say—" Sir, I see you like a fuller bodied wine; that is too light, *too old*, wine;" then left the room, poured a little out, and refilled it with a glass, or half a glass, of the best *British brandy*. A bow, and a confident look, were again sure to procure approbation. My best wine customers were the young gentlemen from Oxford. They generally preferred Claret. Port from the same pipes, with low bows, long necked bottles, one third water, a little older wine, and a squeeze of lemon, made excellent Claret; and the same things, with the second squeeze of the lemon, and a few drops out of Mrs.——'s Bergamot bottle, for the *bouquet*, made

equally excellent Burgundy. The young gentlemen were just as happy in sniffing the *bouquet*, as I was in pocketing their twelve shillings a bottle for a mixture that cost me little more than one. Yes, Sir, three pipes of port were a little fortune to me; but *long bills* and *low bows* were the great secret.

B. B——t.

CAUSE OF DEATH.

On the explosion of the Columbian Loan Bubble, in 1827, Mr. Zea, the Columbian minister in this country, who was said, together with certain jobbers in our good city of London, to have devised the scheme, and enriched themselves with the spoil of the credulous dupes, the minister was so sadly beset by the disappointed bond-holders, and certain accounts were required, which he was unable or unwilling to furnish, when lo, he was suddenly called to render his last account, where *finesse* would be unavailing.

His unexpected decease, at such a crisis, naturally gave rise to reports, that he had destroyed himself; the only difference in these accounts, being, as to the means used At a

meeting of the directors of the Provident Life Office, the gentlemen were busy in discussing these contradictory rumours, when Dr. M—— made his appearance, who, it was known, had been attending Mr. Zea's family. All eyes were immediately turned to him; and several voices exclaimed, together, " You, Dr. M——, can settle the question, no doubt—What was really the cause of Mr. Zea's death? "—" Most certainly," replied the Doctor, " I attended him!"—A short pause was succeeded by a general laugh, and the doctor was not a little disconcerted, when he found that his answer had been taken, before he knew that he had delivered it.

B. B——.

CERTAINTY OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCE.

The answer of another learned member of the faculty, produced a hearty laugh in the Court of King's Bench. On a question of life and death, it became necessary to fix the precise time at which a person had died; for which purpose, there was an examination of his medical attendant. " Pray state, as nearly as you possibly can, doctor, at what hour Mr. ——

died."—"Let me see," said the doctor, "I attended him at eleven o'clock; then I was called to him again at two—yes, the last time I prescribed for him was at two. Then he must have died, as nearly as possible, at six o'clock."—"I see, doctor," said the opposing counsel, "You can calculate the exact time when your medicine produces its effect."—"Most certainly," said the son of Esculapius, with becoming gravity; and it was some time before he could be made to understand, how he, without being mirthful himself, should be the cause of mirth in others.

B. B——t.

ALWAYS FINISH YOUR SENTENCES.

At the Surrey quarter sessions, a good-for-nothing apprentice was found guilty of robbing his master; when the chairman was about to pass sentence, the fellow muttered a sort of cry, in which there was more of dislike of punishment than sincerity of repentance. The chairman proceeded to expatiate upon the aggravation of theft

in this case, he being in duty bound to protect his master's property, instead of despoiling him of it; and remarking on his whimpering, he declared his disbelief of his having any remorse of conscience. "There," said the chairman, "you stand, with your hands in your breeches pockets, like a crocodile:" upon which frightful comparison, the fellow's master, fearing that some severe punishment would follow, jumped up, and implored for mercy, assuring the worthy magistrate he had such hopes of the prisoner, that if, after a short imprisonment, he were set at liberty, he would take him again into his service. The thread of the chairman's discourse being thus broken, he had occasion to ask his brethren where he had left off, when one of them audibly supplied the broken end, by saying, "You told him that he stood with his hands in his breeches pockets, like a *crocodile*." The chairman could scarcely believe his ears, and disputed the expression, amidst the giggle of the court, until he recollected that the words "pretending to cry," had been wanting to complete the sentence.

B. B— — t.

LUNATICS.

In accompanying a friend, one day, to Westminster Hall, we happened to stroll into the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons, when we observed this very awkward notice, affixed to one of the doors, which excited much mirth among the beholders — "*Committee of Irish Lunatics.*"

B——ke.

HORNE TOOKE,

Hearing that a young man, possessing great abilities as a public speaker, but uneducated, was most anxious to study, particularly history, and the learned languages, but totally without means, very generously offered him two guineas per week, for a time, that he might devote himself exclusively to his studies. Being informed that there were many malicious paragraphs in the papers against Horne Tooke, and that they were mostly written by this same genius; he would not believe it, till almost forced to the printers of the paper, and shown the hand-writing

of the scripts, he was convinced. Some time afterwards, he called on the ingrate, asked him if he had profited by the trifling assistance, and if he had arrived at a state of information to enable him to act for himself. The young man's reply was, "Yes, I thank you for it." What was Mr. Tooke's reply, think you? Oh! bitter enough, no doubt. Only "Good morning, Sir," and no more. If this is not beneficence, what is?

F——es.

STRANGE NOTICES.

At York, "Lodgings for genteel young men, who are taken in, and done for."

In a shoemaker's shop window, in Cavendish-street, Brighton, appeared this ludicrous bill, "Wanted here, a respectable *woman's* man."

ATTRACTIONS.

DON SALTERO'S COFFEE HOUSE.

Of my summer rambles, three places the same day, were often my favourite resorts, some forty

years ago. The first was Don Saltero's Coffee House, situated in Cheyne Row, at Chelsea, facing the river. Of what I have read since, describing this singular abode,—" It commenced as far back as 1695, and was opened by one Saltero, who had been the servant of Sir Hans Sloane. In addition to merely a coffee room, a collection of curiosities were deposited, in glass cases, which consisted of a great variety of animals, preserved in spirits, some stuffed birds, snakes, shells, &c. &c. The greater part was furnished by his master, with whom he had travelled. For the information of the visitors, a catalogue of the whole was printed, with the names of the donors affixed."

JEAN JAQUES ROUELLE'S,

Distinguished by the name of Rousseau's, situated facing the Chelsea Bun House. Here was an extensive garden, and at an early hour a *table d'hôte*, as a *restaurateur*, I believe the only one at the time. For French dishes, this house was a favourite receptacle of the epicures for the *plats choisis*. As an attraction, it was called " Jean Jaques Rousseau."

JENNY'S WHIM.

This was a tea garden, situated, after passing over a wooden bridge on the left, previous to entering the long avenue, the coach way to where Ranelagh once stood. This place was much frequented, from its novelty, being an inducement to allure the curious, by its amusing deceptions, particularly on their first appearance there. Here was a large garden, in different parts of which were recesses; and if treading on a spring, taking you by surprise, up started different figures, some ugly enough to frighten you;—a harlequin, a mother Shipton, or some terrific animal. In a large piece of water, facing the tea alcoves, large fish, or mermaids, were showing themselves above the surface. This queer *spectacle* was first kept by a famous mechanist, who had been employed at one of the winter theatres, there being then but two.

MY FLUTE.

Previous to Newmarket Races, the younger brothers of Lord Barrymore—Cripplegate, and Newgate—if much company were assembled at

table, after dinner, made a general sale, and put up to auction any thing of value they had got from any one on trust, to "raise the wind" for their intended race speculation. But on one occasion, to add to the resources of the youngest, unfortunately I was his jackall, to furnish him the *needful.* As the flute at that time was my favourite instrument, I occasionallyaccompanied his sister, Lady Melfort, who played on the piano-forte. Having left my flute at the house, a valuable one to me, with many keys, the next day it disappeared, and with it the young gentleman of the turf; nor did I hear what became of it for above a year after. A German, who called himself, "Joe, the Conjurer," an adept at all games at cards *(fourberie)*, and an instructor to those *rooks* who are upon the daily look out for *pigeons*, at all times was welcome to the Adelphi, they having been his *worthy* pupils. Joe had remarkable long hair, of which he was proud to sport a long queue, which, after inebriating him with brandy, the two *hopefuls* cut off, and threw out of window. Joe threatened to go to Bow Street, and make an exposure—he had taught them to cheat at cards, which he refused to conceal; a douceur only could

prevail on him, after his loss of hair, not to proclaim his having been their cheating instructor. Discarded from the house, no longer admitted, he acquainted me that Newgate had pawned my flute the day before he went to Newmarket, at a pawnbroker's in Jermyn Street; when making inquiries there, the year had expired three weeks, when it was publicly sold by auction. Here, I may say, like the conjurer—*Presto, begone.*

TWO COLLEGIANS,

Who had lived on friendly terms in college, left the university at the same time; both, soon after, entered into Holy Orders, one being appointed to a curacy in London, and the other to a similar situation in Cornwall. The distance, however, made no alteration in their mutual good feeling, which they continued to keep alive by frequent and friendly correspondence. Many invitations passed between them, which neither could avail himself of, in consequence of the distance. At last, a favourable opportunity offered to the London Curate, and he lost no time in visiting his kind

friend in Cornwall, by whom he was most joyfully welcomed, and the two friends were rendered perfectly happy in each other's society. In the course of a few days, the London Curate perceived that his friend had very little time to spare, being continually employed in christenings, burials, marriages, and writing sermons. It struck him that he might be useful in taking some of the trouble off his friend's hands, and particularly proposed preaching a sermon on the following Sunday. The other friend thanked him heartily, but said, "Really the people here are so little informed, that your sermon must be carefully worded, or it will not suit their slender comprehensions." The London Curate said, he was perfectly assured that he could compose a sermon to suit all capacities. The proposal was accepted, and he preached accordingly. After the service was over, he asked his reverend friend, "How he thought he had acquitted himself?" The other replied—"Extremely well;—still, I am sure, there were some words that they could not understand."—"Name them," said the other. "Why," the Cornwall Curate replied, "you mentioned the word *felicity*; now, had you said happiness, they would have

known your meaning, but the word felicity is totally unknown to many of them. Suppose, however, to prove this assertion, I call my *man* of all work, and question him?" The man making his appearance, the following dialogue took place:—*Curate*—"Well William, I suppose you were very much satisfied with the sermon you heard this Reverend Gentleman preach to-day?" *William*—"Eez, Zur, I was indeed; one of the finest zurmons I ever did hear." *Curate*—"Now, tell me, William, do you know what *felicity* means?" *William*—"Why, Zur, I think it to be zummut of the *inside* of a *pig*."

J. B——r.

OLFACTORY NERVES.

About forty or fifty years ago, Maberly, a coach-maker, in Queen Street, in consequence of a varnish he continued to make (which greatly offended the olfactory nerves of the neighbourhood), was indicted for a nuisance. The trial took place in Westminster Hall, when Lord Mansfield was the Lord-Chief-Justice. Several witnesses were examined, who declared the varnish to be

so very offensive, that the disagreeable smell had obliged many of the inhabitants to quit their houses. One man only, on being questioned, said, "The varnish did not *offend his nostrils*, and that he smelt nothing unpleasant at any time." This appearing so singular to his Lordship, he observed —"It is very extraordinary, that after so many persons have declared the smell of the varnish to be nearly overpowering, you should not have been in the least annoyed by it; do you live near the spot?"—"At the back of the house, my Lord," said the witness, "where the varnish is made." "Pray, friend," added his Lordship, "who, and what are you?"—"I am a *nightman*, my Lord," replied the other.

J. B——r.

DUNNING,

During Lord Mansfield's time, who was the leading and most popular counsellor in Westminster Hall, but in examination was occasionally too sarcastical, in which vein he indulged rather too freely, in the case of an uncertificated bankrupt, which came before him, whom he called a King's Bench

Collegian, and asked him why he went to that college? "Why, Sir," replied the poor broken-down bankrupt, "I went there to avoid the impertinence of *Dunning*."

J. B——r.

FUNERAL SERMON.

A journeyman ship-carpenter, belonging to one of the dock-yards at Portsmouth, was very much afflicted at the loss of his wife, for whom he had the most sincere affection; and, anxious to prove it to the extent of his power, felt bound, in gratitude for long past acts of kindness, to have a funeral sermon preached at her burial. In consequence of this determination, he went to the parson of the parish; and relating his circumstances, and the loss he had sustained by the death of his dear wife, begged to know what additional expense it would be to have a funeral sermon preached. The Reverend Gentleman informed him, "that the customary fee was a guinea."—"That's a large sum," said the poor carpenter, "for a man with small wages to put down; but as I loved my wife dearly, and wished to pay her this last mark

of attention, I hope your Reverence, in consideration of my want of means, will be kind enough to preach a funeral sermon for half a guinea. "Half a guinea!" said the Portsmouth Parson, "why, it is contrary to all precedent; but as you are so anxious, and urge your request so pathetically, on this occasion, I will, in consideration of your being a poor man, preach a *funeral sermon* for *half a guinea*, but really it won't be *worth hearing*."

J. B———.

SPECULATION.

Two young ladies, actresses, who took lessons in fencing of me, at least the Graces. The first was Mrs. Jordan's daughter, Mrs. Alsop, preparatory to two characters: she was to assume the male attire. My attendance one day, reminds me of my disappointment, *twice* being in company with two of the first literary characters of the day, without the gratification of being introduced. Of the former.—On one of my visits to Mrs. Alsop, he was there some time; after he had taken his leave, I was informed it was Mr. Campbell, the poet. But a few days after, waiting on a lady, who had

been governess to the late Mr. Dumergue, the dentist, at whose house Miss Charpentier, whom I had known from a child, formerly resided, and, at the time, married to the person I am going to speak of,—a tall man, whose conversation for some time I listened to with attention. After he was gone, to my surprise and regret, I was told the tall man was Walter Scott :—this was previous to his being made a baronet.

My other young Thespian *élève* was a beautiful girl, about eighteen, and like those good of sale, whose papas (speculators) send their daughters to India to get husbands, and, the better to promote the *traffic*, endow them with every accomplishment. This girl was not intended to travel so far. No East Indiaman here. A hackney would save that expense. A shilling to Drury Lane Theatre, in preference to an Indian Bazaar. Foolishly, I should say, her first *début* was at the Circus, disappointed of an engagement elsewhere. Receiving a note from the mother, inquiring my terms, I waited on her, who, *autrefois*, had been a handsome woman; but neither the males, or the females, who smell the lamp, many as I have instructed, were ever on my book as

scholars, all *en ami;* as such, the young lady was welcome to my professional visits, which were accepted. If the graceful person, aided by beauty, *La Belle des Belles,* the little trouble, the rapid improvement that ensued, every time I attended; it was not the time that engaged me elsewhere, but the pleasure of having such a pupil, whose most engaging manners and modest diffidence, caused me a genuine sorrow when I took my leave. The mother, as I considered, the lady I received the note from, was called the aunt; but from the exact resemblance, the very *contour comme deux gouttes d'eau,* not a doubt existed: it was her mama's objection to be thought old enough to be the mother of a girl of eighteen—what *amour propre!* "All eyes but your own can see you are no younger." However, I took care to have the *politesse* not to offend her *juvenile* feelings, ever addressing her as the aunt. As to accomplishments; of the young lady's acquirements (from the *aunt's* information), in French, Italian, music, and dancing, she was *au fait,* and no expense was spared. The master who taught the harp (I saw there an expensive one), was an eminent performer from Paris; nine guineas for twelve

lessons. Bravo, Monsieur! All this for her future elevation. Sums lavished to "build castles in the air." Those fortunate damsels of the theatre, must have turned aunty's head, fancying her daughter would be *trap* for another stage-struck *amoureux*. Poor woman, here she fails; beauty alone, unless a prominent actress, is but a poor speculation. It is years since I saw the beautiful expectant, then in an inferior situation at Astley's Theatre, and I never heard of her again.

THE COCK-LOFT.

At Easter, the trout streams at Rickmansworth were my usual resort. While on a ramble there, I prevailed on my friend John Bannister, with our old crony, James Heath, the artist, to accompany me. Bannister, whose time had always been better engaged than standing for hours by the water-side, encouraged, by my telling him I was well acquainted with all the places where the largest fish were to be found, and that he might be sure to fill his bag, and astonish his family at his return home, with such sport; replied—"So

I was told, when Wroughton lent me his Spanish gun, what a number of birds I should bring home. When, instead of birds, the gun bursting, two of my fingers did not return with me. However, I'll take you at your word, the theatre is shut this week. No danger now, unless I tumble in the water, and who knows but I may be a second Walton. But what is a fisherman without a jacket? Snip shall go directly to work. You know my way—I always dress in character." Accordingly, pleased with his sporting jacket—equipped with a new fishing rod, lines, a large bag, and landing net, expressly purchased, with me in my chaise,—Heath in his,—off we sallied to Rickmansworth. Arrived there in the evening, we yet had time to fish a couple of hours. But Bannister, objecting, said that it was better to defer it till the next day, he was certain then to fill his bag; his pretty jacket, besides his *first* appearance, would so attract the fish, he was sure of an *overflowing* audience: we had better give the large fish a respite till to-morrow. No time was lost, for, with his eccentric humour, he amused us till supper; giving us, as he called them (not Le Brun's Passions), the Fisherman's Passions

Attention—Looking at the float. *Hope*—a nibble. *Disappointment*—No fish. *Anger*—The hook entangled in a weed. *Joy*—A bite. *Astonishment*—A large trout. This exhibition of countenance so often he has exhibited on the stage, especially in the "Children in the Wood," when seated in the chair, with a frantic state of expression at the loss of them. He would often, with the rod in his hand, standing by the water-side, give us the different expressions of tragedy and comedy. This he called his fishing *rehearsal*—telling us, "To-morrow I'll astonish the watery natives. Turk Gregory never did such deeds." Supper being announced, and lamb chops making their appearance, having lunched at an early hour, previous to our departure from town, two other passions now followed—*Hunger* and *Pleasure*. The first, our supper; the next, the glass. When in high spirits, singing "Fishermen all," enter chambermaid, to tell us there were only two beds for the three fishing gentlemen. The idea of a bed-fellow was instantly scouted. Three *must* be provided. Knowing that a company of a marching regiment had come into the town that morning, and that the officers quartered there had

chosen their beds, no choice was left us; it was *seniores priores.* What were we to do? Still persisting on another bed, when the landlord informed us, that, to accommodate the officers, who were to remain there some days, for another party that was expected, he had been obliged to give up his own bed; how very sorry he was; but if one of us would put up with *boot-ketcher's,* he would make the room as comfortable as possible. No alternative left us. "Hobson's choice," that or none; we had to wait till it was in readiness. In the mean time, we proposed drawing lots, to decide who was to take the place of *Boots,* two blanks to the *chamber* prize, when our merry companion was the *fortunate* to displace him. This was a thunder-bolt; no sham passion of anger now; to have fallen into the water could not have been a greater *damper* to his spirits. At first, he refused, and glad would he have been to have paid for the supper, and our beds, if we would resign one to him. Here he stood no chance with all his comic characters; this sudden transition, though no laughing one here, certainly was the most *shining* one, supplanting another performer in *his shining* way. Having for years

experienced his jokes, when I have been the subject, as *chacun à son tour*, it was my turn now, and plenty of scope for my *attempt* at retort! But seeing him, thus chop-fallen, enact the knight of the sorrowful countenance, my feelings were such, that I had not the heart to hurt him, though I am sure his good nature would not have been offended. Indeed, I could have almost resigned my bed to him; but on the decision of his fatal lot, he threatened to take possession of my bed in his *boots*. Directly, I took care to lock the door; nor was it opened till Heath and myself had seen him to his snoozing ken (a term suited to his apartment). The *dénouement* that succeeded was laughable. With a serious countenance we followed the chambermaid to the end of the yard, where a ladder was the only staircase for him to ascend to a cock-loft. Whilst mounting it, all before which was pensoroso, now *performing* the allegretto, laughing, "Damme I'll be ranger; up I go, up I go."—Aye, "Go to bed, Basil, go to bed." Still keeping up his spirits; on opening his room door, he wished us a good night, singing, not *soto voce*, more the *piano*, "Fishermen all." The next morning it was a *theatrical appearance* at break-

fast, I rather think his first in that line. When expecting to hear him complain of his night's lodging, too cunning for us, aware of the advantage we had secured, in procuring our beds, and considering our inquiries were more to laugh than sympathize, all *gaiété* had his prompt repartees at the moment. Addressing him, "Great Angler, how have you slept?"—"Never better in my life. It was the heavy dew of slumber."—"But your room?"—"The cabin is convenient!"—"Surely it must have been a filthy one?"—"Whatever it was, it did not forbid me to 'steep my senses into forgetfulness;' my slumbers would not have been better 'in the perfumed chambers of the great.'" Here he was too much for us, turning all our questions, with his quotations, into ridicule, and humouring our curiosity. Whatever inconveniences he must have had, he cunningly kept them to himself. Now for the fishing. The morning, unfortunately, was so windy, and boisterous (a cold March and easterly wind), that we had little hopes, and no chance of catching a fish. However, we were determined to try our luck. After two hours, shivering by the water-side, without a bite, or even a nibble, we might have

remained the whole day, and verified the old saying, whilst holding our rods—"A fool at one end, and a worm at the other." Following my advice, the sooner we got back to town, the better; we should, at least, be sure of a *good bite* at our own table, with little chance of the weather altering: our tavern bill paid, we were heartily glad to get away. Bannister, not forgetting his lodging to *boot*, sang, "Adieu, thou dreary Pile." The few hours our fishing excursion had lasted, if two ounces only had been caught, it would have cost above 2*l*. As to the Mr. Walton, *en second*, what with his new jacket, fishing tackle, &c., and tavern expenses, he must have been five guineas minus; enough to sicken him for another fishing excursion. He made me a present of his jacket; it was a memento years after, of the Three Jolly Anglers.

If in fishing you take great delight,
In a punt you may shiver from morn to night;
And if endowed with patience, Job had of old,
The Devil a thing will you catch, but a cold.

BOOTS,

AN INCIDENT.

It is now a good many years since, as indeed the point, if point there be, of this incident of my life will sufficiently declare, that I had been passing some time at the house of one of the most amiable and agreeable men in the world (now alas out of it), who lived a little way beyond the tar-smelling town of Gosport; and having fulfilled my engagement with him, had resolved to go from Portsmouth to Brighton, at which place I proposed passing the winter. In pursuance of this plan, I dispatched my servant, the evening before, with all my luggage, excepting one portmanteau, a bag, and a dressing-case, in order that he might secure me lodgings at the Castle Inn, which then existed, or in Dorset Gardens, which at that period of my life was my most favourite residence in Brighton.

Having so far proceeded in the execution of my plan, I next day, at about five o'clock, month of November, weather wet and windy, took leave of my kind host, and stepped into his carriage, which was first to convey me, my portmanteau, bag, and

dressing-case, to the landing, or rather, in my instance, the embarking place at Gosport, thence to return, to take him and his amiable wife to some dinner party in their neighbourhood; their engagement at which terminated my visit in the afternoon of that day, rather than on the morning of the next.

All that had been projected in the programme was duly put into execution, up to my departure per ferry-boat to Point. A short delay on the part of the boatmen, and a delicacy on mine, in keeping my friend's carriage so long as to be too late for his use, left me shivering and shaking for some minutes on the Gosport shore, in company with my before-mentioned portmanteau, bag, and dressing-case. At length, however, I, and my accessories, were afloat, and after ten minutes drenching in the heaviest rain I ever felt, I did, what was extremely satisfactory to myself, come to the Point, where I was assailed by various porters, and others, who proffered their services to carry my never-to-be-forgotten portmanteau, bag, and dressing-case, to any ostlery or lodging I might choose to select.

In those days the Crown was in high favour, and to the Crown I directed my nautical mercury

with the luggage, and thither I proceeded myself. I reached it in safety; but, with regard to drapery, dripping somewhat like a male Musidora; it was nearly dark, and the wind whistled *out* of the gateway of the Crown right in my teeth. I pulled a bell—the sound seemed lost in the breeze; but having made a second effort, a pale-faced waiter made his appearance.

"I want dinner, and a bed," said I.

"This way, Sir," said he; and forthwith he showed me into what was called a coffee-room. The chimney and the company were both smoking, the floor was sanded, and several gentlemen were grouped at narrow tables placed in little slips, separated from each other, having, on the tops of the partitions which divided them, brass rods and red fustian curtains, like those by which, in a country church, the churchwarden's pew is specially distinguished.

I was tired, wet, and uncomfortable; I had left a house where comfort and hospitality reigned with unmitigated sway. Three weeks of social intercourse with a friend I loved, and his family whom I esteemed, had spoiled me for this sudden change to boisterous mirth, strange faces, and unsavoury

smells. I sought to be alone, to think over my past visit, to dwell upon the pleasures I had experienced, and rest my mind for a few hours after the constant excitement in which the events of the last twenty days had kept me.

" Can I have no sitting room?" said I, drawing back.—" This is the coffee-room," said the waiter, which, no doubt, as a matter of technicality, is a sufficient reason for eating dinners in it.—" I don't think,"—added he, looking first at my miserably dripping hat and cloak; and secondly, and in vain, for my servant, and the proportion of luggage adequate to the wants of a gentleman who had the vanity and presumption to wish to dine by himself—" I don't think we *have* a sitting room disengaged; I'll see. Have you any luggage, Sir?"

Upon my answer to this question, I was convinced much depended; and what had I to boast? A small portmanteau, a bag, and a dressing-case.

" The porter has it," said I.

And the waiter went to the porter, and took my luggage, and they whispered together; and I could see contempt and disinclination fill the waiter's countenance, while he called " chambermaid," to

take "the gentleman's things to a bed-room." Having done which, he proceeded to the head of some other department, to know whether I might be allowed to put five or six shillings extra into the landlord's pocket by enjoying my own proper fire and wax candles.

I then had an opportunity of surveying the chambermaid herself. Maid, thought I—Gorgon—to call a patriarch, who at seventy-two, shakes himself over the saddle of a post-horse, post-*boy*, is not more preposterous, than to call thee maid.

"Sally," screamed the Brobdignagian, "What bed-rooms is disengaged? Here's a gentleman, come by the Gosport ferry, wants a bed."

This was called up to somebody on the floor above us; the answer came down like thunder—"There's only number two hundred and eighteen."

"Oh," replied my huge conductress, "this way, if you please."

"I'll just stop one moment, to see if I can have a room to dine in," said I.

"Yes, Sir, you can," said the waiter; "I'll show you the parlour, now, Sir."

And he did indeed show me a parlour, opening directly from the gate-way, shaped like a cocked-

hat box, and half covered with a carpet, which, as it was agitated by the wind drifting under the door, undulated like a play-house sea.

I saw complaint was useless, so I politely asked to have a fire lighted, ordered a boot-jack, and with considerable force, which was absolutely necessary to get them off in their limpid state, got rid of my boots; and having invested myself in a pair of accommodating slippers, ordered some fish and a broiled fowl, with mushroom, for dinner, proceeded to my dormitory, my six feet Thais leading the way.

We began to mount the stairs as the clock was striking six, and continued to ascend in nearly a perpendicular direction for a considerable time; we then appeared to me to take a south-westerly direction, and shortly after rose rapidly up a precipitous ladder railed on either side, and reached what, when the door was opened, appeared to me to be the lantern of a light-house. It was a four-sided room, three sides of which were windows; on the fourth side was the bed, and on the fifth side the door. *This was number* 218.

" Why there is no fire-place here," said I.

" No, Sir. Should you want a fire," said Thais,

" this is the only room we have—it is uncommon pleasant, I'm sure, in the day-time—why, in clear weather, Sir, you can see from the Nab to the Needles with the naked eye."

The idea of any thing naked in such a room, at such a season, made me shudder. I said, " This is not very snug, for the time of year."

" There is'nt no other room, I know, Sir," said my patroness; saying which, she banged down the candlestick upon a painted deal table, which stood at one of the shutterless windows; and, having deposited by its side one solitary towel, retired, shutting the door after her with a noise which made all the frames of my winter conservatory rattle.

In this distant and desolate spot I changed my dress, and although the climate was none of the mildest, I soon began to feel the comforts of dry clothing; and thus, young in years, and buoyant in spirits, the little ills by which I was encompassed became matters of mirth, and I could scarcely help laughing at my own miseries. In some twenty or five-and-twenty minutes, having completed my toilette, I, to use the phrase of Messrs. Green, Sadler, and Co. the aëronauts,

" began to descend;" but as there were no finger-posts in the passage, I was compelled to proceed cautiously; guided by a natural instinct for food, I suppose, rather than by any knowledge of the *carte du pays*, I reached what might be considered the habitable part of the Crown, and at the end of a passage leading to the front rooms on the first floor, I saw a group of pretty faces smiling—and when does a face look so pretty as when it smiles on one, and looking earnestly at one—one personally with considerable interest not unmoved with veneration, a tribute for which, at my time of life, I own I was not quite prepared. I proceeded on my way, and met the huge Glumdalia, who had escorted me to the light-house. She glided by me with a low curtsey, and seemed to sink at least two feet into the earth as she passed.

Onward I went, until I reached the head of the staircase, which, by the stiff breeze which blew upwards, I knew to be the one which led to my *salle à manger;* judge my surprise at being stopped on the first step by a prodigiously large, well powdered, gentlemanly-looking man, with a broad white waistcoat and black unmentionables.

"This is the way, Sir," said the landlord—for it was he who spoke—"this is the way to your dining room."

"No," said I, "I believe you mistake; my room is down stairs, I——"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," replied mine host—"I *did* mistake, Sir; but that is rectified—this way, Sir—lights there—this way."

The door of a handsome drawing room flew open, and I discovered, before a blazing fire, such as would have consumed my little three-cornered room under the gateway; a table served with such taste, and fit for an emperor, was placed for my reception; while a huge sofa had been removed from its ordinary resting place to a position at right angles with the fire-place, before which was drawn a sofa table, whereon lay sundry books, the day's newspapers from London, a silver inkstand, and all the comfortable accessions to reading and writing.

"This is a better room than the other," said I, with the confident air of a man who utters an incontrovertible truism.

"I thought, Sir," said the landlord, bowing very low, "you might, perhaps, have letters to write—

our post does not leave till late—I hope, Sir, you will find every thing as comfortable as we can make it."

" I thank you," said I. " Let me have dinner as soon as you can."

" Immediately, Sir," was the answer, and mine host disappeared.

True to his word, five minutes had not elapsed before he reappeared, bearing in his hands a huge tureen of soup, which I had not ordered, but which he deposited upon the table himself, a trail of waiters following—one with a lemon, another with a hash, a third with a plate, and a fourth with something else.

" I ventured to add the soup, Sir," said the landlord—" his Highness the Stadtholder, who has been here, approved of it greatly."

I bowed; my landlord retired to a respectful distance, and, under the attentive surveillance of himself and his three aides, I swallowed what appeared to me to be particularly disagreeable broth; however, the attention of mine host was not to be so repaid; when I had finished, I said, " Excellent soup, indeed."

I ordered some sherry—the landlord vanished.

I had scarcely compounded the fish sauce, when, like Aladdin's Genius, he stood again before me, holding in his hand a bottle of the desired wine; I was startled at the quantity, and implied that a pint of sherry would have been enough.

"Oh, Sir," said the landlord, "it makes no difference how much you drink of it—it would be a pity to divide it—it is Gordon's wine, fifteen years old in my house, Sir—I have very little of it, I assure you. Fetch a glass here," added he, in a loud tone, to one of the waiters. "Allow me, Sir, to pour it out."

I submitted to his overweening kindness, and felt quite relieved, when he went to fetch, with his own proper hand, my broiled fowl, which I found, to my surprise, accompanied by two *entrée* of cutlet and fricandies, and moreover, ushered in with an announcement from mine host, that the time had been so short, it was impossible to do more, but that he had ventured to add a couple of woodcocks, by way of a second course.

Thus *fête'd*, I nearly sank under the attentions proffered me, which had a still more powerful effect upon me, from the contrast they afforded to my first reception; cheese over, and a bottle

of claret put down (for I in vain mentioned port, and suggested a pint), I asked one of the waiters, still occupied in arranging the fire, if there was a play acted that night.

The answer was in the affirmative; Mr. Pope, of Covent Garden Theatre, acted Alexander the Great.

"What time does it begin?" said I.

"It has began, Sir," replied the man.

"Should I find room, if I went after I have finished my wine?"

"Oh Sir," said the man, "my master will take care there shall be a place secured for *you*, Sir."

This I thought particularly civil, because it must be totally disinterested; I thanked him, and said I would avail myself of his attention.

I finished my wine, rang the bell, and announced myself in readiness for the play. "I should like a candle," said I; "I must get myself a handkerchief I left on the table in my bed-room, or perhaps you will get it for me; number 218."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the waiter, "your sleeping room is next to this, numbered three, Sir—this is the door."

I followed his instructions, and entered the

apartment, which contained appendages of every possible comfort. I stared — wondered — said nothing — took my handkerchief — and walked down stairs.

At the bar, a small number of persons were assembled, evidently to look at me, which they did with the same marks of respect and admiration, as those had evinced at the top of the staircase, before dinner. One old lady I distinctly heard, say, "God bless him." I still went on, and found at the door my landlord again, attended by two persons with lanterns, who, as I quitted the threshold, moved forward towards the theatre, mine host walking a little in advance of me.

We reached the Thespian fane, and I found myself, as if by magic, transported by some side door and passage into a remarkably comfortable private box, where I was left by my guide and another gentleman, who, however presently returned, and, with a profound salute, gave me a bill of the play. I then established myself snugly, and enjoyed the excellent acting of the now veteran Pope, in peace and quietude. There were sundry disturbances in the pit, and some junior marine officers had located themselves in one of

the boxes up stairs, over the stage, with long four-horse whips, with which, at stated periods, they commenced certain evolutions, not exactly calculated for the interior of a theatre, but still extremely amusing to me, from its novelty.

When the play was over, I felt that I had had enough of pleasure for once, and did not stay to see the farce. Lucky was it for the lantern bearers, the English Musolgees, who had lighted me thither; for when I came out of the door, there I found them, ready to return before me; I naturally availed myself of their services, and reached mine inn.

I met, in the passage, two remarkably pretty girls, whose faces I recognised as having been among the group on the top of the stairs. I was struck with the laughing and joyous expression of their countenances, which appeared to me to be in some degree damaged by the tint of two bright orange-coloured handkerchiefs, which they wore over their shoulders; a momentary glance from my eye, suffused one of them with blushes, and dropping a profound curtsey, as if she was afraid her beauty had been too presumptuous, she shrank into the bar, followed by her whom I imagined to be her sister.

At bed-time, when I retired to rest, no Glum-

dalia was to be seen; a fair small-featured blue-eyed personage, with a profusion of light hair, held in her trembling hand a bed-chamber candlestick; she, like her young mistresses, wore an orange-coloured bow in her cap; so I set down the prevalence of the taste to the results of a recent election, in which orange had been the distinguishing colour of one of the candidates. I bade my *chaperon* good night, but she seemed to me to be too much alarmed to enjoy the smallest civility: she retired, and so did I, wearied by my day's exploits, and delighted with the courtesy of the landlord, and the extensive comfort of his accommodations.

The breakfast next morning was after the same school; and at eleven, I desired the waiter to order me a chaise and pair to Chichester. He went—but in a few moments came my landlord, to say that he had ventured to order the horses to be put into a chariot which belonged to a gentleman who was in the Isle of Wight, and had left it there, but who would be too happy that I should use it.

It seems to me, that when the current is setting smoothly along, in the direction we wish, it would be the height of absurdity to throw pebbles *into* it,

and check its course, or disturb its tranquillity ; so I merely bowed assent, and, naturally, preferring an easy carriage to a rattling "yellow," permitted my kind landlord to go his own way to work.

The bill struck me to be considerable; but then the accommodations were commensurate; one charge, however, puzzled me, because, in addition to every other doubt I might have had as to its reasonableness, there was the fact, that I had not been made aware of its having been incurred —"Ringers, £.1 1*s.*"—I ventured to inquire the meaning of this item, and was informed that the bells of the parish church had been rung in my honour (luckily for me, before I awoke in the morning). I thought it odd, and foolish ; but it was done; bells cannot be un-rung, said I to myself, and accordingly settled the account, to the no small deterioration of my property, and stepped into the carriage of the unconscious gentleman in the Isle of Wight, amidst a profusion of bows and curtsies, my landlord standing at the door uncovered, the powder from his head flying up High Street like drifting snow before the wind.

At Chichester I stopped to pay a visit, and the link between me and Portsmouth was, for the

time, broken, and I amused myself by reciting to my friends the particulars of my adventure at the Crown; the moral of my tale being the exhibition of the difference of accommodation to be found at the same Inn; and there the matter rested. I went on to Brighton, took up my residence in Dorset Gardens, rather dissatisfied that the people of Brighton did not emulate the people of Portsmouth in their endeavours to make the amiable.

But time unravels more things—Junius will be discovered at last. One morning, a friend did me the pleasure to partake of my breakfast, after which meal he proposed our usual walk till luncheon time. I, too lazy to go up stairs to my dressing room, called my servant to bring me my boots; he did so, but not the pair I intended to put on: see on what trifles *great counts* turn. He went for another pair, leaving those which he had previously brought.

"Those are handsome boots," said my friend the colonel, who, at the same time was no colonel at all. "Who made them?"

"A man of the name of Paget Daly O'Shaugnessy, in St. James's Street," said I.

"Very nice boots, indeed."

"Yes," said I; "and they fit *me* remarkably well, although they were not made for me. He had promised me a pair of boots for the day I left town; and when my man went for them, he had not finished them; but he sent these, which he had made for the Prince of Orange, and they suited me better than any he had ever made for me purposely."

"That's odd," said the colonel; "but if I had been you I should have made my servant scratch out the Prince's name, which is written on the inside of them, else it might appear that you had appropriated His Highness's property to your own use,"

"What!" cried I, "is the Prince's name in the boots?"

"Here," said the colonel, "read;" and so I did, and sure enough there were the words, *H. S. H. the Prince of Orange*, 2,789,465; the figures meaning to imply that Mr. Paget Daly O'Shaugnessy had himself made two million, seven hundred and eighty-nine thousand, four hundred, and sixty-five pair of boots.

"Now," said I, "I see it all; now do I account

for my promotion from the conservatory, from the sky-light, to the drawing room at the Crown; now do I know why I was looked at with veneration and respect; now do I see why the girls wore orange handkerchiefs, and the fair chambermaid trembled; now do I understand why I was blessed by old ladies, and lighted to the play with lanterns; now do I comprehend why the bells rung in mine honour, and why I was drenched with soup the Stadtholder loved. Those, my dear colonel, those are the boots saturated and dried at Portsmouth; from those boots did they derive their notions of my character and consequence, and to those boots am I indebted for being indebted to the landlord of the Crown five pounds more than I should have owed him if I had worn anonymous leggings.

"Ah," said the colonel, "as Titus Andronicus says, if you had gone all *bootless* into them, they would not have heeded thee."

"I confess," replied I, "my vanity is a little wounded; but no matter, I was well lodged, the landlord was well paid, and I never will use the word BOOTS reproachfully as long as I live."

THEODORE HOOK.

Having arranged, in the month of July, a ramble to Latimers, the seat of Lord George Cavendish, who honoured me often with a card to take a friend to fish with me in his park, Bannister and John Johnstone, who were engaged at the Little Theatre, Haymarket, and, being in the bills the following evening, I promised to be at Rickmansworth (a few miles from Latimers) the night before, at the same time to provide a cold collation for the next day, which I usually took to Hyat's, the gamekeeper, or in the park, in sight of the rods left by the side of us in the water. The following day, whilst I was fishing, at a Weir close to the road-side, Johnstone in his gig, with my friend Bannister, approached me, when Johnstone's first words were—"Harry, my boy, what have you got for dinner?"—"Cold lamb and salad."—"Augh! and why did you not get mutton?"—"What, mutton at this time of the year, in preference to lamb? Pooh!" Directly flying into a violent passion, "I won't eat lamb."—"Then I will."—"Have you got plenty of potatoes?"—"I've forgot." This was too much for the disappointed Hibernian,

outrageous, whipping his horse, away he flew. Although I had ever, on our previous fishing excursions, taken care to provide his kingdom's favourite, with their coats on, this time I failed; such a national disappointment was too much, and, when told dinner would be ready at four, "I won't dine at four, I'll dine at six."—"*Comme il vous plaira,* there's French for you, I have ordered it at four, and shall not alter the hour, as I have to travel above twenty miles this evening to town—a dark night, and a robbing road, your mutton taste shall not alter mine, so, if you prefer fishing to your dinner, Master Father *Mac Shane* (my usual appellation), you may dine with *Duke Humphrey.*" The consequence was, Bannister, myself, and a friend I had taken in my gig, at four o'clock, nearly devoured all the lamb, when I heard after, at six o'clock, his repast was a fat eel, the game-keeper had provided for him, and bread and cheese, so that our mutton difference, that shocking mistake, forgetting the *pratees,* though for years previous we passed pleasantly many fishing days together in perfect harmony, listening to his Irish songs, this lamb *v.* mutton threw such cold water as to prevent fish biting, had we ever

fished after together—this was our finale. In one of our fishing duettos with the *rod*, Johnstone, as well as myself, had the privilege to take a friend with him to Lord Melbourne's water, Brocket Hall. While angling one day at a mill-tail, where the water was very rapid, which is always preferable, better when fishing for trout; the wind being easterly, we had been a long time fishing to no purpose, not a bite or nibble, an Irish peasant, who had been all the time standing by, looking on, and out of patience, seeing us catch no fish, exclaimed, "And do you call that fishing? I would be after laving off."—And why?" said Johnstone. "*Case* the water bodders their heads too much.'

MORE SAIL THAN BALLAST.

Bannister, myself, and Rowlandson, for years were constant companions in our rambles near town; the latter was frequently makinghis sketches at Greenwich, his favourite resort, both for shipping and scenes relative to the assemblage of sailors. The fish dinners at the Crown and Sceptre, often tempted us to accompany him there.

Our excursions were generally some time before dinner; when standing near him we were amused, whilst his pencil was engaged delineating the various objects, ships passing, and sketching the different characters collected, that excited his attention, which, when finished, were not unworthy the genius of a second Hogarth. One hot evening, while sitting at the window, viewing the vessels as they sailed by, Bannister mentioned that the Albion East Indiaman was at Blackwall (outward bound), and that he was acquainted with the first mate; we therefore proposed to vary the evening, by going on board. Having a boat, the tide serving about five, we were welcomed on deck. I need not observe how Jack Bannister's appearance was hailed; so much so, that it materially added to our hearty reception; suffice it to say, in a few minutes all of us were as sociable and acquainted as if we had been together a five months' voyage from India. What with the wine, Bannister's choice songs, merriment, and humour, we must have kept laughing and singing three hours. Mr. Laurie (late partner with Whittle the printseller in Fleet Street) and a friend, who were received previous to our meeting, were of the

party. About nine o'clock they left us, taking Rowlandson with them, then pretty well, "how came you so?" Bannister's friend prevailed on us to remain, so pressingly, that we could not resist, although we were already quite enough gone, thoughtless of the consequence of remaining, and the many miles, at a late hour, to return home. Soon after, Arrack Punch, Indian sweetmeats, and biscuits, were placed on the table; and what with the wine, acids, and sweets that followed, "now safe moored, with bowl before us," it was past twelve o'clock when we were put on shore. At that hour there was no conveyance from Blackwall, and we had to walk all the way to town, occasionally falling down, carrying too much sail in our fore-tops, and holding, as *we* thought, fast of each other, we always fell together; about *three*, after our many tumbles, our clothes covered with mud, our hats left behind, fortunately, a coach in the Minories conveyed us safe home. The next morning, feeling the ill effects of the previous night's carouse, I recollected my reception, already described, on board the *Victorious*, man-of-war, at Chatham; this naval visit proved a

warning to me never after to venture myself after dark to heave a hand at the punch bowl, with such friendly mess-mates, without carrying more ballast.

PUCK'S TALE; OR, THE LOVE OF A SPIRIT.

"Puck—Puck, where are you?"—"Here, most royal Oberon!"—"*Here!*" repeated the first voice, in a sharp key of irascibility. "How, in Mab's name, can I tell where *here* is?"—"Ha—ha—ha!"—"Ho, laughest—thou loyal!" cried Oberon, in high wrath. "Come forth instantly, or I will shut thee up in an oak tree for seven ages; even as I would serve the reptile that mortals term a toad*."—"If I come forth, shall I have pardon full and free?"—"The great are merciful!" answered Oberon. "I love not general observations," replied the voice. "Somehow or other, they never apply to particular instances!"—"Well then, I promise thee, by my crown and sceptre, that thou shalt have full pardon."

* This threat accounts for one of the most singular facts in Natural History!

"Behold me, then," was the answer; and suddenly the inverted acorn-cup, upon which his majesty of all the fairies was sitting, began to heave in so rebellious a manner, as to dislodge its royal occupier, with a greater abruptness than was at all agreeable to the dignity of that personage. "How now, thou naughty fay," cried the king, in extreme displeasure, as a small figure crept out of the acorn-cup; "how now?" Puck saw he had proceeded too far. "Forgive me, mighty Oberon!" said he, kneeling, and settling his features into an air of repentant gravity. The good-natured monarch was easily appeased. "Rise!" said he. "But what work hast thou been employed in—see, thou hast a great rent in thy best bees'-wing jacket, and thy cobweb inexpressibles are all over dust?"—"I got these tokens of toil and labour," answered Puck, rising, and throwing back his head with the air of a Talma, in defending your majesty from your enemies, the ants; it was for this, that I pursued them into the acorn-cup, where they were laying a snare to attack you!"—"Ants!" repeated the king, with a brave look. "Ants! what care we for ants?"—and so saying, the monarch placed

his hand upon his sword, made of a hornet's sting, of the most approved metal, and turned his eye round with an air, in which, perhaps, caution was not altogether unmingled with defiance. At a short distance, he beheld, slowly approaching towards him, three ants of the largest dimensions. "Puck," said the king, with a quick tone, "this is an untoward spot — catch me yon May-fly, we will have a ride!" The May-fly was caught, and Oberon mounted. "Where shall I tell him to go?" said Puck, touching his hat, made out of a beetle's wing. "To the fountain," said the king; and to the fountain they went. It was a beautiful spot, in the midst of a wood. The fountain was small, but of the clearest and most glassy water; the banks were covered with wild thyme and harebells, and the sun-loving cowslip. Here and there, at the shallow edge of the water, were clusters of reeds and water lilies. A few fish, of the silver-scaled species of the roach, were basking in the sunniest parts of the fountain; and the wind, which came from the south, and was very faint, broke out through the undulating boughs which hung over the waters, and made the happy waves dance indolently to

its music. Just over the spot on which the fairy equipage rested, a large dragon fly had been wandering, and brushed out with his wings a thousand odours, too faint for mortal sense, but which were like breathings from a ruby to the fairies. They alighted from their steed, and gave him, in reward for his labour, a charm to preserve him from his great enemy, the trout, for the rest of his life. Nay, I have heard, that it extended even to a universal protection from the whole finny race; even from the lust of the salmon, to the volatile flippancy of the dace. "This is pleasant!" said Oberon, throwing himself under the shade of a young sweet-briar; while Puck seated himself, at the head of the king, upon a beautiful large daisy. "Fetch me," said Oberon, "a cup of May-dew; by Mab's under lip, I am exceeding thirsty." Puck gathered a harebell, and carrying it into a cool brake, which the sun had not yet pierced, filled it with three drops of the most transparent dew. Oberon took a most hearty draught; and then, settling himself once more under his sweet-briar, said — "Thanks, good Puck; and now tell us a story."—"A story?" said Puck. "Your majesty

must really excuse me; I never had the least voice for reciting! and besides, I am so terribly hoarse, with a severe cold I got the other night, by falling into a damp tankard in a gudewife's cupboard, I had not an opportunity of changing my clothes for three hours afterwards."—"Pooh!" said Oberon. "Thou art more full of airs than Mab's eldest and ugliest maid of honour; come, begin."—"Well," said Puck, hemming thrice, and using a violet leaf by way of a fan; "well, what sort of a story will your majesty have?"—"Not melancholy," replied Oberon, "for I love not weeping; nor gay, for it is too warm for laughter: but something hum drum, and sober, and love-sick, as befits the day."—"Your majesty shall be obeyed," said the fairy, and accordingly, he thus began.

"Your majesty must know that, about fifty years since, according to the chronology of mortals, there lived a youth, named Psychus. He was a strange, wild, solitary youth, that loved to wander alone till he came to some spot less familiar to him than those he had passed, and then he would throw himself, like your majesty, beside some tree, and look listlessly at the green

boughs, playing with the young west winds and the idle sunbeams. But as he was approaching towards manhood, a singular change become visible in his appearance—his complexion softened into a more delicate and transparent hue—a golden light diffused itself over the rich chesnut locks which fell over his forehead — his form became more fragile, but more exquisitely proportioned, than that of any other mortal existing; and yet he possessed such strength, that he could fell the buffalo with a blow, and almost pluck up the young tree, which bore the acorn your majesty was sitting on when your servant vanquished your enemies the ants — and over the youth's eyes and lips, and cheeks, there was spread a beauty so dazzling, and yet so indefinite and dissimilar from that of earth, that none could look upon it without love, mingled with wonder, not only at its excess, but its peculiarity. And whenever he lay down at noon-day, under the shade, a thousand flowers sprang up beneath him, and the boughs clung closer to each other, to thicken the shelter from the sun; and though the day to all else was utterly still and sultry, yet *for him* there was a light, undulating breeze, which

" streaked his bosom with its gentle fan, and played the wanton with him through the leaves."

" Where do those lines come from, Puck ? " said the king, " I do not remember them, in my edition of the fairy poets."—" They are somewhat altered from an old English poet, please, your majesty," answered Puck. " I love the old English poets ! " quoth King Oberon, " but proceed."—" By degrees," continued Puck, " these distinctions from the ordinary race of men increased. At length, a beautiful bird, of the most delicate sky-blue plumage, used to hover around him wherever he went, and sing such soft and low tunes, that the very gnomes would pause from their evil works, to listen to a melody that might have come from the rejoicing hymns of the distant stars. But there were times when Psychus felt a burning and mysterious spirit within him — an irresistible and mighty ——— "

" Nonsense," said King Oberon, whose taste was formed in the fastidiousness of the old school, " tell us, in plain fairyism, what thou meanest —what was this burning spirit ? "—" It was Poetry, please your majesty," answered Puck; " this faculty, I need not inform you, is in no case

natural to mortals, it is the gift and inspiration of the female spirits of the air; who borrow a human language to utter an Immortal's feelings, and breathe the thoughts of the loftiest worlds over the sterility of that which is the meanest. But your majesty also knows, that there are many mortals who pretend to the gift of poetry, and pour forth curious imitations of the dictates of the æther spirits; now these are inspired by grotesque little imps, with hump backs, and blear eyes, and lame legs, that hobble about in fogs and damps, and, entering into the brains of young mortals, between the age of sixteen and thirty, produce all those deformed, obscure, limping productions, with which, in every age, the world has been inundated. But to proceed; the verses of Psychus were so exquisite—they breathed such a depth and purity of thought—such a glow of language, and elevation of fancy—that all his nation became enraptured with them; they were hymned in the churches, sang in the bower, and *hurdy-gurdied* about the streets: nothing but the Poetry of Psychus was endured. The maidens used to dream over them by night, and awake in the morning to wish the beautiful

young poet would woo as glowingly with his lips as his lute; and to vow that, in that case, the feet in his verses should not be the only ones that would run off so smoothly.

"One day, in our own bright month of June, Psychus wandered into a wood; he came at last to a spot more open than the rest; the winds were as still as night, scarcely a leaf stirred; the turf in this glade was as smooth as if a fairy had watched over it, and covered with flowers of a pale blue, and of a shape and odour that Psychus had never before seen or felt. Pleased with so beautiful a spot, and wearied by his rambles, and the heat of the day, he threw himself upon a bank of the softest moss, and, lying with his face upwards, felt the sunbeams breaking through the green leaves to kiss the delicate beauty of his brow and cheek. By degrees, he fell into a light slumber. And then (though, as I told your majesty, not a single breath of air seemed awake) a violent agitation came over the trees and wild flowers around him; and exactly over him, the eye of a fairy might have discovered a pale faint star: from this orb, a blue column of denser air began to form, till it reached the turf upon which

the boy's head lay, and then the star and the column disappeared; the leaves and flowers resumed their stillness; and close beside the youth, stood one of those wonderful shapes, composed solely of the purest æther, and the most southern sun-beams — one of those all glorious, yet all tender spirits, who hold the moon as their palace, and the air as their illimitable realm; — she leant over him for an instant in silence, and then, putting aside the rich disordered curls that fell over his face, she kissed each of his eyes three times; as she did so, her wings, waving slightly to and fro, scattered around all the perfumes they had been gathering among the azure flowers, and the amaranthine allies of her home. The lips of the boy parted as he felt them, and he smiled, as if in the pleasure of a dream. 'Alas,' said the spirit, 'for what purpose have I loved you so long—all the gifts I shower upon you, you can never know—all the passion which dictates them, you can never feel.— You imagine that Nature, not I, made you the being that you are—that it was she who robbed the midnight skies around the love-star, to deepen the azure of your eyes — who stole from the

waters of the west, the light the setting sun had bequeathed them, and mingled its gold with the darker luxuriance of your hair—who wandered from star to star, as they arose in the evening, to breathe over your soul, and lyre the melody of their rejoicing hymns! Oh! when the morning came, laughing through your lattice, it was I who stole upon its beams to print the earliest kiss upon your cheeks. It was I who hung their spells upon the mountain, the valley, and the river, that to *me*, through *them*, your first vague and indefinite idolatry might be given. Were the winds of the east too cold, my sighs warmed the atmosphere around you;—was the sun too enamoured of your cheek, my wings fanned it as cool as the pomegranates of Areron. I watched by you when you slept, as now, in the noon-day, forbade the viper and the hornet to approach you. But *me*—*me* you cannot thank—nor touch—nor see. I would give for one of your kisses all the bowers and the fountains of the moon, and my lips seem to wither away in pining after their food!' With these words, the beautiful spirit threw herself beside the mortal, and wept bitterly. Presently, a slight rustling was heard in the moss-

bank, upon which the boy's head was laid, and a small quaint figure, in a parti-coloured vest, suddenly appeared before her. The expression of his countenance was kind, yet arch, as if impressed with the mingled love of doing mischief, and doing good."—"Why, Puck," murmured Oberon, who was little more awake than Psychus himself, "Why, Puck, the little figure resembles you!"—"Perhaps it was I!" answered the favourite, gravely; and then continued his tale. "'Daughter of the air,' said the figure, 'console yourself with a less exalted nature than your's; we have yet powers that can alleviate your distress; but there is a more effectual court than our's, to which you can apply. The Spirit of Love, who resides in the evening star, can grant you all you desire.—Repair to her!' So saying, the figure, entering into a small cavity among the moss, disappeared.

"The spirit slowly arose from the earth; she pressed one long last kiss upon the lips of the sleeper, and, looking up, as if in command, the star and column became again perceptible. She spread her wings along the supporting air which the column formed, and the star (which served as

her guide, and felt her commands by volition) ascended rapidly. Towards the evening, the spirit found herself in a much finer air than any which surrounds the ordinary luminaries of our system. She paused for a moment, to inhale the exquisite transport which the purity of the atmosphere afforded her; below her eyes lay the wonderful gardens of the evening star; her hopes redoubled at the sight; she resumed her course till her guide stopped, and the column, descending slowly from it, placed her upon the ground of this new star. Immediately a delicious languor crept into every part of her soul—the air, of a deep rose colour, literally teemed with music—there was not a sound from the wind, the flowers, the trees—above, beneath, around, there was not a sound, not a breath—but all was the softest harmony. She felt herself glide involuntarily along, as if in a gentle current, till she came to a tent of rose leaves, the veins of which undulated softly to and fro, giving glimpses within of fountains, where the summer light seemed to have been caught, and charmed into sleep. Amidst these was an inner tent, that half developed a couch, formed of crimson flowers of

inexpressible beauty. The spirit paused at the threshold of the outer tent, a faint trembling crept over her—he felt the thrill of the presence in which she stood. 'Mightiest — Eternal — Universal Spirit' (she said, as she sank upon the earth), 'whose presence floats like an atmosphere around every world in the creation, listen to one whose whole frame has become a temple for your worship!' The curtains of the inner tent moved faintly as the spirit spoke, and a voice came out, so soft, so drowned in its sweetness, you might have fancied it was dying for love of its own melody. 'Daughter of the Air,' it murmured, 'I know your history, and your love. I can give you to Psychus, as his bride, if you can consent to put away your divinity, and become, for a while, a mortal; but, beware! there is, in the love of men, a dark and debasing essence—a contagion fatal to all the purer and nobler particles of your nature—his passion can degrade, and lower beneath himself, even the perfection of a spirit.'—'Alas!' cried the beautiful air nymph, 'you know not Psychus. He has not a fault that other mortals possess. His love would exalt, rather than debase—purify my

nature, rather than pollute it.' A bright, yet soft light flushed mellowly over the tent. *The Spirit within smiled.* 'Daughter,' said the voice, 'you shall have your wish, as far as my authority can extend! Hear the limit of its power. He shall love you as man never loved before—through sorrow — sickness — change. Ye shall cling unalterably together. If your love can exalt his nature to your own, he shall never die—he shall enter into the rank of your order, and partake of your love to immortality. But if his star gain an ascendancy over your's—if he lower you from your divinity, *even below* the standard of *his* race—in that instant, when the measure of your degradation is full, you shall separate from him for ever. —'Joy—joy,' exclaimed the supplicant.—'I shall love—and I shall possess him to eternity.' Again the rosy light of the Love Spirit's smile broke over the tent. 'Enter, my child and subject," said the voice, 'and I will teach you the method to have your will—enter.' And as she spoke, ten thousand birds, whose plumage was made of rainbows, clapped their wings, and, lifting up their notes in one full chorus, repeated—'Enter.'

"Now, your majesty," continued Puck, "I come to the second part of my story.

"To the city where Psychus dwelt, there came a family to reside. It consisted of an old man, who had apparently been a soldier, whose manner and way of life bespoke pride, rank, and poverty; his wife, a good, gentle, and affectionate woman, about the same age as himself; and an only daughter, in whom every affection, every soft and fond feeling in the nature of both, seemed absorbed and concentered; in truth, she deserved their love. She was as beautiful as a fairy—her eyes were as blue as violets; her complexion so clear and dazzling, not even our sight could have discovered a fault in it—her hair was of that hue which is like gold in the sun, but in the shade seems even of a dark chesnut—her step was so light, she might have trod on the wings of a butterfly without brushing off a plume—and withal, there was a youth, a joyousness, a freshness, a *dawn* about her face and form, that seemed as if the May morning had been her godfather, and given her his own attributes as a gift. All the city was in commotion. The new beauty attracted crowds wherever she went. Even Psychus and his poetry were forgotten. Perhaps

the boy, who was vain enough of himself, was not a little piqued at his rival—at all events, though he had not yet seen her, he affected to decry, and even threatened to satirize her. One evening, there was a meeting in the gardens of the city, of all that was young, beautiful, and wealthy among the inhabitants. Thither went Ione, the fair stranger. The crowd assembled around her more numerous and more admiringly than ever—wherever she bent her ear, it caught a new accent of wonder and homage. She leant upon the arms of her parents, with downcast eyes, and a cheek blushing, like sunset, into fresh beauties every instant; they passed over a light bridge, that was the path across one of the softest and stillest streams that ever slept in the twilight; against one of the columns of the balustrade leant a youth attired in a dress of the richest dye; his locks perfumed the air with which they played. Had a fairy seen him, he would have resolved, at the first glance, to have played him a trick for his coxcombry; but he would have determined, on the second, to forego it; for, in spite of the pretension of his dress, there was a loftiness, an energy in his air, a kinglike pride upon his brow and lip, and the light but

majestic symmetry of his figure, that made one forget every minor impression, in the respect and even awe which that high and glorious cast of beauty involuntarily commanded.

"Ione's eye caught his—she started—she saw Psychus and her fate. But he—what words can express his admiration?"—"Stop," said King Oberon; "stop, Mr. Puck, and just explain to me who this Ione is; and how, if she be what I suspect her, she ever came into her present form?" "Your majesty," replied the fairy, "has, with your usual penetration, doubtless discovered that Ione and the air spirit are one. All that I can explain to you, with respect to the metamorphosis, is this,—the real daughter of the old couple was thrown into a trance, and quietly deposited in one of the most beautiful bowers of the evening star; the spirit assumes her form, and only retains the sense of her past state, and the condition of her present, through a dim and dream-like recollection;—she supposes herself to be mortal—to be really the being she appears; she imagines she owes to her reputed parents the greatest gratitude and affection, and all that she derives from her divinity is a higher degree of beauty, intellect,

gentleness, and purity."—" Proceed," said Oberon ; " but first smooth down this blade of grass, crumpled under me, of a surety it has cut through my inexpressibles."—Puck did as he was commanded, and continued.—" From the moment Psychus first saw Ione, he lost no time in gaining, first, her acquaintance; and secondly, her love—to succeed in the first was to triumph over the latter. They loved each other with an idolatry and enthusiasm, of which your majesty can only form an idea by recalling your courtship with Titania."—" Humph," murmured his majesty, stretching his royal head with a discontented air. —" But the birth and fortune of Psychus," resumed Puck, " were among the loftiest of the land. Every obstacle was thrown in the lover's way ; the stern old father of Ione, suspecting the purity of the youth's motives, and irritated by the anger of his relatives, forbade Ione to see him, or to converse with him. ' Meet me once more, I implore you,' wrote the lover, ' or you condemn me to wretchedness and to death.' How, after such an alternative, could Ione refuse. In the first evening that she met him, there was one small dark cloud in the sky ; as it passed over the

evening star she heard a faint roll of thunder, which, to her ears, seemed to murmur 'Beware!' She met him at first in sorrow, in shame, and tears—she listened to his vows, and how could she keep a resolution of meeting him no more? 'Where have you been?' said her father, at her return in the evening. Her voice trembled.—'To our neighbour, Glycera's,' she replied. It was the first falsehood she had ever told, and it was the necessary parent of a thousand others—from that time she lived in a perpetual system of deceit and duplicity. Psychus wooed her in the burning language which a love the most passionate and ardent dictated. Young and innocent as she was, she knew not his object, and she was terrified, rather than inflamed, by the eagerness with which it was urged; but nature among mortals, is a powerful enemy to the virtues we are taught only by art. By degrees she caught a portion of the warmth and the wishes of her lover—desires hitherto unknown, and still uncomprehended, entered into a spirit hitherto so pure. She became restless and disturbed; the duties and the occupations which had so long been her pleasure to perform, became irksome at first, and afterwards

altogether neglected. All the day, but the one hour in which she saw Psychus, was wasted away in an idleness more bitter than labour, and more wearisome than its fatigue;—she ceased to watch the looks, and consult the comforts of her parents;—her *steps* went sorely to the temple—her *heart* was always too engrossed to mingle with its devotions. Thus passed weeks and months; at length she began to perceive a change in the appearance and manner of her lover. He was dejected, thoughtful, and melancholy—wept in gloomy reflection, where he once breathed only the rapture and passion, and often seeming to forget her presence in that of some haunting and oppressive recollection. One evening he was more than usually disturbed—his step was hurried—and as she saw him approach, she was struck by the livid paleness of his cheek, and the wild but determined expression which reigned over the lofty and eloquent character of his beauty. 'Ione,' he said, 'I see you for the last time; I am an outlaw from this country; I quit it to-night for ever.' She threw herself into his arms and fainted. Wrapt in those arms, and warm with the pressure of his lips, she awoke once more to the wretched-

ness of life. It was then, as he knelt beside her, that he poured forth, in rapid accents, the history of his crime and its punishment. Proud, restless, discontented, and ambitious, he had entered into a league against the government of the city; that day his plots had been discovered, and his punishment was set—perpetual exile. 'Shall I depart alone, Ione?' he said, as he pressed his lips to her cheek; and with these words the whole current of their thoughts was changed. Before the moon rose that night Ione fled from her home, the companion and the dependent of an exile and a rebel. So far, your highness will perceive that the prediction of the Spirit of Love was fulfilled. From the purity of her first nature, Ione had incalculably fallen; she had forgotten her duties—she had neglected her parents—she had offended against her religion—she had changed candour to deceit, and embraced falsehood for truth; to crown all, she had left, lonely and deserted, in age and poverty, those who had watched over and cherished her from her childhood, with all the providence and devotedness of love. It was to a scene of the utmost privacy and seclusion that Psychus and his companion fled. Here they lived for some time

in a happiness which banished remorse from the mind of Ione, and reflection from the working brain and feverish ambition of Psychus; and *here* insensibly but powerfully commenced the influence of Ione. It was her presence, her gentleness, that soothed him—her self-devotion, her generosity, even sin, that exalted him. The meekness with which she bore the infirmities of his temper made him ashamed to allow them—he learnt to curb the impulses his education and loveliness had encouraged him to indulge, and in the beautiful solitude where he dwelt, the high nature of the musings which no earthly intrusion of passion or prejudice could pollute, and the society of the one being, whose whole existence was in the blessing and the ennobling of his own, he forgot for a while all the wayward aspirations which had hitherto led him to behold no vision that ended not in fame, and no guilt that was instrumental to its success. Time rolled on; but one day a stranger, who had lost his way in the forest where they dwelt, came for guidance to their cottage. He was struck with the beauty of Ione, but more with the genius of Psychus; for he was an old man who had survived his love for

the graces, and only lived for the utilities of life. He was the chief minister of the petty state to which they had flown. Before he left their cottage, he discovered his rank. He solicited Psychus to accompany him to court. The young enthusiast wanted but little pressing; and in three days, to the great grief of Ione, he was presented to the sovereign of the country, and enrolled among the officers of his state.

"I beg your pardon, friend Puck, for interrupting you," said Oberon, "but I am very impatient to know what became of those unhappy old people, whom the supposed Ione deserted."—"Grieve not your benevolent heart for them, my liege," replied Puck, "the spirit of the evening star befriended them; immediately on the departure of the false Ione, she restored the true, making her sensible to all that had passed (except the love affair) by a dream, in which she imagined herself to be the performer."—"I understand!" quoth the king. "Continue thy tale."

"The three great vices in Psychus," proceeded Puck, "were his love of pleasure, his vindictiveness, and his ambition; it was for Ione to save him from these, or to yield to them."

"The new capital, where he now lived, was one of the most dissipated of the time. Psychus was invited every where. 'Go,' said Ione to him—and the tears stood in her eyes, but she attempted to smile them away—'Go, my beauty begins to fade; of its possession you must necessarily be tired.—You will be courted by all; I cannot expect that you will be faithful to me.' She could say no more; she pressed her lips to his hand, and turned away. Two nights afterwards, Psychus went to the house of the most celebrated beauty of the town. By degrees the few people invited dropped off, and Psychus was left alone with his hostess. 'Beautiful stranger,' said she to him, as she pressed her faultless cheek towards his own, 'I adore you—Shall it be in vain?' At that moment the moon—that dangerous softener of human passions—looked through the open lattice, and shone upon the flushed cheek and trembling lips of the speaker. Psychus drew nearer to her—one instant more and he had been lost. But that instant sufficed; it brought back to him his Ione—his own—his noble—his pure—his worshipping Ione; she, whose devotion had made every sacrifice for him—whose genero-

sity had demanded none in return—who never resented the harshest expression — who hoarded his least smile as a treasure—who was alone at that moment thinking, dreaming, of no earthly being but him. And *he*—was he—no, he was not—he could not be false to her image and her love. He left the house in safety. He had conquered, *through Ione*, the most dangerous of his sins.

" Equally thoughtful and daring by nature, Psychus soon grew weary of the lighter amusements of the court;—he entered into the loftier occupations and visions of the state—the vast depth of his wisdom in conceiving, and the resolute energy with which he executed his plans, led him on, step by step, to the highest pinnacle of reputation, and almost of power. The old Chief Minister who had first brought him to the court was dead—a Prince of the blood royal had succeeded him—he held the only place next to the king higher than that occupied by Psychus. He was a man of ability and honesty, but arrogant, self-sufficient, and envious of all his rivals—especially of Psychus. It was the business of the latter, to frame laws respecting the people;

he proposed one, of the most vital consequence to them, but prejudicial to some of the minor prerogatives of the nobles. It made a vast sensation throughout the country, but the whole aristocracy was in an uproar against the author. The Chief Minister, glad of so favourable an opportunity to vent his envy, and to destroy its object, repaired to the King. He exaggerated the law, he distorted its tendency ; in a word, he so terrified the royal mind with the inflamed picture which he drew, that he obtained an immediate order for the imprisonment of Psychus ; that very day it was fulfilled. Your Majesty may imagine the feelings with which my hero found himself in this reverse—conscious of high desert—impatient of affront—proud—vindictive—and susceptible. He was not however long in utter loneliness ; Ione collected from the seizure of his wealth some valuable jewels, with which she bribed the keeper of the prisons to admit her to her lover. It was then that all her powers, never yet exerted, were required, and tasked to the utmost ; she had at once to listen to his complaints, and to soothe their bitterness, without affecting to undervalue their magnitude ; she had

to sit beside him in silence at one while, and at another, to strain a weary spirit and heavy heart into gaiety and cheerfulness. But this came to her without an effort—all things were easy that could soften one pang of his captivity; nay, there were times when she was almost selfish enough to rejoice at a state which made her more necessary to his wants, and more important to his happiness. As time passed on, the prisoner became calm and resigned; his nature could not be constantly in companionship with her's, without partaking of its gentleness, and that diviner part of philosophy which men so rarely possess, and which in women has the name of meekness. But the period of his captivity was at a close; the people, who would have been so benefited by the law for which he suffered, were in despair at the imprisonment of their benefactor—harassed by their laws, their troubles, and their king—and exasperated to the last extreme, at the thought that every measure for their relief was to have punishment for its reward—they arose in a body, they besieged the capital, they put to death the king and his sons, they seized upon the nobles, they burst the prison, they released Psychus,

proclaimed their benefactor as their King, and they threw into the dungeon he had occupied the minister who had accused and traduced him. 'Now,' said he, when the crowd had retired, and he was left alone with Ione in the palace, 'now can I feed both my ambition and my revenge—the crown is on my head, my accusers are at my feet;' he smiled bitterly as he ceased. Ione summoned her courage—she threw herself at his feet—*she* was only alive to his *real* glory, and his permanent honour. At that time, or at least in that part of the world, the sanctity of legitimacy was undisputed; to seize the crown by no right of blood was considered among the greatest of crimes; the people were deemed the inheritance, and not the bequeathers of power. Hence Ione only beheld in the ascent of Psychus to the throne, a crime which would be detested by the surrounding nations, and entail upon him long successions of harassment and bloodshed. All this she implored him to consider; she adduced all the arguments her affection could suggest; above all, she besought him, even if he yielded to his ambition, at least to stifle his revenge, and to pardon an accuser, whom, if he destroyed, the

world would consider rather as a victim to his usurpation, than an offering to the justice of his resentment.

"At the conclusion of her prayers, the *woman* vanquished the *reasoner*, and the dread of his anger overcoming all other considerations, she threw herself, dissolved into tears, in his arms, and implored him to pardon her presumption. Pyschus kissed her cheek gently, and with a thoughtful air turned away from the apartment: that day she saw him no more. He walked out alone into the free air, from which he had been so long debarred; he thought much and deeply, and virtuously, if not well. He was of too strong and haughty a mind to be overcome by one conversation with Ione, it was the *habit* of constant interchange of sentiment and opinion with her, which operated upon the bias and temper of his thoughts. Besides the view which she presented to him, I cannot deny he was influenced by many motives more immediately selfish, but still more connected with Ione. His confinement with her had brought him closer to her than ever—her care, and vigilance, and affection, had cheered and comforted him more than the pursuit of his ambition

had ever contented or recompensed his toils; perhaps it was not without satisfaction that he contemplated living with her once more in the solitude he had left. However that may be, his determination, after many and great struggles with himself, was made. The next morning, he summoned the chiefs of the people, 'You have sinned greatly,' said he, 'when you destroyed your sovereign and his sons—you sinned more when you appointed me to their place. I am not, it is true, of that opinion, commonly received, that the people have not the right to depose their hereditary rulers, or to elect whomsoever they please in the stead—I do not question the *original* right, but the wisdom—whatever is unwise, becomes vicious. If you placed me on the throne, you would draw against *me* the resentment of all the neighbouring sovereigns, and upon *yourselves* the consequences of that resentment would fall—war, devastation, and massacre would ensue. And believe this as a most invariable truth, no evil you suffer in peace, no exaction from one ruler, no cruelty from another, is equal to the exhaustion and the barbarity of a single war. Moreover, if you placed me on your throne, I would not answer

for myself, I know the grasping nature of my ambition;—at home, I might enslave you, in order to mould you to my will—abroad, I might lead you to conquests more pernicious to you than defeats. For these reasons I reject your offer—I do more, I venture to proclaim as your sovereign, the only prince of the blood you suffered to survive, in order for me to condemn;—he is my enemy, but he is your friend. But that you may not be left to his mercy and caprice—that you may no longer suffer from the tyranny of a king, or the worse oppressions of an aristocracy, I propose to you to remodel your laws—to curb the one, to humiliate the other, and to make all power not only emanate from the people, but to place the army at your own disposal, and thus, to leave that power no other protection but their ranks.'

"The speech of Psychus was received with acclamations, the laws he proposed were accepted, and his enemy and accuser was set upon the throne which he rejected for himself. 'Come,' said he to Ione, when the whole city was in joy at the new system, which promised so much, 'come,' said he, 'once more to our cottage in the desert;

through your love, and your example, I have conquered the vices of *my* nature; and the solitude to which we return shall reward me for the effort, by yielding a more constant opportunity to watch, to worship, and to imitate the virtues of *your's*." Puck paused. "Proceed," said Oberon. "There ends my story, because my knowledge of the lovers," answered the favourite—"all that I can add to the tale is, that about ten years afterwards, two beings of the most beautiful order of the Air Spirits were seen entering the empire of the Evening Star. They glided along to the tent of the presiding genius; they knelt down at the threshold, and from the inmost canopy murmured the voice of that spirit whose presence is felt every where, but whose wonderful beauty no created thing has beheld. 'My children,' it said, 'welcome to the eternal happiness you have won; your history shall be written upon rose leaves, and preserved in the archives of my realm. It has taught us these axioms in love, that the passion which was lawless and forbidden, vitiated and degraded you—that that which was lawful, ennobled and exalted you—that, in mortal affection, the irregular and

fitful passion of the man overcomes, by its violence, and infects with its errors, the purer but weaker characteristics of the woman; but, that in constant and daily intercourse, the subtler and holier essence of her nature refines and purifies the grosser attributes of his. That love therefore is not made for a wandering and transitory feeling, for then it lowers and deprave, but a constant and everlasting spirit, which purifies itself by its continuance, and triumphs, in proportion to the length of its existence, over the earthlier excesses of its birth.'"

"Thank you, good Puck," said Oberon, rising, and stretching himself, when he perceived that the fairy had done, "your story interested me much during the time I was not dozing. And now to our banquet! Mab has the best temper in the world, but she loves not long tarrying for dinner. Catch us another May-fly."

E. L. BULWER.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Some time after my father left Ireland for this country, he met Arthur Murphy, whom he had

been acquainted with when in Dublin. Murphy had been a great admirer of Mrs. Woffington, but her *penchant* for my father was too predominant to listen to the addresses of the many over whom neither fortune or person could have the least influence. Murphy, there, was one of his most intimate acquaintance. For years after, my father used to tell a long story of a *rencontre* that took place at a coffee house in Charles Street, Covent Garden, called Willis's, at that day frequented by wits, authors, and select characters. Murphy, who had come *gris* from a party where the claret had passed too freely, got into a quarrel with a brother scribe; both, at the time violent, drew their swords, when my father, being present, rushed in between them, to save his friend, (who from his inability from the wine could not have defended himself), and received the point of Murphy's adversary's sword in his wrist, and was nearly losing the use of his hand from the wound. Years after I have often heard my father, showing his wrist, tell the story; but when they met at his table, the tale of the two combatants was ever repeated; it was the same renewal of friendship, Murphy acknowledging his friend had saved his

life, my father showing the scar on his wrist. By what I remember of the costume of the old school, Murphy retained it to the last—conspicuous to every one, his dress suit and bag, latterly no sword. My friend James Heath, the artist, whose summer's residence was at Turnham Green, near where Murphy lived, was often in the habit of receiving his visits, mentioned to me, however at all times he was pleased to see him, he had to regret at his departure often to find his drawing room chairs spoilt—poor Murphy had a complaint that obliged him to leave a memento of his advanced time of life.

LORD BARRYMORE

Having invited to his cottage, at Wargrave, a good natured simple little fellow, about eighteen, whom we all called "Farmer Stone" (his father being a respectable man of property near Reading), after he had remained there a few days, finding him of an easy disposition to be at his command, took him with him to London, where he soon got initiated into the dissipations of town. At his

return to Wargrave, now the *travelled gentleman*, he was continually going to *Lunnon*, that *be's* the place; he was continually speaking of it, ever anxious to return; and, having been seen so often with his Lordship on the road, he was considered a young nobleman, particularly at Prince Walker's, at Hounslow, who, like the rest, never hesitated to trust him with horses, sometimes four, and at others indulging himself alone with a chaise to himself; when, at last, by his clownish dialect and uncouth *manners* they *smoked* him, and all were impatient for their money. No longer able to impose on their credulity, the Johnny Raw was obliged to change his route, not daring to show his face as before. One day, as he said he was going to *Lunnon*, and should cross the country by Windsor and Kingston, so much out of the right road, I asked him why?—"Because as how I owes a bill, I bean't the mon they once tooks I for." Hopeful youth! his visits to Wargrave, and his London pursuits, did not a little alter the opinions of his father, after the progress he made, keeping company with a lord!

FETTERS.

Stone some time after was invited to stop two days at Wargrave, and had remained there two months. Lord Barrymore, being tired of his company, said to him—"Be off—go to the devil." "Na, dwont ye, my lord, send I back, let un stay a little longer."—"Well, if you'll say a good thing, you shall stay a week longer."—"Then here goes. I wish as how I was the brother next to you, and that you was double fettered in Newgate, and to be *honged* to-morrow."—"Damned good, give me your hand, that is the best thing I ever heard you say; to-morrow I will take you to town, you shall stay a month with me."

MY FIRST VISIT TO AN EDINBURGH BOARDING HOUSE.

"O! Caledonia, stern and wild!"—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The admiration which has of late years been bestowed on the modern Athens, otherwise called (a great contrast) "*Auld Reekie,*" has risen to such a pitch, that anything connected therewith possesses some degree of interest; even the pages

of the great and much regretted novelist of the day, are so interlarded with broad Scotch, that it is as necessary for a fashionable reader to have a glossary in order to understand them, as it is absolutely requisite to speak French, in order to be qualified for society in high life. Nevertheless, I firmly believe, that many of the readers and admirers of these admirable productions, are like the cockney company, drawn by fashion to the Italian opera, who know as much of that sweet language, as an elephant does of algebra. But they extol it for two reasons; first, because others do so; and, secondly, precisely because they do not understand it. With this impression, I have ventured to treat my indulgent readers with a little of the descriptive, on scenes which I witnessed, in Edinburgh, some twenty years back. The present one is in a certain square, at a certain boarding-house, kept by a worthy, virtuous, formal, and very scotified spinster of *ancient familie*, and where I went, for the first time, to visit a medical student of high talent. On knocking at the door, I was ushered into a well-furnished parlour, by a florid complexioned *lass*, with hair of the hue of the highest coloured carrot,

and who, without giving me time to ask for my friend, answered, in a very broad dialect—"*Step ben, Sir, an ye please,* my mistress will *be at you in a moment.*"—Not prepared for this speedy *rencontre,* and personal engagement, I was about to explain, that it was a young gentleman whom I had come to see, when young firelock prevented me, by observing, "*Aiblins, it* will be Miss *Cristy* that ye'll be waunting."—(This was Miss Christina, another sister, and a maiden of fifty.)—"Pardon me," said I, "it is neither Miss Cristy, nor Miss Crusty, that I want, but"—here she stopped me again, by—"What's your wull?"—"I wish to know if Mr. ——— be at home?"—"I dinna ken; but I'll gang and *spear.*" This looked like bringing matters to a *point* at once, doubtless when the lady was to be *at me.* I, however, patiently waited the servant's return, who preceded her mistress, and threw open two folding-doors, through which, slowly, gravely, deliberately, and majestically, entered a tall, thin, raw-boned lady, of about fifty-five, evidently grown grey, but having a carefully-dressed poodled wig, of a flaxen hue; and, as I was pacing the room, she made me a formal, but respectful

acknowledgment, and motioned me with these words—"Come *into the fire*, Sir, if you *plaise*."—"*Bien obligé non*,"—thought I, for this was out of the frying-pan into the fire; I was to be *speared* in the first instance, and now to be roasted alive. I, however, made my best bow, and inquired after my friend—"He's gone to the *Grinder**," replied the stiff lady.—"For what purpose?" inquired I, somewhat alarmed.—"He's just preparing for his degree."

I was fully as much in the dark as I was before, but my friend arrived at the moment, and relieved me from my difficulty. Miss Barbara (barbarous I *then* thought would have been more appropriate) contented herself with remarking that it was a *coarse* day, and retired in due form. After a few mutual inquiries as to the family of my friend, and my own, he expressed a wish that I should dine with him, to which I agreed, and at six o'clock we sat down

* A Grinder is a person, who, being a good Latinist, and accustomed to the routine of examinations, prepares Under Graduates for taking their degree;—they sharpen the edge of the student's dullness, and elicit a spark from the dense *silex* of the brain; they also assist the medical aspirant to write his thesis; or, perhaps, to write it *in toto*, proving the old rule, that—"Qui facit per altrum, facit per se."

to a substantial repast, with a forest of bottles, rearing their crests above the edibles. Their description, or cast, was as varied as that of our party; for the former consisted of the productions of Portugal, Spain, France, and Germany, whilst the latter was composed of English, Irish, native Scots, and trans-atlantics; such a *mêlange* rather pleased me, for it afforded great variety, and happy am I to say, that the diversified materials, or component parts of our circle, fitted all in harmoniously together, and formed a happy whole. Placed by the side of Miss Barbara, she asked me if I "*would take a few broth;*" this I declined, and fell upon as fine a dish of fish as ever I tasted. The rest of the dinner was extremely good, barring a dish on which I cannot report, namely a haggis, which looked to me like a boiled bag-pipe, and of which I did not taste; but all the rest was abundant, and very fairly cooked. I drank wine with Miss Barbara and Miss Christina, who mutually called each other Babby* and Cursty; the waiting maid and

* Bawby, which sounded like Babby, is a very common friendly abbreviation of Barbara. I must here observe that Bella, or Isabella, was not over-encumbered by beauty, so that the classical boarders denominated her "Bella, horrida bella."

other attendant were unceasingly summoned to do their duty, under the names of Jacky and Bella, and the one turning rather masculine and the other doubly feminine, seemed to justify their extraordinary names.

Touching the soup, or rather barley-broth, it had rather a dingy appearance, observing which, a Scotch student, who had a rooted aversion to pepper, was, on discovering a few black grains in his plate, about to send it away, when Miss Cursty assured him it was *no paper* (pepper, so pronounced). "What will it be then?" said the Scot, in a lengthened monotonous note. "It's juist a little dart (dirt), the lum (chimney) has no been sooped for a while." This sentence was wholly unintelligible to me in those days. When cheese was put on the table, Miss Babby asked me if I would be helped to some *referts;* I hesitated a moment, when she handed me some radishes; but I had forgotten that I was still more posed before this by being invited "to tak a *parton tae,*" (the claw of a crab, *mirabile dictu!*) how engaging the idea of a toe is, I accordingly came off with a *claw.*

When the cloth was removed, and a very expensive dessert was put down, the elderly ladies *parfered* taking a nice pickle *whusky toddy* to cold wine; and I, who had not *then* tasted this beverage, agreed to join them; however, as I did not dispatch my tumbler as speedily as was expected, I was politely and hospitably stimulated so to do, with, "Sair, ye mak nae impression on your glass." I took the hint, and in a few minutes the two maiden ladies left us. They were both extremely kind-hearted, worthy women; the one, however, given a good deal to puritanism and snuff; the other, fond of hard names, which she always misplaced, and pronounced wrong; but it was scarcely to be wondered at, since she was continually confused by the technicalities of the students, and had incessantly such hard words as the hyperoxygenated muriate, carbon, and caloric, philology and pathology, the prognoss and diagnosis, &c., &c. ringing in her ears, so that she frequently took one term for another, as in the instance of a Portuguese student, who spoke English so well that I expressed my wonder at it, when the

younger sister assured me that "he was quite *neutralized* since he had been there, and that his sister was *mare-id upon* a Scotch physician."

Wine loosens the organ of speech in all nations, so that, after the ladies had retired, the different tongues were blended in convivial harmony. We had two young gentlemen, who came in after dinner, and who had taken their doctor's degree that day; on hearing of which, an Hibernian exclaimed, "O murder!" This was an ejaculation partly of delight, and partly of surprise, in spite of which their health was drank most cordially by the same Hibernian, with a wish that they might have *most extensive practice.*

It would be an act of injustice and ingratitude at the same time, not to state that I never spent a happier evening, in the assemblage of graduates and under-graduates. There were youths of talent and humour, classics of the first class, and one or two generally well-informed men. Great hospitality prevailed at our board, whilst the inmates of the boarding-house appeared like one family; so merrily did they live, that my only wonder was how they found time to study; but

doubtless the grinder and other auxiliaries were all brought into play, as the time of examination approached. So pleased was I with my reception, that I very frequently dined with the medical party, until at last I was almost as fit to pass for an M.D., as many of my young friends, and until there was not a single word in the Misses M'Clish-myclaver's vocabulary which was not perfectly familiar to me. And here, old Caledonia, and honest *auld Embry*', receive a tribute of my affection; thousands are the happy moments I have passed on your hospitable soil; many a wrinkle of care has been smoothed by ye, which can never be forgotten.

HERMIT IN LONDON.

COFFINS.

One evening Lord Pembroke was entertaining a party of his friends, at his hospitable and splendid mansion at Wilton; there being at the time a considerable flood, one of his lordship's servants entered the room in a great fright, and informed him that the flood had broken into the

family vault, and that a number of *coffins* were actually floating, asking at the same time what was to be done? "Do what you like, John," replied Lord Pembroke, "but be sure to keep my father, it would not do for him to come amongst us, and bring us to task."

MORLAND.

Calling on Rowlandson, at the time he lived at Mrs. Lays, three doors from Carlton House, who kept a print-shop, a loud knock at the door aroused us to the window; it was Colonel Thornton (of sporting memory), inquiring for Morland, who lodged in the next room (second floor). Rowlandson told me, that, about a year back, the Colonel had advanced him fifty pounds, towards painting a picture, which was to be *finished* in *three* months, and he had long promised it would be the week following; he had called for it. Morland, who had not began it, took care always to be denied to him. I was ever fond of the arts, and had always boasted of my collection of drawings. "Now," said Rowlandson, "if you want a drawing, you have only to go and drink gin,

smoke, and give him one of your slang songs, in the true blackguard style (then the middle of the day), and he'll make you a drawing for nothing."

A LETTER TO MR. BANNISTER, FROM MR. COLMAN.

"*Brompton Square, 29th November*, 1831.

"My Dear Jack,—At present, I have a load of dry official business on my hands, and am too much occupied in examining the compositions of others, to think of attempting any of my own. I finished the enclosed song, three or four years ago, for Mr. Charles Taylor, who has sung it at a few convivial meetings; but it has never, to the best of my knowledge, been published.

"If your friend Angelo should think it worthy of insertion in his forthcoming work, it is heartily at his service, and his acceptance of it, as a trifling tribute of my esteem for an old acquaintance, will give me great pleasure.

"Your's, my dear Jack, ever most truly,

"G. COLMAN."

OIKOMANIA,

OR

THE RAGE FOR BUILDING.

I.

Since Ovid's Four Ages of Metal have fled,
We must put up with minor materials instead;
And London, grown longer by many long miles,
Has brought in an Age of Brick, Mortar, and Tiles.
Tol de rol, tol de rol, &c.

II.

But some of our builders are given to dash,
And so flimsy their work, while so scanty their cash,
That their half-finish'd, half-mortgag'd houses near town,
By the wind, or George Robins, are daily knock'd down.
Tol de rol, &c.

III.

Still has London so widely its limits o'erstept,
Hyde Park Corner's old turnpike to Knightsbridge has crept;
Still new suburbs arise, and so soon are complete,
That a month makes a villa, a house in a street.
Tol de rol, &c.

IV.

Hence it happens that mansions we sadly miscall;
Prospect Hermitage faces a dismal dead wall;
There's a tripe shop to look at from Paradise Grot,
And a brewery smokes over Violet Cot.

Tol de rol, &c.

V.

Mr. Wick, who turned candles to gold very fast,
Retired from Cornhill, to his bandbox, at last,
Making one of the settlers, on Camberwell's plains,
Who have ousted the wild aboriginal swains.

Tol de rol, &c.

VI.

Nothing elbow'd *Wick Lodge*; and Wick relished full well
A cow-house behind, notwithstanding the smell;
In front was the road, then a field, 'twas a spot
Where rubbish, and duellist, came to be shot.

Tol de rol, &c.

VII.

The first morning when Wick, in his rural abode
Bustled out of his bed to look over the road,
A Travelling Giant had blocked out his view,
In a large caravan, painted yellow and blue.

Tol de rol, &c.

VIII.

Wick was mortified much, there can scarce be a doubt,
At this total eclipse of his pleasant look-out;
But in lieu on't, the giant's own portrait was there,
In a bed-gown, red breeches, and well powder'd hair.
Tol de rol, &c.

IX.

When the Giant wheel'd off—though he made a month's stay—
Wick beheld in the field, to his utter dismay,
A long range of brick, which had risen like a dream,
'Twas a Joint Stock Company's Wash-house, by steam.
Tol de rol, &c.

X.

"Though this nuisance might drive one away," observed Wick,
"I'm a Freeholder here, and determined to stick."
So, while he remain'd in this resolute plight,
A Tinman erected a house in his sight.
Tol de rol, &c.

XI.

A house building close to us, sure, is a curse,
But when built, if a Tinman's the tenant, 'tis worse;
And, when Wick of his patience was nearly bereft,
A Trunkmaker set up a shop on his left.
Tol de rol, &c.

XII.

As the new rage for building increased, there arose,
Fresh annoyances, constantly, under his nose;
Till Wick swore at last, with a countenance grim,
That, though *he* had left *town*, the *town* would'nt leave *him*.

Tol de rol, &c.

XIII.

Now think, when of London, who love rural seats,
How neighbourhoods swarm round your cockney retreats;
And the more you build villas, the more you'll agree,
That the less in the country you'll certainly be.

Tol de rol, &c.

GEORGE COLMAN.

JERVIS'S GHOST.

The night was dark; the wind moaned in fitful gusts; the sleet fell in slanting lines, resembling those in use by modern improvers of the art of caligraphy, who teach their pupils to write a fine running hand in *six* lessons.

With an umbrella blown inside out, forming a capacious and rapidly filling bowl poised on a

stick over my head, and the pitiless shower incipiently introducing itself through various parts of my person, it was with an agreeable emotion that I espied, in spite of all the drizzle, at the corner of the street, a Hackney-coach—it was lonely, unhired, untenanted, unheeded, save but by myself. The driver had apparently abandoned his box for the purpose of taking shelter in a *watering* house, to get out of the wet.

It was in vain I several times called out, "Coach, Coach, Coach!"

The weather-beaten vehicle stood before me: the aged horses were both fast asleep, and yet one, the grey, had its eyes wide open, the light of a gas lamp discovered to me that the distended orbs of the poor brute were sightless: the wretched animals were leaning side to side for warmth and ease; the ribs of the grey fitting with tolerable accuracy the ribs of the dun like a tally—(had either of them in the hey-day of their coltships ever heard of a tally-ho?) Two little cobbler's aprons on their backs partially warded off the incessant dripping of the rain, which, however, accumulated into a channel formed by the hip-bones, and soaked into the helpless haunches.

A rising steam from the nostrils to the cruppers was beaten down again by the weather; the knees of the once gallant grey stood in advance, twisted out like the elbows of an old-fashioned chair, and one fetlock was graced with a gaiter of damp and dingy canvas. Some hay, which had been left at the top of the pole (and for the good it could do to the horses it might as well have been with Captain Parry at the North Pole), was blown upon the roof of the coach, saving the scattered particles, saturated with the shower, which adhered to the patched harness. The old beasts (like Socrates when he had swallowed his hemlock) were, or *appeared to be*, resigned to their fate. With drooping and dripping ears, and tails tightly tucked down, they braved the horrors of the storm in silence, save that the dun made all the ironmongery of his trappings jingle, and ever and anon awaked his yoke-fellow. Poor quadruped! would that a pectoral lozenge could alleviate thy sufferings! (I had a box full of Dawson's in my pocket, and sympathetically swallowed one;) would that, my poor worn-out Bucephalus, you were in a warm stable, littered up for the night, in a cap and wrapper, luxuriating on a hot

mash! The coach was on a par with the cattle (it was a coach, not a chariot), and had probably been manufactured in the period of the second or third George; many modern additions had deteriorated from its original splendour and inconveniences—the box and boot had never appertained to aristocracy, but had been put on by a bungling artisan—the wheels were of three distinct colours—the *springs*, alas, had seen many *winters*—the steps were unsteady, like the steps of age; and as for the glasses, one might use the sea term to them, "*glass and half glass;*" if you looked for any further embellishment in that department, you would have to "pity the poor blind." The panels, once highly varnished, had now assumed a deadly rhubarb aspect, and contrasted as woefully with the coat of arms of Mexborough painted thereon in gorgeous display, as the coach itself did with the family motto, "BE FAST." But the rain was finding its way to my skin—no longer waiting for the driver of the equipage, without further ceremony I endeavoured to open the door, and with a hard pull, for the damp had closed it firmly, I effected my object, and got inside. Aware that possession is nine points of the law, I threw

myself in a corner; wrapt in my cloak, and lulled by the pattering of the storm, I insensibly fell asleep, and, like Addison, Steele, Johnson, and others of the great essayists and authors of allegory, I dreamt. Methought I heard a voice uttering melancholy plaints, mixed with deep sighs.—"Who art thou?" said I.—"I am 239," replied the voice. "What is 239?" said I.—"Would that I had never known," exclaimed the voice; "time was, and time is; I am on a time job now! Once I was attached to nobility, now my creaking body is destined for any vile purpose."—"Poor fallen creature," said I, "proceed."—"The arms of a noble lord still cleave to my side, though I am so degraded; my pockets, which once contained scent bottles, fans, or reticules, are now the receptacles for two or three rusty nails, a piece of cord, a hammer, and a horse picker!"—"Pockets!" said I, "what is your name?"—"My present name is that of a famous admiral (since Lord St. Vincent). I was born (thanks to my maker!) in Long Acre: for a considerable period I regularly attended every drawing-room, levee, and birthday at St. James's. But, alas! pride must have its fall, and my fate has been as chequered as is my lining.

"Once I was the admiration of the ring at Hyde Park; I am not now permitted to enter the gates.

"I shall never forget the feelings of mortification I experienced when I was stripped of my lace!—when they barbarously deprived me of my hammercloth; and, worst of all, when the carpet was removed from the bottom of me! That which had hitherto only been pressed by the silken foot of high-born beauty, was now covered with damp straw, trodden down by the *canaille*.

"When I first appeared in the world, the nobility alone kept us, but now any body—every body, and even persons who are nobody, sport us—with bodies.

"I have waited in the street a whole winter's night for the late Mr. Sheridan, who, when he had rejoined me after his seventh bottle, has been on my seat in such a state of mental aberration, as to fancy himself Mr. Wilberforce.

"Wilks has squinted out of my windows: in more modern times Cobbett and Hunt have quarrelled in me.

"I conveyed, in a soaking shower, Romeo Coates, Esq., from Carlton House, when the cruel

hoax was passed on him of the forged ticket for the grand fête given to the Allied Sovereigns..... and exceedingly wet were the crimson velvet coat and white satin smalls of that much injured gentleman; to say nothing of the water which came out of his *pumps*.

"I went with the mysterious mask to Newgate, he who decapitated the Cato-street conspirators. I did not much like my company, yet there is a gratifying sensation in being useful to one's country. I thought so, as I rested on my perch at the Old Bailey!

"I have had my gradations in rank, from the rank of a peer to a Hackney-coach rank. Thousands of my inmates must ere this be numbered with the mighty dead, whilst I am regularly numbered in Essex Street in the Strand.

"I was once exceedingly disgusted with a pert valet of the secretary of the French ambassador, who called me a *fiacre!* but I trifle...if I am garrulous (and garrulity accompanies age) gently pull my check-string,—but I am breaking down, almost crazy, existing only by two plates.

"The streets, in a state of *demi-macadamization*, jolt me till I shudder to my very linch-pins.

"Though wretchedly old, damp and filthy, I have the consolation to reflect that I never ran over any one in my existence, and the pride to remember that when a silly dog has bitten at my revolving wheel, that he always had the worst of it.

"Adieu, farewell! farewell!"

At this moment I was awakened by a less plaintive voice, which uttered,—"Vy d—n my catskin if here ain't a covee inside my leather rusky a snoozing?

"Now, Sir, vere am I to drive to?"

PEAKE.

Furnival's Inn Chambers, Feb. 21st.

My dear Mr. Angelo,

Soon after my return from India, in the year 1807, our friend John Bannister opened his funny budget, which he took with him about the country, and to which I, with many other far more distinguished drolls, contributed my scrap of scribblery. Sublime nonsense it was; but, as George Colman laughed at it (which he did in my presence in Jack's own proper house in Gower Street), it

could not be very dull nonsense at any rate. Monk Lewis had not long before published his *Tales of Wonder*, which put the public a gog, after goblin stories of every description; so I thought that I would write one for John's Budget. He insisted upon it that I should contribute, though I told him how very much it was out of my way; so, what could I do?—My subject was new, at all events.—It was the Ghost of a Turkey Cock haunting an Alderman! I composed a tune to my doggrels, and John contrived, by his inimitable 'Gobble, gobble, gobble,' at the close of every verse, to keep his audience in a full roar throughout the song, which he still continues to sing.

If he will give you a copy of it, you shall be welcome to insert it in your *Pic-Nic Publication*, and this facetious note as a precursor, as it so please you.

Ever, my dear Sir,

Your's faithfully,

W. LINLEY.

HENRY ANGELO, ESQ.

P.S.—Should Bannister forward you the song, let me see it before committing it to the press.

THE ALDERMAN'S DREAM.

A Tale of Wonder or Terror, as the Reader may choose to consider it.

Sir Gregory Grill was an Alderman bold,
Who'd a wife that was comely and kind;
And she'd a cock turkey, she petted, good soul,
Because the poor gobbler was blind.
The Alderman, too, seem'd this pet to regard,
And with very great kindness to treat him;
But a stranger might see,—tho' the turkey could not,
That he longed most devoutly to *eat* him.
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble,
Lack and well-a-day, ho!

For much tho' he loved on rich turtle to feed,
Venison pasties, scotch-collops, and fish;
Yet a turkey, well stuffed, was the joy of his heart,
Of all exquisite dishes, the dish.
"So Dolly," cried he, to his favourite cook,
"We may now be as merry as grigs;
"Lady Grill to fair Henley is gone for a week,
"And I'll eat the blind *cock*, please the pigs."
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble,
Lack and well-a-day, ho!

So blithe was Sir Greg as the bird he devour'd,
And blithe went his worship to bed;
No compunction felt he for the poor turkey's fate,
Not a tear did the Cormorant shed.
But not long did he sleep; from long snorings disturbed.
The Alderman sorely was hobbled;
When the *ghost* in full feather brushed into the room,
And the feather-bed shook as he gobbled!
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble,
Lack and well-a-day, ho!

Too well knew the glutton the sound of his voice,
And the blood thrilled in every vein!
"And what would'st thou have, dreadful vision?" cried he,
"You know I can't *eat you again*."—
"And why," quoth the ghost, "didst thou eat me at all?
"Not a slice shall your worship digest;
"Give me back, cruel monster, my legs, and my wings,
"My gizzard, rump, sidesmen, and breast,"
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble,
Lack and well-a-day, ho!

Ring, ring, went the bell, and up flew the ghost,
And Deborah up ran she;
And up came the doctor, and up came the potion,
And *down* went the camomile tea.
And thus ends my story; full fairly appeased,
Was the turkey cock goblin so blind;

Foul feeders and gluttons, delighting to stuff,
Keep the Alderman's penance in mind.
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble,
Lack and well-a-day, ho!

W. LINLEY.

PARODY.

This Parody is very gratifying to me, having received it from the gentleman who wrote it, who was so obliging as to give me a copy, and is one of the first authors of the day. We are all much indebted to him for his prolific pen. The burlesque speaks for itself, when I say, it is Mr. Horace Smith's humour.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

Tune—Drops of Brandy.

I.

George Barnwell stood at the shop door,
A customer hoping to find, Sir;
His apron was hanging before,
And the tail of his shirt hung behind, Sir.
When a lady, so gay and so smart,
Said, "Sir, I've exhausted my stock of late;

" I've got nothing left but a groat,
" Can you sell me four penneth of chocolate?"
Rumply, nagetty, fidgetty, rumply, fiddle, diddle dum;
Oh! this is a doleful tragedy, helum, dodum, diddle dum.

II.

Her face was rouged up to the skies,
Which made her look prouder and prouder;
His hair stood on end with surprise,
And her's with pomatum and powder.
The business being soon understood;
For the lady she wished to be more rich:
Said, " Sir, my name is Milwood,
" And I live at a gunner's in Shoreditch."
Rumply, nagetty, fidgetty, rumply, fiddle, diddle dum;
Oh! this is a doleful tragedy, helum, dodum, diddle dum.

III.

Now nightly he'd skip out, good lack,
And into her lodgings would pop, Sir;
But often forgot to come back,
And left master to shut up the shop, Sir.
Her beauty his wits did bereave,
Determined to be quite the crack O;
He lounged at the Adam and Eve,
And called for his gin and tobacco.
Rumply, nagetty, fidgetty, rumply, fiddle, diddle dum;
Oh! this is a doleful tragedy, helum, dodum, diddle dum.

IV.

But now, for the truth must be told,
Tho' none of a 'prentice should speak ill,
He robbed from the till all the gold,
And eat the lump sugar and treacle.
Which made his old master complain,
"Dear George, don't engage with that dragon:
"She'll bring you to ruin and shame,
"And leave you the devil a rag on."
Rumply, nagetty, fidgetty, rumply, fiddle, diddle dum;
Oh! this is a doleful tragedy, helum, dodum, diddle dum.

V.

In vain he condemns and deplores,
This simple and amorous ninny;
At length turns him quite out of doors,
And Georgy soon spent his last guinea.
His uncle, whose generous purse,
To relieve him so often has I know;
Now finding him grow worse and worse,
Refused to come down with the rhino.
Rumply, nagetty, fidgetty, rumply, fiddle, diddle dum;
Oh! this is a doleful tragedy, helum, dodum, diddle dum.

VI.

Now Milwood, whose cruel heart's core
Was so hard that nothing could shock it,

Said, " Sir, if you come here any more,
" You must come with more cash in your pocket.
" Make nunkey surrender his dibbs,
" Or wipe his pate with a pair of lead towels ;
" Or whip a knife into his ribs,
" Then I warrant he'll show you some bowels."
Rumply, nagetty, fidgetty, rumply, fiddle, diddle dum;
Oh ! this is a doleful tragedy, helum, dodum, diddle dum.

VII.

A pistol he got from his love,
'Twas loaded with powder and bullet ;
Then he trudged off to Camberwell Grove,
But had not the courage to pull it.
Here's nunkey as fat as a hog,
And I am as lean as a wizard,
So here's at you, you sturgy old dog,
Then whips a sharp knife in his gizzard.
Rumply, nagetty, fidgetty, rumply, fiddle, diddle dum ;
Oh ! this is a doleful tragedy, helum, dodum, diddle dum.

VIII.

All you that attend to my song,
A terrible end of the farce shall see ;
If you join the inquisitive throng,
That followed poor George to the Marshalsea.
Was Milwood but there, dash my wigs,
Said he, how I'd pummel and bang her well ;

Had I stuck to my raisins and figs,
I ne'er had stuck nunkey at Camberwell.
Rumply, nagetty, fidgetty, rumply, fiddle, diddle dum;
Oh! this is a doleful tragedy, helum, dodum, diddle dum.

IX.

The case to the jury was plain,
The news spread through every alehouse;
At the sessions at Horsemonger-lane,
They both were condemned to the gallows.
With Milwood George opened the ball,
Oh dear! how we cried, Mrs. Crump and I,
When he danced upon nothing at all,
And lolled his tongue out to the company.
Rumply, nagetty, fidgetty, rumply, fiddle, diddle dum;
Oh! this is a doleful tragedy, helum, dodum, diddle dum.

X.

His finale to know, if you wish,
A sorrowful end I must tell, Sir;
He looked but a queer kind of fish,
When they carried him off in a shell, Sir.
The surgeons they picked every bone;
His flesh the anatomist tore off;
Now since he's a skeleton grown,
You never will hear any more of
His rumply, nagetty, fidgetty, rumply, fiddle, diddle dum.
Oh! this is a doleful tragedy, helum, dodum, diddle dum.

GIFTS.

I have already written songs, which were considered the best, yet I cannot refrain adding more particularly two by such high literary characters of the present day, their humour cannot be disputed, and must be acceptable to the reader.

MISS WABBLE.

I.

Miss Wabble, who oft at the wash tub had plied,
Her powers on the stage, in deep tragedy tried ;
For genius is easy, when nature expands,
From the wringing of clothes, to the wringing of hands.

II.

Desdemona was offer'd her first ; but said she,
" Desdemona's a fool ! had Othello asked me
" Where his handkerchief was, I'd told him, by gosh,
" As how it was gone with the things to the *wash*."

III.

She came out in Juliet, when waking at last,
A nail in the vault by her shroud caught her fast ;
So she popped out her head, while the audience were grinning,
And cried out, " I shan't be able to get *up* my *linen*."

IV.

Says the manager: "Madam, it shan't be my fault,
"If I catch you again in the Capulet's vault.
"For in casting your part, common sense you have strangled;
"Tho' 'tis not the first time, that things you have *mangled*."

V.

"You Monster!" Miss Wabble cried out, in a rage;
"Do you think I depend on your pitiful stage?
"I can live, though if forced from your boards to retire,
"For, thank heaven! I've irons enough in the fire."

GEORGE COLMAN.

MRS. PREVOT.

I.

When first we were man and wife,
Ann, you vowed to love for life;
We were quoted as a pattern, we were quite a show.
Like King William and his Queen,
We were ever to be seen,
Such a jewel of a wife was Mrs. John Prevot.

II.

Oh then I clung unto the man,
Like Baucis to Philemon,

Now when I am at Brighton, you're at Bath I know.
Like the pair that tell the weather,
We are never seen together;
One at home, and t'other gadding, Mr. John Prevot.

III.

When a lion's to be seen,—old Blucher,—Mr. Kean,
You order then the carriage and away you go;
With that gossip, Mrs. Jones, you rattle o'er the stones,
You have no mercy on the horses, Mrs. John Prevot.

IV.

With madeira, port, and sherry,
When you make what you call merry,
And sit in sober sadness, are you sober? No!
With that horrid Major Rock,
You make it twelve o'clock
Ere you tumble up to coffee, Mr. John Prevot.

V.

Our vicar, Parson Tether, united us together,
'Twas for better and for worse, you know.
To make the worse the better,
Since we cannot break our fetter,
We'll say no more about it, Mrs. John Prevot,
We'll say no more about it, Mr. John Prevot.

HORACE SMITH.

COUNTERBLAST TO LORD BYRON'S CELEBRATED LINES, COMMENCING "SPREAD, SPREAD FOR VITELLIUS."

"SPREAD, spread for Vespasian, the banquet sublime,"
Whilst of Britain the prop, and the jacobin's scourge
Of heroes a band in full eulogy chime,
Pledging deep to the health of their Monarch, great George.

Let the tables be chafed o'er with feats of emprize,
Emprize well remember'd in Flanders and Spain;
With the tests of imperial and royal allies,
To his Regency's laurels, the fruits of his reign.

"Ay, build him a dwelling," and mark out its site,
Be its rock of foundation each Englishman's breast;
Let his vassal and Poet contribute his mite,
To record its phylactory, proudly express'd.

Here George the victorious, the fourth of a line,
In whose veins honour's current transcendently flows;
Friends and countrymen we with devotion enshrine,
Breathing scorn to his libellers—death to his foes.

WILLIAM PENN.

WEATHER DRIVEN.

About nineteen years ago, when a very heavy snow had fallen, making the roads impassable, and preventing the mail coaches proceeding, anxious to leave Oxford (where my professional attendance had been required), I mounted on the roof of a stage-coach, and took my departure in the morning for town. Such a dreary journey! the high wind and drifting snow making the roads impassable. Waggons and carriages standing about, and unable to proceed, I perceived we should not complete the first stage. With the utmost difficulty we arrived at Benson. Mills had been the coachman for many years; but we fell into a deep rut, no longer able to proceed; the coach became immovable, while the snow was up to the horses' breasts. Here we remained above an hour, in expectation that some one, seeing our situation, would send horses to extricate us—shivering with cold—no appearance of relief—only one person outside but myself, I proposed to him to cross those fields where the snow had drifted, to give us an opportunity to find our way to procure horses to remove

the carriage, and conduct us the remaining mile, when the wife of my frozen companion, seated inside, objected to his leaving, terrified at the danger. The other three who filled the coach were very quiet, not offering the least assistance, or venturing to quit their places. On my attempting to pass a ditch, I had a narrow escape, being up to my chin in snow. However, short as the distance was, I endeavoured to find the path, and with difficulty and perseverance reached the inn some time after the coachman. Though only twelve o'clock, three horses were all that could be obtained. The house was full, many not able to proceed; but, being an old traveller, forward was my motto. Looking to myself, I did not delay, and therefore secured the waiter's bed. Lucky was this precaution; for in the course of the day several carriages arrived, few venturing farther; every bed bespoke, and chairs and sofas only were left for their night's repose. In the largest room we were all huddled together at a species of *table d'hôte*, left entirely at the landlord's discretion. For the first time situated as I was, the *mêlange* was preferable to sitting alone a long winter's evening at an inn. Like on board a ship (Hobson's choice),

we all roughed it together. Those who came in their carriages were not over nice to put up with the *fortune du pôt*, or afterwards to partake of the punch, when the order of the night was to have the largest bowl in the house, which I believe had not been filled since the middle of the last century. The next morning all assembled at breakfast, the road still continuing impassable, the weather not altering. When I proposed to my companions walking the next stage, a dead silence ensued. Disappointed at their fear, I ventured alone, and a dangerous trudge I had. After some hours perseverance, occasionally merged in snow, and walking over the fields, where, in many places, the wind had drifted it away, with difficulty I got to Nettlebed. Thankful for my safety, seated before a blazing fire, never before or since has coffee or toast been such a luxury to me. An hour after the Abingdon coach passed, and, there being a place, four hours after the usual time I got safe to town, having thus left the weather-bound assemblage to rusticate themselves at Benson.

TOM SHERIDAN AND MUNDEN.

At a dinner of the Theatrical Fund, Sheridan presiding in the chair, the wine going round in copious libations, that celebrated orator became Bacchi plenus, and was expatiating on the antiquity of Irish families, at the same time informing his audience that no man had less family pride than himself, and quoting Ovid, by saying,

> " Sed genus, et proavos, et quod non fecimus ipsi,
> " Vix ea nostra voco."

" As a proof of this," said he, " our family have dropped the *O*, our real name being *O*'Sheridan, and we being descended from the ancient princes of Ireland." Munden, tired with this long digression, and caring very little for Ireland or its princes, filled his glass, and said,—" Mr. Sheridan, I have not the least doubt of what you say ; I dare say you are descended from princes, for the last time I saw your father he was Prince of Denmark." Here the laugh for the first time, and we believe the only one, turned against Sheridan.

TOM SHERIDAN AND HIS FATHER.

On another occasion, when old Sheridan was broaching the subject of the family name, and telling his son that they were, properly speaking, *O*'Sheridans.—"To be sure, father," said Tom, "and who has a greater right to the *O* than we have? for we *owe* to every body."—"Thou art an impudent and witty dog," replied Brinsley, pledging him a bumper of wine, and not at all offended at his observation.

HUMANE SOCIETY, AND MAKING THE MOST OF THINGS.

The following anecdote was given me by the late Count de Cogni, brother to the duke of that name:—Having parted with a number of his servants at the time of the emigration, he was astonished on returning, with Louis XVIII., to find one of them very decently dressed about the streets of Paris. As the man had been a sort of favourite with the count, he was anxious to know how he had fared during the disasters of the Revolution.—"O! Monsieur le Comte," said the man, "it would be rudeness to tell you what I have been;

I have been Jack of all trades, and have been put to a vast variety of shifts."—"But what are you now?" said the Count.—"I am one of the society of plongeurs. I and my comrades ply about the river to save people from drowning, or to pull up those who are drowned; and we are frequently liberally rewarded for our trouble."—"Very well," said the Count, "but your business must be very uncertain; pray what do you do when there are no people drowned, or drowning?"—"Oh!" said he, "that makes very little difference; then we drown one another."

THE MERRY COMPANION.

My friend Stratton invited me to his cassino at Kingston; and as my own horse was lame, he introduced me to a friend, who would bring me in his gig. The time fixed was two o'clock; and from my new acquaintance's reception and appearance, I had every reason to expect a pleasant journey. On our leaving London, I considered his silence arose from his care in driving, and I did not interfere. However, at Battersea Bridge, I determined on making an effort to awaken his drowsy

faculties, expecting I should find it worth my labour to do so. Thinking this, I tried—in vain.—"O dear."—A nod of the head. I thought I had got into company with Orator Mum, instead of a "fellow of infinite jest." It seemed they had made a sport of me. "Fine day this!" No answer. "Look at those boats sailing!" No answer. "Never felt so well in my life."—Answer, "Oh!" "I wish we could travel rather faster."—Answer, "Oh!" "We shall be too late."—"Oh!" "When shall you be there again?"—"Oh! oh! oh! oh!" "Shall I drive for an hour?" Answer—"No." "Do you think we shall meet —— there?"—"Yes." "Is he fallen in the world, as they say?"—"No." "I thought him rich."—"No." "Some say so."—"Yes." And thus, to my annoyance, we continued to our journey's end, when, on inquiry, I found that he had been afflicted with tooth ache, and that it had caused him much pain. Many meetings after this silent journey was a subject of merriment to ourselves, and jest for others.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE COLONEL ARTHUR OWEN, BART.

Formerly Aide-de-Camp to the renowned Officer

GENERAL SIR EYRE COOTE, K.B.

The Colonel riding his charger in front of the race stand, at Madras, filled with gentlemen and ladies, near a rope, placed to prevent intruders on the ground allotted for the racers, became so unmanageable that he could not force him from the rope, and in the struggle threw him upon it. Rising from the earth, he walked to the stand, where, having been greeted with loud shouts of laughter and congratulations, gracefully bowing to the company, he expressed a hope they were diverted with his *feats* of dancing on a *slack rope*, and *tumbling*.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

CITY ADDRESSES.

Some ten or twelve years since, two sheriffs of London received the honour of knighthood, who, from their stature, were called the two shortest

knights in the year. On a certain occasion, the corporation voted addresses to the Dukes of Clarence and Kent, and the sheriffs had to present them in full official state. The begilt carriages, and state liveries, and court dresses of the civic functionaries were accordingly produced for the best display. Their Royal Highnesses had fixed the times to receive the addresses at their respective palaces at Bushey Park and at Kensington in such manner that the presentation of both the addresses might be included in the journeys of one day. The Duke of Clarence (our present beloved king) received his guests, Sir George and Sir Francis, with his accustomed cordiality; and after the formal reading of the address, and the answers thereunto, he invited them to partake of a collation which he had provided. Orders had previously been given that there should be no want of good cheer for the servants. His Royal Highness recommended various sorts of wine for the judgment of his visitors, to which they were too polite not to do due honour. The time passed delightfully; when Sir George, who was always alive to punctuality in his engagements, apologised, in the best way he was able, for the necessity he

felt of abruptly quitting the banquet, as the time approached when he had to wait on the royal brother at Kensington. One bottle more, pressed by royal condescension, could not however be refused; but as our man of business, with good reason, considered punctuality as one of the first of virtues, not even the allurements of the Duke of Clarence could divert him from ordering his carriage to be got ready, in which he regained his seat about the time he was to have been at Kensington Palace. The sequel perhaps had better be told in the words of his own pathetic narrative, as he was wont to deliver it among his friends:—

"I had no sooner got into my carriage than I found, from the serpentine driving of the coachman, and the hallooing and hooting of the footmen, that they were all drunk. I was, as you may suppose, in a dreadful state of agitation, for I felt my own head going round like a whirligig, and every moment I expected some accident. As I went along, the people shouted and laughed in the most disrespectful manner. Wondering what could be the cause of this, I looked out of the carriage window, when, lo and behold! there were my two footmen in their state liveries, but with

their coats over their arms, and their cocked hats in their hands, running behind the carriage, with a troop of dirty boys after them. I naturally ordered the coachman to stop, and, as you may suppose, lectured the men severely on their disrespectful conduct. They said the coats were so heavy, that it was much better to have them off than on, and that they would rather run than ride; but I insisted upon their putting their coats and their hats on, and on their getting up behind the carriage, which, after some disrespectful observations, they agreed to do. But now I had another difficulty. While I was talking to the footmen, the coachman had lain himself along the box, and gone to sleep. I pulled his legs with all my might, but could not wake him. One of the footmen, however, brought him round by a tweak of the nose. I then insisted upon his getting down, and letting one of the footmen drive, for that he was a drunken brute, and a disgrace to the state livery. But nothing would stir him.—'No, Sir George,' says he, 'I've a great respect for you, Sir George, but I love my horses, and no one shall drive them but myself.' I threatened, and said all I could, but it was all in vain; so I got into the carriage,

fully expecting every minute to be upset; nor was I mistaken. He had gone on swinging from one side of the road to the other, when, as we came near to Brentford, he drove into a ditch, and bang over we went. Very luckily the bank prevented the coach going quite over. I was dreadfully agitated, as you may suppose. It was a mercy I was not killed, but I was not even hurt; and some people coming up, assisted me out of the carriage. The first thing I saw was the coachman, laying senseless on the ground. At first I thought he was killed; but I afterwards found he was only dead drunk, and fast asleep. But what had become of my footmen? They were no where to be seen. I had no one to do any thing for me; and when I told the people about the engagement I was under with the Duke of Kent, instead of doing any thing to *help me*, they absolutely laughed at me. A man at last came up, and said, that as to my footmen, he had seen them about a mile behind, sitting by the road-side, under the shade of a wall, cracking nuts. Could you imagine a case more distressing than mine? What was I to do with my state carriage and four horses, and nobody to drive them? I offered a guinea for any

man who could drive four horses, to take me safely back again to London. Upon which one of the fellows shouted out, that dirty Dick, who was a helper at the stables close by, could drive four horses, for that he used to drive the Brentford stage. Well, after all I had suffered from these drunken fellows, you may judge what my feelings must have been, to be put in the hands of such a fellow. But what was to be done? I was determined to risk every thing rather than not present the address to the Duke of Kent. So I made this fellow, who had no coat on his back, and was the dirtiest fellow you ever saw, and with a frightful red face, covered with carbuncles, get on the box, just as he was; and as my footmen had by this time come up, off we went, with nearly a hundred ragamuffins after us, hallooing and hooting all the way. Nobody can conceive what I suffered. Only think of my being hooted and laughed at in my state carriage all the way from Bushey to Kensington. I had not a dry thread about me. I had a neat starched stock on in the morning, which now hung round my neck like a bit of wet string. In this plight, attended by at least a hundred blackguards, I arrived at Ken-

sington Palace, and was introduced to His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. I never was so ashamed in my life; I was in such a perspiration, and so agitated. Indeed I had scarcely strength left to explain to His Royal Highness the accidents that had happened to me, and my fears that I had kept His Royal Highness waiting at home; when he stopped me short, by saying that he had not expected either me or my colleague, for that he had had a message from his brother an hour before, advising him that he need not remain at home, for that both us, and our servants, were so completely done up, that we should not be able to keep our engagement. This," added Sir George, "used to be called royal condescension and familiarity; but I cannot help thinking there was something in it which was extremely disrespectful."

B. B.

DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

Sir George ——'s hospitable table was sometimes graced by certain members of the aristocracy, and he took no little pleasure in recounting among his

friends the good things which his noble guests gave out on these occasions, in return for the good fare which they took in. The advantages of the diffusion of knowledge was at that time a debateable subject; and the way in which the late Earl of P—— was made a convert, in favour of the question, was somewhat amusing. "For my part," said the Earl, raising his eyelids from the somnolency which usually kept them down, "I think reading a very good thing. I have lately taken to it myself; and I have learnt several things by it which I did not know before. I always used to think that the Thames was the largest river in the world; but I find I have been mistaken, for there are no less than three rivers that are larger, and all in America. The first of these is called the Oronoko. I remember that well, because there's a play of that name. The second is called," here a long pause ensued.—The peer threw his portly person back in the chair, and fixed his eyes on the ceiling. The pause becoming tedious, Col. P —— broke the silence, by saying, "You mean the Poronoko, my lord."—"Why—y—e—s," drawled out the peer, "I think that is the name. The third river is called—bless me,

I've such a head at recollecting names." The colonel kindly assisted him again.—"The Smoconoko, my lord."—"Y—e—s, I remember, it is the Smoconoko." A noble, and in consequence an influential patron of the diffusion of knowledge, had therefore been won, by being taught that the three greatest rivers in America were the *Oronoko*, the *Poronoko*, and the *Smoconoko!*

B. B.

The following impromptu was written by Mr. B. B. on a young lady who was remarkably the reverse of handsome, but who always wore a veil, because she said "the men were such staring creatures, that they put her out of countenance."

By veiling thus those matchless features,
'Gainst, as you say, "the staring creatures,"
Your modesty's discover'd;
But if you'd make the men stare less,
Their am'rous thoughts at once repress,
Show them your face uncover'd.

Another, by the same hand, on the feud which took place a few years since between the rival

queens at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Mrs. Bunn and Mrs. West :—

Oh ! do not so severely scold
The pretty Mrs. West,
Dear Mrs. Bunn, her gentle mould
Was formed for praise and rest.
So cool thine ire, impassioned dame,
And further notice shun ;
Lest folks Hermione proclaim,
To be a " Hot Cross Bunn."

HORRORS.

Travelling in a gig occasionally, I used to carry pistols ; at a very rainy period, I made my way from Maidstone in Kent towards Broadstairs, mostly by cross roads, and very wretched ones too ; so heavy that my (although game) little horse was nearly, what is called, " beat to a stand still." Wet through, box coat and all (for it had never ceased to rain all day), I got out, to ease my horse as much as I could, and Colonel Hawker's mud boards might have helped me on

better than my no longer water proof boots. I lost my road; and as misfortunes seldom come one at a time, the darkness of night, from the heavy clouds, came more suddenly upon me than I expected. *Delightfully* situated, I urged my steed, with no more success than if a dumb man had been called upon for a song; nay, I pushed behind—pleasant amusement at any time, but in a rutty cross road, deluged with rain, and studded with flexible mud, particularly so! At last I grew so sick of that sort of trial of skill, that I began coolly to calculate how WE (horse and I, for these *alone* formed the we) should bivouac through the night, when, near to some woodland, I could just discern two men; there was no fear of my horse's running away, nor of others driving him off, for I had not seen any one for hours; so I went to them, a little way out of the road, to ask my way to ANY roof that could take us in for the night; only to learn, that I was many miles from *any* such chance. I could only lament my fate, since my horse, I knew, could not go more than four miles farther, if that, when one of the men, wishing the other good night, joined me, to see *what could* be

done. Fear of being robbed in *such* a situation was the lesser dread; he walked on with me, asking me, amongst other curious questions, if I could be so prudent as not to ask any questions, but carry on the appearance, not only of indifference to what I might see, but of being also an old acquaintance of his; "if you can do that," said he, "and will call me plain Sam, familiarly, I *think* I can manage to house you and your nag in a homely way, but you must do *as* I tell you." On we drudged, coaxing the Rosinante along tracts which to my guide appeared familiar, but which to me had not even the appearance of cross roads; we came to a lonely farm-like building. My new ally, Sam, made some signal; a stout fellow came to the door with a light, who suspiciously scrutinized me and my equipage. Sam assured him that his London friend's horse had knocked up, and that if he could have shelter, he should be obliged, "For," said he, adding an oath, "he is a hearty fellow, so you *must* make room, some how." After a little demur, "Well, I will then," said this strange looking host, "but I have no hay."—"I'll manage that," said Sam, who nimbly turned ostler, with all the good humour of a fee

in hand. I helped, the horse housed after a fashion, the gig in a shed, my luggage carried off by the landlord; I took my pistols out of my water-proof holsters inside, when Sam, staring, said, "Hallo! pistols! you had better fire them off before you go in, or better still draw the charge, for that must be wet!" I did not much relish this advice, and declined it as firmly as he pressed it repeatedly. The landlord on my entry stared at them, and, observing that they were silver mounted, said, he could better take care of them than I, as the house was full; and so it was, and of such a ruffian set, that I began to think myself in no better safety than a *bagged* fox! The eyeing with much thought seemed to be reciprocal; Sam too eyed me, and I him; yet HE appeared a frank, open hearted, young, and rather handsome fellow. I was called obstinate, for not drawing my pistols; and it made me more so. I offering friend Sam some drink, the landlord said, that he was wanted at home, looking archly. Sam said he should see me again in a little while, and he left me. Not best pleased with appearances, I ordered some fried eggs, Hobson's choice, bacon excepted, for supper; it was nearly nine o'clock, and I was

honoured with a seat in the bar, where I amused myself with wiping, &c., my pistols, in truth to have them ready. About ten o'clock, Sam returned with a truss of hay on *his* BACK for my horse, which HE had fetched, on foot, and during rain, from *his* house (some miles distant, as I afterwards found out). I thanked him cordially, and said to myself, this act convinces me that I must be safe; *no* THIEF *would have taken* THAT *trouble.* Supper (such as it was) had been kept back for his partaking of it; I pressed him, he declined. The landlord again archly said, "Why, *how* can HE be spared at home?" He partook of a glass of very superior brandy and water, shook hands familiarly, and whispered in my ears, "Mind, do not take any notice, and seem more careless: Good night, I shall be with you early to-morrow morning." I was reconciled to my very hearty, cleanly served, although homely, supper, and was conducted to my bed-room by my landlord, who again wished my pistols in *his* care, to be refused. We ascended into a room like a loft; it had two beds, one better than the other, to the first he conducted me. I told him I should take care of the candle,

and he left me. I then searched the room, to find behind my bed head, *a large aperture about four feet square,* and holding my light into it, it seemed a large black cavern-like place, deep, and without any apparent object. My interpretation of its use is easily to be guessed; what was to be done? IN the trap I was, tired, sleepy, yet uneasy; yet the landlord had brought up my baggage!—and Sam had gone miles to procure hay for my horse! I was again reconciled; to bed I went, with my loaded pistols inside, soon to be soundly asleep. An hour or so may have passed, when a noise at the door awoke me; there was whispering, pushing, and deliberations. The door had no other fastenings than a latch, and I had placed a chair diagonally against it, so as to resist its being opened. The landlord said, "Hush! you'll wake him, d—— the fellow, what has he done to the door?" More whispering, more pushing. I snatched at, and cocked my pistols, laid myself on my back, my hands crossed over my chest, one pistol pointing, although under the bed clothes, to each side of the bed, and thus, shamming sleep, I heard my door *forced open,* and through my eyelashes, I

saw the landlord, and two very ill-looking fellows, make directly for the BED in which I laid, but which was *not* the one I had been directed to, which, although the best, I had changed for the worst, on account of the aperture behind the head: "Hush, hush, you'll wake him," repeated as they came towards my bed, seemed to sound to me very much like my death warrant; yet, peeping, I could not see either to have any weapon. Passing the best bed, the landlord said, "Why where is he gone to? he is not there." Then approaching my bed they paused, and thoughtfully looked at me, myself balancing all the while, whether or not I should fire at them, when the landlord suddenly said, "Then you must pay something *more* for lying in the *best* bed, for he has taken this, and I have no other." This again eased a feeling wound up to the worst anticipations, and I thank Providence that the same self-possession spared me the pain I now should suffer had I taken life, and which I hardly know how I refrained from destroying. The landlord left these fellows, strangers to each other; they conversed about their distresses and cares, one having deserted, and although they

went to sleep soundly, I slept hare-like, with one eye open, lest the morning sun should announce to me, not only the departure of these two vagabonds, but also of my clothes, &c.; for they had met each other by chance, and found out this rural hotel, in great distress, to plead their cause for admission more effectually than I should have done, but for the influence of my friendly Sam. Up first in the house, I dressed and descended. Some time after I was accosted by the landlord, about to perform in the character of a would-be ostler; my horse, however, was refreshed, and myself too. Coffee for breakfast, with smoked fish, eggs, plenty of toast, and a bottle of *superior* Cognac, was served up for *two;* for the landlord said, "Samuel C—— was sure to come, although married only three days, for he was a man who *never* broke his word." Some excellent-flavoured tea, such has no hotel need be ashamed of, was there for choice: when behold! in cantered Samuel C——, a Kentish yeoman, worth, I was told, about £.15,000, on a beautiful chesnut horse, himself smartly dressed, to share my breakfast, and to guide me into a certain road. My statement of him

was equal to his deserts. After a hearty breakfast, followed a truly moderate bill. The day was fair, and we started, after friendly wishes; my mind full of surmises, soon after confirmed by my guide, namely, that all the kindness from Sam, and the fair treatment from my rough host, I owed to Smugglers!—avowed Smugglers! —Men called by every vile epithet; yet men who did that, *disinterestedly*, for persons in distress, which persons equally wealthy would not have done for money, much less for love! Samuel C——'s father had made a fortune by smuggling; the son followed farming in preference, yet could not separate himself wholly from the party, which made this house a harbour for various purposes; one for depositing goods in a place without any other entrance than from behind the bed head. The reason why Sam would not take me to his house, was explained by his recent marriage; and his father's dislike to, and suspicion of, strangers; and he thought that his telling me the *real* character of my hotel, might cause me to act in a way to draw the men's suspicion, &c., on myself. This same young man has since acquired distinctions in

his county, richly merited by his conduct; but which, by being explained, would point him out too plainly; and which, from one so kindly treated, would be an ungrateful return.

EPIGRAMS,

(Never before in Print.)

Newmarket Course.
"Lost by *half* a neck."

EPIGRAM I.

Nor land, nor treasure, now has *Heedless* left,
Bending and pale, he seems of sense bereft!
Close by stands *Shark*, with disappointed air;
For *Shark* has barely *half* to his own share!

P.

EPIGRAM II.

All was not LOSS which FRANK at college spent;
Cambridge had *much*, the Cambridge coachman *more*.
High tutors! how he drove the rattling FOUR!
FRANK now rubs down the cattle, quite content,
And may again, as *coachee*, some day SOAR!

P.

EPIGRAM III.

With just three hundred pounds a year,
MAGRO dined well, and drank stout beer:
Increased to thousands, two at least;
Dwindled full half appeared the feast:
That sum, should fortune double quite,
Poor MAGRO would be starved outright!

P.

ON MR. CHARLES NICHOLSON'S RECENT LOSS OF THREE OF HIS BEST FLUTES.

Some Cerberus, with felon paw,
And three-fold furtive jowls,
Has stolen CHARLEY'S FLUTES, to draw
Across dim Styx more souls.

Should NICHOLSON pursue the brute,
Like Orpheus, daring death,
Pluto would haste to *stop* his Flute,
And Proserpine his breath.

But though the Flutes the mongrel's trick
To realms below convey 'em,
His "devilish clever" friend, OLD NICK,
Can ne'er, *like* OUR NIC, play 'em.

CHARLES CUMMINS.

Soon after the termination of the late war with France, Sir John Warren, and his excellent lady, were in the habit of visiting, in the season, Cheltenham, Malvern, Leamington-Priory, and other places in that direction, of summer resort.

On one of these occasions Sir John reached the inn at Henley, where he had designed to take a late dinner, and then proceed on to the Star Inn at Oxford for the night. The waiter, while bustling round the table at dinner, having occasionally thrown out a hint on "*the dangers* to which travellers were liable after sun-set." Sir John eagerly inquired—"from what cause, pray?"—"Why, your honour," replied the waiter, "we have a desperate sort of fellow on our roads,—it's always the case after a war, you know,—and it was but——." "What," resumed Sir John, "do you mean a *highwayman*, mounted upon a dark chesnut gelding, about fifteen hands high?"—"That is the rider and horse, please your honour," answered the waiter.—"If so," continued Sir John, "you may dismiss your alarms, and so may all your master's guests; tell him so: that same

fellow this evening attempted to stop me, but I *fired*, and *hit* him."—"*Hit* him!" exclaimed the waiter.—"Yes, poor devil! my aim is usually *fatal*. I saw him instantly lean over the left shoulder of the horse, and he dropped to the ground half a minute after, as he was shaping his course down the lane which turns off near the windmill: there the body no doubt will be found, with the horse grazing near it."

With this intelligence the waiter instantly darted out of the room to the bar, and to the stable fraternity, leaving Sir John and his lady to proceed at their dinner with less interruption. He shortly returned, bearing in his tray a creamed-tart, and a plate or two of fruit; whereupon Sir John, with a warning voice, called for "dispatch in the change of the dishes, and for fresh horses."—"*Horses*, Sir John, there is not one in the yard; every boy is mounted, and gone off in search of the *dead* highwayman." Here Lady Warren interposed, ordered "a good chamber to be prepared," and made up her mind to remain there that night. To this Sir John consented, and ordered his travelling carriage to be ready at an early hour.

The moment of departure having been fixed soon after day-break, Sir John, with his lady, set forward; and having advanced about three miles on their way, were suddenly awakened from an imperfect slumber by the rattling of a pistol against the panels. Sir John, letting down the glasses, exclaimed,—"Who the devil are you?"—"The highwayman," was the reply, "whom you, Sir John, *killed* last night; and were I not *hard driven* I should not, Sir, after having received your fire, have renewed my demand for your *money*." Sir John gave his purse without a moment's delay, but evidently with a feeling of *pity* toward a man whose distresses appeared so imperative.

AN IRISH BEGGAR.

I was in Ireland in the summer of 1829, and while in Dublin I went to the theatre almost every night. Of course swarms of beggars were in attendance, and very persevering and annoying. One evening, a meagre looking youth begged earnestly for charity, saying he had not had a bit

of bread in his mouth these two days, at the same time his cheeks were so crammed and swollen out, like a famous picture of Murillo's, he could scarce utter his wants. "What do you mean?" said I; "your mouth is so full of it you can hardly speak." He turned sharply, and said, "*Axing* your honour's pardon, it is beef, *Sur*."

K.

COMMON BEGGARS.

When stage coaches set off, they are always surrounded with beggars.—"Would your honour just give me a little sixpence—a pleasant journey to your honour, and the Virgin protect you."—"I never give to beggars who beset the coaches every day at their departure." An old man said—"I am not a common beggar."—"Well, then, here's a halfpenny for you." After twirling it in his fingers some time, he said,—"Sir, you should never do things by halves. I dare say this has got a brother in your pocket, that would like to follow, and ring together so *swately* in my pocket."

IRISH BLACKGUARD.

A gentleman met a countryman.—"Where are you going, Paddy?" Paddy did not answer. "I say, where are you going, you blackguard?"—"Blackguard!" feeling his pockets, "I have not a bit; now I dare say your honour has *plenty* about you."

B.

MACKLIN.

The coffin of the veteran Macklin bears the following inscription:—"Mr. CHARLES MACKLIN, Comedian, died 11th July, 1797, aged 97 years."

He must, however, have been above the age of 97, as the late Mr. *Brawn*, many years the favourite page of the reverèd GEORGE III., was present when *Macklin* had the honour of waiting upon His Majesty, soon after the Comedy of *The Man of the World* had been brought before the public. The KING, after honouring the veteran actor with very gracious commendation on his comedy, and the well-drawn and new characters it exhibited, inquired his age; whereupon Macklin

replied,—" I was not, please your Majesty, born in the present century, nor do I covet to die in it: I was, SIRE, rather more than a year old before 1700 appeared at the head of the almanack."

The writer of this anecdote dined with Mr. Brawn at Mr. Harris's house at Knightsbridge, two days after, when he heard, from the lips of that respectable gentleman, the particulars of the interview as narrated.

And some years after, Mr. Brawn informed him, at his own table at St. James's Palace, that His Majesty, upon hearing of Mr. Harris's generous plan for the support of the worn-out Macklin, expressed himself towards Mr. Harris in most approving language, for his liberality, consideration, and benevolence.

HENRY HUNT, ESQ.

Dining with a friend at the Café Colosseum, on the day that Hunt, the corn roaster and blacking maker, made his absurd and ridiculous entry into London, on being returned member for Preston, one of the company observed, " that if Hunt could

do nothing better, he could supply the House of Commons with *blacking*." My friend spontaneously and immediately replied,—"O yes, he could do much better, by furnishing the members of the House of Commons with a liberal supply of *whitening*."

PHRENOLOGY.

When Phrenology was first broached to the public by Dr. Gall as a new system, a friend of mine sent me a chest full of skulls from Germany (I think there were 200), cast in plaster, *illustrative* of the system, from nature, and coloured so natural, that they would have passed for real skulls. He wished me to find some person who would undertake to receive such supplies, &c. from time to time. I made some inquiries, and the thing went on slowly, as you may imagine, on every ground. One morning my housekeeper entered my room very formally, and looking very strangely, she gave me notice to provide another person. The following dialogue ensued:—"How is this, Mrs. S., you are a good and faithful servant,

and you seemed so satisfied with your place, all at once to wish to quit? there must be some particular reason for it."—Answer, "I would not stay on any account *now*, Sir, although I liked you as a very good master *before*."—"Now—liked me before—what do you mean?—what has happened?"—"Oh! nothing, Sir, I'd rather go, and *say no more about it*." I pressed to know—she evaded, until at last she looked all terror, and said, "Why, Sir, if I *must* speak, I would sooner beg my bread in the streets, than live with so cruel a gentleman, one who—oh! I'd rather not say, you'll be so angry, and perhaps—oh dear me!"—"Well, pray out with it, Mrs. S., I will not be angry in the least, only tell me."—"Why, Sir, one who can keep in the house the heads of *all the people he killed;* and, oh dear! oh dear! *so* MANY *too!!*" I burst out into laughter, adding, "then one or two would not drive you away." With much trouble I convinced the poor woman that they were plaster of Paris; and it was owing to a young man in my service who had passed this joke upon her, for she had teazed him constantly to know what that large chest contained, when,

showing the skulls, he told her that it was my way to cut off the head of every man I killed in battle, and to take it *home* with me, tied by its hair to my horse's mane.

THE SCARE-CROW.

I will tell you how I really and wilfully frightened some fellows, who robbed the garden of my cottage at Kentish Town of its fruit so frequently, that I fell upon the following expedient:—I took an old dressing gown, &c., and stuffed them into a scare-crow, as large as life, with worsted gloves, old slippers, and a mask, *all "in good keeping,"* with some straw peeping out here and there. The lay figure finished, I sat it up *in a tree*, with a stick awkwardly placed, as if he was shooting. It frightened the birds for about a week, but *not* the thieves, for they came several times after at day-break to fetch, or rather to examine my pears, if fit for sale. My family jeered me about *such* a mode of scaring thieves, when one Saturday I persuaded them to rise, and watch the results at day-break on the Sunday following, a favourite

day with my visitors. My family watching the scare-crow, wondering what *it* could do, were all at once struck with surprise when they saw the fellows run away screaming, and the scare-crow, flourishing the stick in the tree, jump out of it, and chase them, perfectly *terror-struck* as they were. Need I tell you that I *had decorated* MYSELF *with the scare-crow's attire*, placed myself in the tree, exactly and as awkwardly as sat the figure, mask on, straw sticking out of holes, &c. When the thieves were gathering *round me*, I shouted and flourished; and never were fellows more panic-struck, and my real but full-sized scare-crows afterwards, varied as they were, always caused decided mistrust, and answered the purpose of,

Dear Sir,

Your poor narrator, but

Sincere well-wisher,

———.

P.S.—When I resumed my seat in the tree, my family complimented my *tournure élégante;* for they assured me that they could not persuade themselves but that it was the scare-crow.

———

MRS. TICKELL.

Chambers, June 11th.

My dear Mr. Angelo,

Sheridan once told me an anecdote of my sister, Mrs. Tickell, which you are welcome to. The greater part of our family was assembled in Bruton-street, to a jollification on New Year's Day. After supper, old Sherry proposed that every body should epigramatise, or say something funny upon some given subject, or upon the newest publication, dramatical or poetical. *Hayley's Triumph of Temper* had just made its appearance—rather a dullish affair, by all accounts. However, the heroine of the tale, Serena by name, has to encounter three trials, which it had been previously calculated no woman could possibly stand. Nevertheless, this lady conquers, and immortalises herself. Well, this said new poem was Mrs. Tickell's theme, and after a minute or two's consideration, out came the following epigram, than which Martial never scribbled a better:—

"With female patience here's to do,
Serena, and her trials three!
Now *I* have *read the poem through*,
What d'ye think of me?"

This anecdote, I think I may safely say, was never in print, and is very much at your service. Believe me, my dear Sir,

Your's very faithfully,

W. LINLEY.

THE MARCHIONESS DE FORGES,

Whose husband was grand falconer, resided at Versailles in the year 1775. The marchioness was pregnant, and during child-birth, some unpleasant intelligence was communicated to her. If I recollect rightly, she was informed that one of her houses had been burnt down. The pains of child-birth immediately ceased, and the marchioness continued pregnant for the space of twenty-five years. At the expiration of that period she died, and on her body being opened, the child was found petrified. A few years previous to her death, the Marquis de Crequi said to her, in a drawing room,—"Madam, I think you would do well to swallow a tutor for your son, his beard must be beginning to grow by this time."

UPON THE DEATH OF VICE-ADMIRAL LORD NELSON,

On the 21st of October, 1805.

Written by his Grace the late WILLIAM CAVENDISH, DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, *immediately after.*

Oft has Britannia sought, 'midst dire alarms,
Divine protection for her sons in arms:
Generous and brave, though not from vices free,
Britons from Heaven received a mixed decree;
To crown their merits, and to low'r their pride,
God gave them VICTORY—but NELSON DIED!

MARRIAGE ADRESSES.

I once used to amuse myself by advertising for a wife, when a friend of mine who had the same *méchante plaisanterie* as myself, finding his humour so superior to *my* love proposals, induced me to discontinue connubial appeals in a newspaper. His plan was different to having recourse to the public press, preferring Sir Benjamin Backbite's, in the School for Scandal—"If you want any thing to be circulated freely, you should not advertise, but give copies in strict secrecy to their particular friends." Having an extra copy

by me of his professions to become a Benedict, comparing it with the many that daily crowd the papers, the drollery of the following may be acceptable to the reader.

WADE.

A CARD.

Genteel families in Bath, and its vicinities (supposed to be the very mart of matrimony), having either sisters or daughters, become *full*-blown roses, whom they wish to provide for advantageously, are earnestly requested to pay due attention to the subjoined hand-bill, which offers to maidens or widowed ladies, somewhat *out* of their *teens*, an immediate change of situation, permanent protection, and, it is humbly hoped, the very height of connubial bliss. No objection to Dissenting, Roman Catholic, Jewish, or Mahometan ladies, the advertiser being on this subject a complete cosmopolite, thinking that a *good* wife cannot be of a *bad* persuasion; ladies of *colour* also will be treated with on liberal terms, though at an *advanced premium;* but *coloured* ladies will meet with no encouragement, and consequently cannot come off with flying colours.

WADE.

HAND-BILL.

A moral middle-aged gentleman without incumbrance, either of *ci-devant chère amie*, or spurious progeny, of small fortune, and fair fame, who is what is vulgarly called an old bachelor, wishes to meet with a personable, agreeable lady, of good character, affable disposition, and possessed of a *small* independent fortune, say about *one-third* of his own. Although the writer of this is heartily sick of celibacy, and sighs to become a Benedict, yet he is too fond of a good dinner, not to be well aware of the vile cookery of pitiful poverty; however, as the advertiser has no sort of wish to *shine conspicuous* in Doctors' Commons (though he has a near relation a proctor, who might possibly transact the affair nearly gratis, and thus render the *crim con* damages * * * * * *), no lady under the age of forty will be attended to; but nevertheless, should the fair one's age exceed forty-eight years, it must, like the extra baggage of a stage coach passenger, be entered *as such*, and paid for *accordingly*.

Letters, *post paid*, directed to Hercules Honey-

moon Helpmate, Esq., at the Union Hotel, will be attended to with dispatch, secrecy, and honour.

N.B.—Some years having elapsed since this card and hand-bill were first circulated, together with its not having had the desired effect, the advertiser, finding that he every day becomes less marketable, informs the fair sex he may now be had upon much easier terms than formerly, though still perfectly sound and gentle.

WADE.

CHANCE.

It is said, we only learn from application; now my idea is, we frequently learn something through the medium of *chance*, which once occurred to me, in relation to a poor deserter. Whether he is marched from John O'Groat's house to the Land's End, he can only be supplied with a pair of shoes and a shirt; and if, perchance, he is despoiled of his hat, coat, waistcoat, or breeches, he must nevertheless, in a state of nudity, pursue his journey. This I have learnt from a pocket book, I have by accident picked up; and by the papers it contained, plainly evinced it must have belonged to a regimental pay-master, which the annexed will explain.

THE PAYMASTER'S ANSWER

To a War Office disallowance of *One Shilling*, which had been charged in his accounts for the purchase of a pair of breeches, for an almost naked deserter.

As far as the Pay-master can recollect, at the distance of eleven years, this deserter was brought up in so very bare-breeched a condition, that he could not proceed with common decency; in which dilemma the purchase of a *cheap* pair of small clothes was unguardedly resolved upon, although the P. M. was perfectly aware buying breeches (under any circumstances), was in open defiance to all existing regulations; the fact of this almost more than primeval nakedness for a moment admitted, it must be confessed that all possible economy was observed in the bargain of the galligaskins; and when complete decorum can be purchased at *so low a rate*, it may, perhaps, be considered as a better bargain than the reverse, gratis; and thus, the regulations (in this *solitary* instance) be more honoured in the *breach* than the observance. So situated, the P. M. most humbly hopes, nay, most fully trusts, the Superintendants, whose decisions he always has, and ever must bow

to most implicitly, and whose candour and liberality he must ever gratefully remember, will not so severely punish him, by cutting him off *without a shilling*, for having, during a period of disloyalty and jacobinism, done all in his power to hinder any of His Majesty's subjects from appearing as a *sans culotte*.

ANSWER.

Admitted.—The extreme ingenuity of the defence, more than warranting a sanction of the irregularity.

THE TWO PRINCES.

When my father instructed in fencing the two Princes, William and Henry, afterwards Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, he paid particular attention to the graces, in addition to the executive part of the business. At their desire, the better to acquire them, my father employed John Guyn, a famous delineator, at the time, to make drawings of the salute, which are considered the most graceful positions of the exercise. Encouraged

from the specimens, which so pleased the Princes, he published a treatise on the science, and in addition, at a considerable expense (some hundreds), the different positions—the salute attack and defence, in forty-seven plates. He employed the first artists to engrave them, in the best style of line engraving; two in particular by Hall, who finished Woolett's plate of General Wolfe; the others by poor Ryland, who suffered.

The original drawings, which my father stood for, he presented to His Majesty George III., who graciously received him at Buckingham House, where he was honoured, and kept in conversation above an hour; when, to his surprise, being questioned about his coming to England, the King had been previously acquainted with his attachment to Mrs. Woffington, and his marriage after with my mother.

THE WOUNDED COACHMAN.

What the law is now in France, since the Revolution, I am utterly unacquainted with; but previous, during my sojourn there, I have known those who from a *rencontre*, and dangerously

wounding their adversary have absconded, and no further notice taken. Indeed, speaking of a duel, an Englishman who had killed his antagonist at Paris, secured a commission after, in the Irish Brigades, and absented himself for a year; when he returned, not the least notice was taken (and to this very man I was indebted for those scrapes which might have been of serious consequence to me, particularly that I mentioned in my second volume of Reminiscences, page 255); his commission silenced all future inquiries.

As an instance, how tenacious a French officer is of his honour, the following, at which I was present myself, will establish the fact.

Walking on the Boulevards, and the string of carriages preventing the passengers from crossing over to the other side, some French officers called to a coachman to let them pass, but he refused; on which, one of them stood at the horses' heads, to stop them, when, on receiving a blow in his face from the whip, he ran up to the man, instantly drew his sword, and plunged it into his body: whether the wound proved mortal or not, I never heard after, or that the officer had received a blow. There was but one opinion—that he was

justified in what he had done, was the sentence of every one present.

DUELS.

Speaking of duels, it reminds me of a boy on his first going to Eton making his *fistic début* in the playing fields; for those younger than himself will be sure to bully him, unless convinced that he will not put up with an affront. So it is in France, with a youth on joining his regiment; seeking the "bubble reputation," he soon draws his sword, when a scratch on the wrist (for the parties on trifling occasions seldom approach near enough for a "palpable hit,") if blood is drawn, *blessé* is sufficient to establish his courage; and if a good swordsman, he has to thank his fencing master for keeping those at a distance, who might have taken advantage of his want of skill.

MASONRY.

My father had been a very old mason, belonging to the Somerset House Lodge, No. 2, Free Masons' Tavern. Through his proposing me, I

was *unanimously* elected a member; for either from pique (some few having had their friends black balled), or the determination that their fraternity should be as select as possible, it generally happened at the time that few were admitted without one or two black balls, three being an entire exclusion. This arose not from any personal objection, but the disappointment of those who had experienced an opposition to those friends they had previously proposed. The fee of admission was eleven guineas, which, with the many new candidates for masonry preferring our lodge, would have been a considerable emolument to the fund. Even two gentlemen who were going to the West Indies the same month, and could have been made at any other, considering our's superior and respectable, were black-balled. Such was the animosity of some, that, one season, they prevented many worthy candidates being admitted, who would not only have been a convivial acquisition, but their names an honour to any society. May 12th, 1787, our late Majesty honoured us with his presence at our annual festival as a brother mason. His Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland

sat as grand master; there were no less than four hundred masons in the hall; tickets had been delivered out at half a guinea each; but such was the liberal spirit of the stewards on this occasion, that the dinner consisted of two courses, and a dessert of all that was high in perfection at that time of the year; no expense was spared; the company were entitled to as much Burgundy, Champagne, Claret, Madeira, and other wines, as they thought proper to consume. The affability of His Royal Highness to every person, the joy that appeared in the countenances of the whole company, and their repeated marks of veneration, love, and attachment, formed a scene that must have been highly flattering to the heir-apparent of the House of Hanover. They drank his health with a kind of generous fervour, that glowed with loyalty; and when it is considered that the Grand Lodge at its festival includes all political descriptions, the sense of the public in their attachment to this amiable prince is pretty clear. His Grace the Duke of Manchester, with a considerable number of the nobility, attended, and several masons, foreigners of distinction. As the above was before I was

made a mason, what I have related was an extract from the relation of that day's festival. The first time I attended the lodge, Sir Lionel Darrel was our R. W. M., and latterly in the chair Lord Mountnorris. Lord Moira often presided, whom we all considered next to the Prince, as the head of the craft. His elegant mildness of manners, and superior knowledge, made him to be regarded as the prominent jewel of masonry. The Duke of Sussex also sometimes honoured us. Speaking of his affability, good humour, and general condescension to all around him, his presence was sure to bring us a day of festivity, the song and the glass keeping pace with his convivial example. Indeed, the song was not confined only to those he called on to sing; for he not only honoured us with his presence, but sang his song with an excellent voice, *con gusto*, uniting with the Prince, the brother, and free-accepted mason. It was at one of these meetings I made my *début*, singing the friar's song, which His Highness always called upon me for, and afterwards reminded me of, when invited to dine with him, the day his brother, the Prince of Wales, was present.

Having visited two others besides the one I belong to, for convivial songs, particularly glees, they appeared very inferior to our's, at which the melodists, Incledon and Dignum, were constant visitors; also Barthelemon, Vaughan, Neal, Sale, Serle, and Webb; and vocalists from both theatres, including Viganoni, from the Italian Opera; with such auxiliaries we most certainly took the lead. Though I could not boast of being a good mason with a trowel, scientifically speaking, working my way in the lodge, I was not an idle brother with my knife and fork, and with some chosen songs that I was usually called upon for, by our R. W. M., initiated since the year 1790, I flatter myself not an unwelcome guest. Many years after, on my intention of leaving the lodge, I received the following letter from their secretary, which, I trust, will prove that my presence would be missed.

Warwick Street, Golden Square,
7th February, 1803.

Sir,

It was with extreme regret that the brethren of the Somerset Lodge were informed

that you declined continuing a member of their society. The cause assigned for your so doing, was the only consolation they could receive for being deprived of so convivial a friend and companion; and, that they might have an opportunity of enjoying your good company when professional avocations would permit, they did themselves the pleasure of *unanimously* voting you an honorary member.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your most obedient,

and very humble servant and brother,

C. CUPPAGE,

Secretary.

HENRY ANGELO, ESQ.

However I considered myself highly honoured by such a flattering letter, and although, at my father's decease (which was a few months before), my professional attendance at Eton College, absented me often from the lodge, which met on those days, I could not reconcile myself, after being of long standing so near the top of the list of brothers, to become an *honorary* member,

when receiving such an *unanimous* and pressing invitation from the brethren to remain, I felt additional gratification in continuing of it, but not as an *honorary* member.

Previous to our grand festival of St. John the Evangelist, twelve red aprons are distributed amongst the superior lodges. Our's had the privilege of bestowing two; the others only one. These were only given to those who were considered to act as stewards on our annual festival. Though never aspiring to be elevated in masonry, yet the red apron being offered to me by Lord Moira, I could not refuse it, accompanied with one to the Rev. Samuel Coleman. With the remainder of the brethren of the board of stewards, they appointed me their president.

This office was a great encroachment on those professional engagements that occupied my time at Eton, Harrow, &c. &c., as the many meetings previous to the masonic day, dinners at the Thatched House Tavern, were to make arrangements preparatory to the general meeting; and having taken the chair, my presence, as an example to all the other stewards, was absolutely necessary. Indeed, those who absented them-

selves, were to forfeit two guineas; and however trifling the cause of our meetings, half the number could not have settled our motives for assembling; besides, our dinners were very expensive. At this time Free Masons' Hall was under repair, that was the reason we had our dinners at Willis's; after at his great room in King Street Invested with the red apron by Lord Moira, I did not know at the time, the trouble and attendance that followed, after being proposed president of the board of stewards. Before I speak of the dinner, I must mention, that previously a supper takes place, to which an invitation from the president of the stewards is always requested of Lord Moira, though seldom attended. On this occasion, I waited on him at his residence, then in St. James's Place, and was honoured with his acceptance; at the same time he said he would let me know if the Prince of Wales might be expected on that day. I accordingly received the following:

St. James's Place, May 3rd, 1802.

Sir,

The Prince of Wales has commanded me to express his regret at finding, that it will

not be in his power to preside at the grand feast on the 12th instant. Feeling deeply how little the brethren can be consoled by so inadequate a substitute for His Royal Highness as I shall be, I still shall not fail to pay my attentions by taking the chair on the occasion.

I have the honour,

Sir, to be

Your very obedient servant and brother,

MOIRA,
P. G. M.

MASONIC SUPPER.

The supper night, I took the chair. On ushering his Lordship to the room, I requested him to take it, which he refused. In such an assemblage, I was seated at the head of the table, on each side of me a nobleman; Lord Moira on my right, Lord Granard on my left. Though unaccustomed to those masonic duties expected from the chair, I neither failed in my attention as a mason, nor in promoting the conviviality of the evening, which continued till past six in

the morning—toasts, songs, &c. I owed all to my prime minister on my right, whose affability and masonic information occasionally assisted me. It was one o'clock, when he informed me that he had exceeded by an hour the usual stay (which was twelve o'clock), and only waited to hear me sing my solo duet, "The Two Ballad Singers in Cranbourn Alley." Proud to keep him longer with us, I eased his impatience, by requesting him to permit me to call on one of the company (then a famous comic singer, remarkable for his humour), whose voice and taste would please. This succeeded till past two o'clock, when, reminding me of my song, I sang; and he, making a graceful bow (of the old school, now exploded), amidst the applause of us all, with Lord Granard, retired. Now began, not the "tug of war," but that noise, the usual accompaniment of Pleni Bacchus, and the crowing of the cock; nor did Chanticleer hasten our departure. Armed (primed) for the field, and many ready for the fray, on my giving, a second time, for a toast, "His Lordship," and calling on them to fill, "till the wine o'erswell the cup," his health was drank with three times three, accompanied with huzzas loud enough for him

to hear us before he got to his carriage. The merriment and masonic cordiality continued till past six, still seated between two Lords. Honoured with such an exaltation, I was determined not to quit my night's throne, though several had an eye upon it, remaining in expectation of my retiring. Here they were mistaken, for accustomed, as I had always been, to be the last in the room, and to follow the jovial *morning* crew, to their disappointment, they found me immoveable. Having promised my friend Stretton (whom I have already spoken so much of in my *Reminiscences*), who was to give a dance that night, that however late my new honours detained me, nothing should prevent my being in time to partake of the "fantastic toe;" when, fortunately, then near seven, I arrived in time to join with those that remained, dancing the usual finale, the *boulangère*. What a change! Now no longer at the head of a table, calling-out —Order!—order!—but seated to tea and coffee, where fatigue had silenced some, and others more inclined to sleep than continue those attentions the partners in the dance had previously experienced. This soirée, I should say matin visit,

the first I ever made at such an early hour, was the last, never to begin such a nocturnal, to finish at nine in the morning.

MASONIC DINNER.

On the day of our Masonic Festival (May 12th), at Willis's Great Room, King Street, Lord Moira presided. The meeting assembled about four hundred. The dinner consisted of all the luxuries of the season, Champagne, Burgundy, Claret, Madeira, &c., in abundance. During my continuance, years after, in the lodge, this was the last meeting at which the stewards gave French wines; if any alteration has taken place since, I am unacquainted with it, I can only say my red-apron honours cost me dear. Of the numerous visitors, the Lord Mayor elect was Sir John Eamer, attended by Sir W. Rawlins (that day knighted) and Alderman Cox, his two sheriffs. In the course of the toasts given, the health of the stewards being drank, for their attentions in providing the entertainment, the honour conferred on us by his Lordship, the

president of the board of stewards is expected to make a speech Having been at many of these annual meetings before, I took care to have mine *exprès* for that day, ready *cut and dried* for me; but by a much better sconce than my own. I took care to " suit the action to the word;" and though my expected oratorical display had its previous rehearsals, I had felt myself more *à mon aise*, the caracato on the *board* of the *lamp*, than spokesman for the *board* of stewards. However, if I may guess, it was good-nature that some few encouraged the others to *plaudite*, and noise with the glasses, and tapping the tables, not a little flattering to me, like the theatrical puffs. I came off with unbounded applause. The fatigue of the bustling day being at length over, pleased I was when day-light closed the honours of masonry.

MY TWO FIRST LOVES.

Resuming my pen again, I may say I have already written above seven hundred recollections of these last sixty years, and not *one* anecdote of *my own* family, though I have spoken much of

my father; yet, relating to *my* situation as Benedict, during the space of forty-nine years, matter enough to fill a volume. If, having spoken so much of myself, I may have sounded my trumpet too often, still, however my tones may get discordant, I cannot refrain from recounting (when not nineteen) my *two* first loves. They were both subjects for the fashionable Colburn novelists of the present day, especially the first, where scandal has its attractions most. Many years now past by, out of regard, should any of the family remain, I forbear mentioning names. Speaking of the *first* dart that wounded so young a heart, I may venture to say, that, of the different public characters I have already spoken of at one time, as an *élégante* and beauty of the day, for notoriety, none had more attractions.

Mr. D—— and his wife were constant visitors at my father's house, and with them their daughter, a tall, handsome girl, about eighteen, who had been at the same convent with my sisters, at Lisle; though I was too young then to attract her notice, yet at all times she was glad to have me near her. Soon after, she was married to Dr. E——, M.D., her parents leaving this

country for Barbadoes, where her father had a place under Government.

How long the Doctor's honey-moon lasted I know not, but that Lord V—— supplanted him; after that the Duke de Chartres *(égalité)*; then Lord C——. Some years after, I was invited by my friend B—— (called by his acquaintance the gallant Lothario) to dine with him, and meet Lady W——, and *Dally the tall*, the name Mrs. E—— had long gone by. Illness only prevented me from seeing my old inamorata with a new face, which, after such a lapse of time, mine must have kept her's in countenance; however, her notoriety excited the gaze of every one. My second was doomed to a far different lot. Her father, from the many years he had been a Member of Parliament, was considered the father of the House of Commons, had two daughters; the elder was named Dolly; the other, my flame, Amy—both were considered handsome; the latter, for her person, preferable to the elder, who was very lusty. He had two sons, the youngest was my most intimate crony at the time; and from being continually at the house, Amy made such impression on my mind, encouraged by her brother's

assurance, her saying how happy she was whenever I came to the house, I was miserable when absent; so much so, that at home, the alterations from being cheerful, I was called the knight of the woeful countenance. This did not last long, it was only a change of scene, which soon followed, that relieved a load that was increasing. My father sent me to the continent, where I remained two years. At my return home, during the interval I was abroad, whatever were my previous feelings of her, they were now past recovery. Her parents, both remarkable for their family pride, particularly the mother, being dissatisfied with her female domestics, accused them of being familiar with the footman, "that they were no better than strumpets;" when one of them replied, "Ma'am, you had better look to your youngest daughter." Soon a discovery made its appearance, to the consternation of the family—Amy had some time been married to the footman. Here the pride of ancestry became outrageous; both were directly turned out of the house, pennyless. The husband, who from a boy had been brought up at their country mansion, taken from the plough, then cleaning knives, became footman behind the

carriage, now discarded, and turned adrift (through the interest of the father, who procured him the place of exciseman) with his wife, was banished to Sunderland, in Yorkshire. In addition to his situation, the youngest of her two brothers (who had a place under government, though the income was small), the whole family being inexorable, generously allotted a portion of it to his sister. Among her many accomplishments, music was the most prominent; excelling on the piano-forte and harp, many of the ladies in the neighbourhood received her as an instructress for both, and, with singing included, it was a considerable increase, to support a family of six children, which were the fruits of their stolen marriage. Her brother made her a present of a piano-forte, which was the only consolation left to alleviate those reflections of the past. During the space of eight years, a delicate frame, and sorrow, had so far wasted her constitution, as to cause a decline; and the once beautiful Amy died of a broken heart. The relation of the above I received from the brother, who, occasionally going to see her, informed me such was the change, that two years after her marriage, affliction had so altered her appearance,

that at first I should not have known her. Not long after her decease, as if fatality attended an unrelenting father, "Parents have flinty hearts," I lost my old friend, her affectionate brother, who, through a fit of jealousy for a woman far beneath his notice, in a moment of despair threw himself out of window, and was killed on the spot.

MASQUERADE.

At the masquerade, at the Pantheon, in its better days (nights I should say), of the various black dominos, a little man, masked, whom, from his conversation, I must have been well known to, kept following me, talking about my profession. Though never ashamed of my shop, yet, as I then considered that it was shut, and my troublesome follower kept reminding me of it, I could have almost been out of humour, bored as I was with his continually questioning me about fencing. After several times putting the question to me, "Can't you find me out?" I replied, "No."—"Come, I'll give you a chance; I was a pupil of your's eight years ago, at Harrow, and was one

of your idlest scholars."—"Then your name must be Drummond." Pulling off his mask, and laughing, he said, "You'll not find me so now, I have practised a great deal at Geneva, and could beat my master; if you come to me every day, at four o'clock, in St. James's Square, it shall be your turn next; so look sharp to the 'palpable hits,' I'll not spare you." This was Mr. Henry Drummond, the banker's son. When at Harrow, there were two of the same name, and, to distinguish them, this was called *stumpy*, from his height; the other, a puny boy, *weazel*. Accordingly, by appointment, at four o'clock, as often as I could attend at that hour, I was at his house, the usual time he returned home from the banking-house, Charing-cross. I most certainly found he had profited by his Swiss fencing master; but as to having beaten him, I might as well believe Tom Thumb had beaten the giants. No matter, my attendance was every time on the book half-a-guinea—"palpable hits" to me. Though there was no occasion for him to recollect his masquerade threat, "I'll not spare you," yet, when *fleuret à la main*, I humoured him hits enough for his amusement, and mine; for during some months

he was my most lucrative scholar. Expected every day, often at the same hour, Slingsby, the favourite English dancer (in Duberval's style), at the Opera, as well as myself, was in waiting. Just as our scholar found himself in the humour for the foil, or the toe, one of us was to remain, though we did not neglect inserting a lesson. This was a sunshine to us one whole season. The year following, after having received me a few times, desired to attend as usual, Mr. D—— purchased a horse from a Mrs. Lovelace, which proved, a few days after, *unsound*; some difference occurring about taking it back, a Captain Battersby, who was her champion, so far interesting himself, on his refusing to keep the horse, called him out, which was accepted. When General D——, who was his second, advised him to rest his elbow on his right rib, whilst holding his pistol facing his head. Though it saved a bullet near his abdomen, it took place near the elbow, and rested half-way, approaching to the wrist. What was the result about returning the horse I never heard; but having been wounded in the right arm, the remedy was an *arma cedunt* plaister to me; and though the ball was soon extracted, not so the

cloth, which had so far penetrated, that for many weeks after he was suffering torture from the wound being probed; and, from the number of small pieces I have seen, proves the necessity of divesting oneself of clothes, previous to standing a shot. Though no loss of life here, it was a dead *shot* to me—the loss of a scholar.

KEAN,

Two years before he made his first appearance at Drury Lane, walked upwards of thirty miles, with his wife and son, in expectation of an engagement at York: on his arrival, however, at that theatre, he was informed the company was quite full, and that the manager would not avail himself of his services. What refreshing intelligence to three weary travellers, with only eighteen pence in their pockets! In this emergency, what was to be done? It immediately struck Kean, if he could prevail on the landlord of the York Hotel to let him have the use of the assembly room for a night, that he might make out a bill, consisting of *recitations* and *songs*, which would probably prove attractive; and being known to many of the

inhabitants of this populous city, he felt sanguine and confident of success. He lost no time in submitting his plan to the landlord, who, although he hesitated at first, saying, "that he could not possibly light up the assembly room under ten pounds, and questioned whether it would answer his purpose," was at last induced to comply. The bill of fare was speedily arranged, and the utmost publicity given to the intended entertainment. On the night specified, every thing was received with the greatest applause, the room crowded to excess, and the York Theatre totally neglected.

Kean, on receiving the amount of the evening's entertainment, took ten pounds to the landlord, who generously said, "Mr. Kean, I have witnessed your *extraordinary* efforts this evening, and am convinced that I shall, at no distant period, see you at the top of your profession in London; so keep the money (which will be useful to yourself and family) until you can better afford to part with it."

Kean's unrivalled efforts at Drury Lane are too well known and acknowledged to require repetition; but it is necessary to mention, that he did not, during the *career of his success*, forget

the York Hotel; and on hearing that his prophetic and kind-hearted friend, the landlord, was labouring under temporary embarrassment, he immediately, in an impulse of gratitude, sent him a bank note of a HUNDRED POUNDS!

B———r.

DICKY SUET,

A favourite comic actor, was Parsons's *double*, and always performed the part of the last-mentioned comedian when he was indisposed. Parsons, before he came on the stage, was a fruit painter, and an excellent copyist of Wilson's pictures. Some of his copies have been sold for originals. Parsons cherished the love of this art to the end of his life. Suet was remarkably fond of this excellent actor's company, and not only copied him on the stage, but naturally fell into his habits in private life. Parsons, on passing a broker's shop, neglected no opportunity of looking at any picture he might find there, and was accustomed to wet his finger, rub the painting, and exclaim, "A pretty bit, faith!" In imitation of his friend, Suet did the same; but one day, mistaking a

drawing in crayons for an *oil picture*, he wetted his finger, and before *he* had time to exclaim "a pretty bit, faith!" rubbed out a young *lady's eye*.

B———r.

WEWITZER

Was generally allowed to be the best performer of Frenchmen, Jews, and Germans, that ever trod the stage, and was likewise very quick and pleasant in repartee. Some years since, His Majesty George the Third commanded a play at Covent Garden Theatre. On the same evening, one of the Drury Lane performers came into the green room, and said, "I am just come from Covent Garden, and, strange to relate, they have a bad house there." Wewitzer replied,—"I do not believe any such thing; I am sure His Majesty would never take the Queen, or any of the Royal Family, to a *bad house* in *Covent Garden*."

Wewitzer was remarkably fond of children, and had various kind methods of pleasing them. He gave a fiddle to a pretty little boy he was very partial to; the child, delighted with such a gift, asked him if he made the fiddle himself.—"Yes,

my sweet fellow," said Wewitzer, "I made it out of my own head, and I've wood enough left for two more." A friend once saying to him that "he had made a hearty breakfast, and ate a *great deal*," Wewitzer added,—"I suppose, then, you breakfasted in a *timber yard*."

INCLEDON,

The late celebrated singer, was early in life one of the *choir* in the *Exeter Cathedral*. He left this situation for the navy, and the sea soon after for the stage, where he delighted many an audience in Covent Garden Theatre with one of the finest voices any vocalist ever possessed. During his country excursions, he scarcely ever could be prevailed on to travel as an inside passenger, but, sailor like, went up aloft, and generally took an outside place. On his road to Birmingham, the stage being overloaded, the coachman unluckily overturned it, and all the outside passengers were thrown down. One man broke an arm, another a leg, and scarcely any escaped without some accident. Incledon, on coming to the ground, immediately tried his voice, and sounding several

notes *powerfully*, put his hand on *his chest*, and cried out, "Thank God! there's nothing broke there."

B——r.

JEKYLL AND BANNISTER.

The facetious Jekyll, and our old favourite actor Jack Bannister, dined some time since with the Honourable General Phipps, in Park Lane, where men of wit and talent oft do congregate, and are most hospitably received by the gallant general. In the evening, on the company retiring to take coffee, they soon descended a spacious staircase, and left Jekyll and Bannister behind, who, being two gouty subjects, paused, and rested by mutual consent on the stairs; when the counsellor, first looking at *his own legs*, and after at Bannister's *legs*, said, "Jack, our friends are all departed, and we are two residuary *leg*-a-tees."

B——r.

JACK BURTON,

A third or fourth rate actor of old Drury, was five years under Wright, the ship painter, who

painted "the *fishery*," from which the wonderful Woollett engraved a plate, not only admired by every artist in this country, but likewise held in the highest estimation by all *foreigners*. Jack Burton, however, did not imitate his master, but relinquished ship painting altogether for *moon-light* pieces, for which he was highly appreciated by the Drury Lane Company. When he had finished a moon-light picture he wished to part with, he generally addressed any performer in the following manner:—"If you are inclined to have this *moon-light*, I do not expect you to pay down ready money, but will give you as long credit as you desire." Many of the performers consented to take moon-light pieces on the above conditions, and fully availed themselved of the proposed indulgence, by taking *very long credit;* and the Drury Lane Company called him the *luna-tic painter*.

B——r.

TALL SHAW.

In a country play-house, two theatrical heroes, George Parker, and a man called tall Shaw, had a

sharp set-to (as far as words went) behind the scenes, on which occasion they plentifully bespattered one another. George Parker was a little chubby, pot-bellied fellow, with a fat face, stuck between two round shoulders, and tall Shaw a lankey figure, six feet three, with long lantern jaws, heavy eyes, and a wide mouth. During this war of words, few expressions of abuse escaped either party. As a *closer*, however, George Parker approached his antagonist, and looking *up* at his ugly countenance with indignation, said, "Damme, Sir, your face is longer than a man's life."—"How so?" said Shaw.—"Why," replied Parker, "man's life is but a *span*, and your face is *a span and a half!*"

B——r.

MY COUSINS' LETTERS,

Confidentially communicated by their suffering relative,

JOSEPH ALLBORED.

I both envy and honour the man who can look abroad upon the face of the wide earth, and upon the numerous *faces* which count as *heads* in the

population, and say, without telling a *tale*, "I have neither kith nor kin in all this multitude."

My dear mother was a native of that sweet little island, whose "sons (as the poet sings), *un*-accustomed to rebel, commotion, &c. &c."

Now it is pretty generally known that Ireland is famous for three, nay, four things—pigs, potatoes, whiskey, and cousins. Every one *there* has a long-tailed family; and the tail, like that of the schoolboy's kite, is ever the principal part of the kite itself, an endless *attaché* of all colours and all things, sailing majestically *behind* its principal, yet clinging to it with most astonishing vigour and perseverance: blow high, blow low, there is the everlasting tail! After all, I'd match an Irish tail against the tails of all the kites and bashaws in the universe. Only listen, and judge of mine.

I never was in the country in my life, until after I received the following epistles; but my appointment to a small situation in the Treasury had not been ten days officially announced, when I received the following extraordinary communications, one after the other, from my relatives. You must

take the letters with a running commentary of my own, which will serve my purpose, as the prologue does that of a play. First, or rather among the first, was this:—

"*Castle Ballyrawnshally,*

"*May 25,* ——.

"My dear friend,

"And sure in the wide world who has a right to call you *friend*, if not myself? for though your mother and my mother (God be good to them both) never spoke in their lives, on account of the differ betwixt their two grandfathers, one, who was cousin german to Byrne, of Byrnsforth, and the other a *rale* Blaney, of Castle Mount Blaney, 'tother side of Tallagh (they could never agree, because of the land, as far back as the reign of the great Queen Elizabeth), though it was little matter to them about the land, for sorra an acre of it in the family these hundred and fifty years,—only to be sure I would'nt say against the right of a little disputation for honour's sake. Well, that's neither here nor there,—only, as I have already come over, *your* mother and *my* mother were full second cousins; and I have heard Judith Macguffin (vul-

garly called Judy Maggs) say that they were as like as two peas, particularly about the mouth, (both Byrnes and Blaneys had remarkable handsome mouths, though small advantage that is to *some* of their descendants, any how); for where's the good of a handsome mouth, and nothing to put in it?—Whisht, says I, for that's a secret among *friends;* and my present intention in writing to you was only that as you have had the height o'good luck yourself, and got so fine a situation, that with my own two bad looking eyes I saw it *on* the paper, why think of your poor relations, and God bless you. I wouldn't be above taking any thing that a gentleman might take. A bit of a sinecure, or even a little place in the Treasury, provided it wasn't exactly *under* yourself, for one cousin's as good as another; and I would not bring the blush of shame to my mother's cheeks (and she's dead these twenty years), by taking office beneath a Blaney, though your *cognomen* is, I understand, Allbored—'tis a pity you have such a mean-sounding English name; only as it was your father's, I suppose you must put up with it. What do you think of the title of my

place at the top of the letter? Won't it sound grand in your *Morning Post*, or *The Dublin Freeman's Journal*? In a nate little bit of an announcement, 'Byrne O'Byrne, Esq., of Castle Ballyrawnshally, has, we are happy to hear, just condescended to accept of the ——, &c., &c.' Do, like a good fellow, get me the penning of the notice. What a dash it will cut among the natives! Betwixt you and me, the castle is all *in my eye*; 'but it *was* a castle onc't,' as the song says, only the stones were all carried away, (barring a couple of rooms, that did'nt exactly belong to it), to make a— (I'm almost ashamed to tell it)—a manufactory.

"'To what base uses,' as the play says. You see, my dear friend, I have been educated (not as a gentleman, for *Nature* did that for me), but as a scholar! I make no apologies for this intrusion, because in serving one's own flesh and blood, one serves oneself; and I am sure you will be happy of an opportunity to make it all up between the Byrnes of Byrne's Fort, and the Blaneys of Castle Mount Blaney, though they're dead and gone ages ago; yet, like the Greeks or Romans (I ain't quite

sure which), 'tis good to pour sacrifices on their graves.

"My dear friend,

"Your faithful and true

Kinsman (though I suppose as the relationship came by the *mother's* side, I ought to say kinswoman), till death,

"JAMES BYRNE O'BYRNE."

What think ye, gentle Reader, of *that* as a specimen of Irish modesty? Byrne O'Byrne, Esq. the de'il take such cozening; but your patience for the *next* demands it more.

Of all politicians, your Irish one is the most red hot; he is like a blinded bull, whose strength outlives his infirmity, and he is everlastingly tilting without sense or discretion; his one faculty seems violence, and that he exercises upon everything that comes in his way. Foaming—bellowing—brawling! Did I say everything that comes in his way—aye, and everything that keeps out of it as well—for Heaven help me! The Channel was between us. Yet lo! he comes!

"*Liberty Hall.*

"Sir,"

Your persons of "muscular minds" always commence their epistles with this uncourteous monosyllable.

"Sir,

"In days of yore, before aristocracy and corruption held the reins of this devoted land, and drove tandem through the country, as they do now, your family, or at least (you will excuse me if I speak unadvisedly)," he might have spared that apology; for what Irishman ever spoke advisedly? "some portions of your family, as far back as the time of Henry IV., occupied places of high trust in their native land, they little dreamed that a descendant of their's would ever sit upon the treasury bench." Gramercy! this ***Irish patriot*** knew not the difference between the treasury bench and a bench in the treasury—***I*** did however.

"But, Sir, since you *have* accepted office, let it be at once your pride and your privilege to set a glorious example to your brothers in corruption," (complimentory.) "Stand forth from among them —plant the standard of liberty on the highest

pinnacle of the parliament house—talk to them as becomes a free man. If you are at a loss for words—read my speeches in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*—if you are at fault for metaphor, study D. O'C., and make, as he has done, your name the watch-word of liberty throughout the land! A glorious scene opens before you—England will echo the fame showered upon you by the people of Ireland—Beranger will chaunt in your praise!—it will reverberate along the shores of the Ohio!—and dance down the cataract of the Ganges! I will be proud of the relationship which I *can prove* exists between us! and then sign myself, as I do now, 'strong in hope,' (for I am obliged to abbreviate my letter, as the post is departing),

"Sir, your friend and cousin,

"HAMILTON GRASPALL DRISCOLL.

"P.S.—I will forward you, by *next post*, the rough draught of a bill, which you must get through the House for me this session. You must have seen my name at all liberal meetings—I never miss one; and my signature, '*Cato*,' you could not be mistaken in."

No, faith, no mistaking it, or you either, nor the 1*l.* 10*s.* postage for "the bill." Noble, generous land! torn by party, and misled by ——; but I hate personality.

I received another epistle at the same time—my friends may judge how different were my feelings on perusing it. It was written on the back of an old letter; and, just at the edge, I recognised a few words in my mother's hand-writing!

"*Dingle Dell, County of Wicklow.*

"Honoured Sir,

"It is not on account of seeing your name in a paper, which my daughter Anty borrowed of the governess, at Granby Hall, that I write; for, praised be to God, though times *are* bad, and I am what in grand England would be called poor, yet I want nothing. My only reason for addressing you, is to show that I am alive, which you must have doubted, seeing I was drowned, or, all as one as drowned, going to America, years back, which your darling mother heard of, doubtless. You must remember, that though I was only her

foster-sister, I was brought up with herself, and she loved me as if we had both come of the same blood, as well as drank of the same milk; and salt and scalding are the tears I shed, even now, to her memory.

"Ah! Master Joseph! it is sad to lose the friends of one's youth—the fields may be green, and the flowers may bloom, but the flowers of memory are the only ones that are sweet to old age. I wish you could think of me, and see ould Ireland, for it is a stricken but a beautiful country, and much put upon—if I was poor and helpless, may be, I'd be put upon too, for the desolate have few friends—the rose won't claim kin with the briar. I thought that you'd look on this paper, if not for my sake, for the sake of the dear hand that rested on it once. I was glad to see that you were provided for, Master Joseph dear! Sure, I mind ye in short coates, and red shoes, with a beautiful green sash, and eyes as blue as violets; and I could get neither tale nor tidings of you, until Anty pickt up with the newspaper, by the meerest chance and good luck; and God give ye'r heart the good of the situation, and prosper that, and every thing else

to your good. And if ever you come this way, there's a humble quiet home for you in Dingle Dell, with the Vale of Avoca under your eye, and the waters rushing into each other's arms close by, and lots of sweet milk, and new eggs, and *caith mille a faulta*, a thousand times over. Come to me, Master Joseph, honey—if ever the world should look *could* on ye', if ever ye'r sick, sad, or sorry, there's a welcome, and a heart-lifting for ye' in Dingle Dell."

Well, gentle reader, and I suppose you think there is nothing objectionable in that letter; you think that it contains the simple, but warm outpouring of an affectionate Irish heart—an Irish *woman's* heart, par excellence; granted, yet of all the letters it was my fortune to receive, *that* letter has subjected me to the greatest misfortune, the *very* greatest misfortune that could befall a single man. I had a month's holyday, and the devil, or Cupid, tempted me to go to Dublin, and I could not do less than visit Dingle Dell. Putting feelings (as all fashionable men *endeavour* to do) out of the question, it was no way incorrect to visit Mrs. D——, who was the widow of an

American trading captain: the tale is soon told, I fell in love with Anty—graceful, young, well educated—what could I do less? what could I do more?"

What did you say, Sir Editor? "That you had no more room for such trumpery letters." I acknowledge they were troublesome, but as to their being *trumpery!*—Editors are naturally a very uncivil sect; you might have waited for the termination of my *love* adventure—matrimony; though I *could*, if you had given me room, have proved, to the satisfaction of every unmarried *spinster*, and old batchelor over thirty, that it has been only the beginning of love.

To speak seriously. "What! do you say that I must not be serious?" Adieu, Sir, I must therefore remain silent, and respectfully offer my adieus to the Olio.

J. A.

Mrs. Hall.

A FRAGMENT ON SCULPTURE,

By the Author of Thaddeus of Warsaw.—Including a Poem on British Sculptors, by Whitelow Ainslie, M.D., M.A.S., P.A., Author of the *Drama of Clemenza*, &c. &c.

Benjamin West, the late venerable President of our Royal Academy, though so eminent an

historical painter, has been observed to express himself in such glowingly animated terms on the excellencies of certain fine specimens of sculpture, that we can hardly doubt he considered it the superior art. When he visited Rome as a student, on his first sight of the Apollo Belvidere, in the Vatican, he stood before the statue in such a trance of admiration that he was speechless for many minutes. At last, when the questions of those who brought him, forced his utterance, he exclaimed—

"It is a noble Mohawk warrior!"

In his native country of the United States, he had seen the finest forms of that noble race of native Americans, and his own just taste, true to nature, now owned this noblest copy of her noblest outline. Mr. West, in his after-life, maintained the same vivid enjoyment when contemplating the best works of the chisel; and he often mentioned the high gratification he had received when walking through the hall of sculpture in the Louvre with the Emperor Napoléon, who himself pointed out to the British President of Painting, the statues he considered the finest there; dwelling on the

particular excellencies of each with all the judgment and enthusiasm of a mind that thoroughly understood the powers which had achieved them. He declared to Mr. West that pictures were but secondary treasures to him, when compared with the value he set on "the breathing marble" of an excellent statuary. But he did not say this without adding a compliment to the liberality and comprehensive genius of the great historical painter he addressed, for having granted the same to be his own opinion.

There is, certainly, something of an heroic impression on the mind when entering a gallery of illustrious portrait statues! An emotion that reminds one of the forum of Rome in the best days of national virtue! And when these busts, or figures of our statesmen, warriors, philosophers, and other worthies, are mixed with specimens of the likewise moral grand, in classical and historical design, cut also in "the living stone," the absorption of our faculties, under the sublime contemplation, is complete.

This we can now find in several of our own sculptors' *studios*, where British chisels have drawn forth as glorious forms of beauty, grace, and magnificent

contours of strength or dignity as ever sprang from Greek or Roman quarries. We had the galleries of Roubilliac; and in later years, those of Bacon, and our classic Flaxman; we have now those of Chantrey, Westmacott, Wyatt, Lough, and other names dear to the fame of our sculptor muse.

I would dilate on the peculiar merits of some of these, had I not an elegant and playful little poem, of my friend, Dr. Ainslie, lying before me, which, *singing* the subject better than any *say* I could make on it, I shall rather copy that poetical tribute to the general talents in an art I myself almost unspeakably admire.

JANE PORTER.

THE PROGRESS OF SCULPTURE,

Supposed to be sung by one of the three Graces, forming a group at the head of a Lady's drawing-room in Edinburgh.

We, the daughters of Jove, and the children of Greece,
Hither came at the call of the wise and the brave:
Now hail in these heydays of pastime and peace,
The dawn of that freedom which hastens to save.

Erst banish'd from Athens, soon after from Rome,
Thro' the Saracen wrath, or the Gothic intrusion,
We travell'd, for such was our way-faring doom,
Poor *emigrées!* driven from our homes in confusion.

Dear Italy shelter'd us kindly, and sought,
With the aid of Lorenzo, to guard us from harm;
But monkish exclusion, most barbarously brought,
On all they deem'd heathen, fell dread and alarm!

But, thanks to Apollo! that some, from conviction,
Denied not the powers which the ancient possess'd;
Nor hurl'd on their works an unjust malediction,
Nor strove to withhold what had long been confess'd.

What talents! No, rather what stars do we find,
When Angelo, aye, and Bernini too shone!
The first, yet unrival'd for majesty—mind!
The second, for beauty, has ne'er been outdone.

So France, 'neath the rule of great Louis, received us!
Then Girardon made that proud nation more proud.
Nor e'er has Germania debased or deceived us,
Her sculptors are scarce, but their merits are loud!

At length came Canova (alas, he is gone)!
Who with rapt inspiration, and Phidias' skill,
By his talisman touch gave e'en feeling to stone;
How vast the decrees he was born to fulfil!

Brave England, advancing in greatness and glory,
Already drinks deep of antiquity's stream;
The annals of art are replete with her story,
And science and arms, in their turn prove the theme.

Her time-honour'd Flaxman! Did he not display
A lofty conception, a boon from on high?
His group* has proclaim'd it; the bards of the day
Have sung it in poems which never shall die.

How fresh, and how fragrant, the bays which are wove
Round the brow of her Chantrey! Deny it who can;
That fragrance shall flow thro' the fiat of Jove,
When gone to the shades, generations of men.

Could Westmacott want our poor meed of applause?
Could he want vain orations, which oft but beguile!
Far, far other eulogists clarion his course!
His Zephyr has breathed†, and his Nymph sweetly smiled!

Where sought he a model for feminine beauty?
From its own native Isle, it seem'd strange he should flee!
Tho' a christian in faith, yet he felt it his duty,
All conscious, to choose blooming Psyche and me‡!

If Gibson still lives, 'midst the ruins of Rome,
'Tis not that he loves not his bold British shore;
Ambitious, and ardent, he ne'er shall see home,
'Till rival'd that Roman§, he ran to adore.

* Michael and Satan.
† A Nymph sporting with Zephyr.
‡ Psyche and Euphrosine. This Muse sings the poem.
§ Canova.

So shall the acclaim which thy Lough too has won,
Still reign in the record of all that is chaste;
What have not his Centaurs and Lapithæ done*?
For the triumph of art in these regions of taste!

What love-bewitched lass, for her paramour's sake,
Ever lifted a latch at the dead hour of night,
With love the sly grace with which Iris doth wake†,
The sound-sleeping god, to bright day and delight!

Could the Lord of the Seasons, have lived to behold
His own Musidora‡, more lovely, more fair,
The poet enamour'd, the tale would have told,
And hallow'd the chisel so powerful, so rare!

What rises and glares o'er yon far distant plane?
'Tis Aurora's faint blush as she brings on the day!
Sweet herald of fame, to the soul-wakening Dane§,
A fame which requires not my impotent lay.

Ah, weep not, Teresa, thy Shaddoe's but gone ‖
To reap the reward of his virtues and truth!
Let Prussia rejoice to have call'd him her own,
And treasured, and trophied that excellent youth!

* A group of seventeen Figures; a work of most extraordinary excellence in all the branches of the art.

† Iris awakening Morpheus.

‡ Thomson's Musidora, in his Summer.

§ Thorwolsden's Basso-relievo of Night and Morning.

‡ Shaddoe, a distinguished Prussian artist.

Yes, yes! Filatrice, there's glory for thee,
While woman can captivate, nature command * !
E'en grace as I am, could I e'er jealous be,
By Juno, I'd covet thy beautiful hand!

As for thee, lovely land of the mountain and mist!
(It wakes me to rapture, the sound of that name!)
Thy artists are attic—say, who are more blest,
In the niche they have gain'd in the temple of fame!

Who knows, and reveres not, thy Campbell's creations?
His Hebe, engraved on each true Scottish heart!
The goddess herself, on receiving oblations,
Ne'er glow'd with more joy, nor more joy could impart!

Macdonald, thy virgin implores with a sigh†,
So profound, that if e'er in the long lapse of time,
She were lost, and restored after ages gone by,
Who would not exclaim—O, Lysippus sublime!

And last, but not least, of the sons of the north,
The graces would greet, where the muses have smiled!
Would laud the bold boy, who has nobly brought forth
A work so supreme, that cold envy reviled‡!

* A Spinning Girl by him.

† The Supplicating Virgin, by Macdonald.

‡ Alexander and Bucephalus, by Steel.

Who, warm'd by the visions of classical fire,
Gave life to the steed, and a soul to the man!
Laud, laud, be to those who would haste to admire,
Nor pause to complete what their Steel had began!

The same plastic hand which moulded the clay,
Shall waken cold marble, shall give it a tongue!
You hear how I speak, ever jocund and gay;
And, thanks to Canova, still handsome and young!

EUPHROSINE.

B., *auparavant* Colonel on the Bengal Establishment, sitting at dinner, being astounded with a noise, resembling the smashing of empty bottles in the cellar, went below, to ascertain from what it arose, and having satisfied himself, returned to his seat; on being asked the cause, he replied, "Oh, nothing, but two dogs fighting over a bottle."

L——D.

The same officer, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, happening to pass when the church-bell

was tolling for a departed spirit, asked the former if it did not put him in mind of his latter end?—"Oh, no; but the rope reminds me of your's."

L——D.

THE DUCHESS OF G.

Taking an airing in an open carriage, accompanied by a married lady who had not blessed her lord with an heir, stopped at a cottage, where several rosy-cheeked urchins were playing about, and inquired of their mother (standing at the door) what the family fed upon?—"Only pratees." This information was so satisfactory, that her grace desired she would tell her husband to send a sack of them on trial to the castle. She promised he should obey her ladyship's commands,—begging to remind her of forgetting to take Pat *alongst* with her.

L——D.

A DREAM.

A lord lieutenant and his lady stopping on their way to pay a visit to a titled family, an elderly woman came to the carriage door, and

wishing them (who had frequently relieved her with money) all happiness, told them of having had an extraordinary dream, the preceding night. "Pray what was it?"—"Och, your honour, I dreamt that you would have the goodness to give me a pound of sugar, and her ladyship a pound of tea." He observed, that dreams often produced different results from what were portended. "Och then, it may be, that you are to give the tea, and her ladyship the sugar!"

L——D.

REPORTED SAYINGS OF WARREN HASTINGS.

Two Bengal civilians, the one having a long neck, and the other no property, paid their addresses to a young lady, the which being reported to him, he gravely remarked that her case was irregularly hard, to fix her choice on *neck* or *nothing*.

L——D.

It is usual in India to administer oil on being attacked with a liver complaint, also to burn it in lamps.—He remarked that our *livers* were cured at the expense of our *lights*.

L——D.

The accomplished *blacky*, Soubise (whom I have so much spoken of), having fallen from a vicious and unruly horse, upon the Madras racing ground, a gentleman went to afford assistance, if necessary, and accosted him in these words:—"Mr. S., I am glad you have shown a disposition for the turf."

AN EYE-WITNESS.

JAMES LIND, M.D.

While talking with a relation upon the terrace, at Windsor, His Majesty stopped close to them, and asked him if he had any particular news.—He replied, that Mr. Burke died the preceding day. The King said he knew it. "Of what did he die? *Of what did he die?*" The doctor said he believed his death was caused by cancer in the kidneys. "You believe—you believe it to be so?—All guess-work—all working in the dark." He then *smilingly* continued his walk.

BELLA VIRA.

DUCKS AND DRAKES.

Residing in a house nearly encompassed with ponds, or tanks, adjoining that of my acquaintance, Mr. Drake, I was asked by a gentleman, the reason I did not (with such an advantage) keep *ducks*. I told him I did. "Gad then, how do you distinguish your's from his waddlers?"—"Most easily, as the *rest are all drakes*." This attempt at wit will not, I am afraid, pass muster, as it is as lame as a broken-legged duck.

L——D.

A BISHOP OF EXETER

Having established a poor-house, for twenty-five old women, one day, being in conversation with Lord Mansfield, asked his Lordship for an inscription to place in front of the building; upon which, his Lordship took out his pencil, and wrote on a slip of paper as follows:—

"UNDER THIS ROOF
THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER
KEEPS
TWENTY-FIVE WOMEN."

B——r.

DOCTOR FULLER

Having requested one of his companions, who was a bon-vivant, to make an epitaph for him, received the following, with the conceit of which he always expressed himself much pleased :—

"HERE LIES FULLER'S EARTH."

A FRENCH NOBLEMAN

Once showing Matthew Prior the palace of his master at *Versailles,* and desiring him to observe the many trophies of Louis the Fourteenth's victories, asked Prior if King William, his master, had many such trophies in his palace. "No," said Prior, "the monuments of *my master's victories* are to be seen every where *but in his own house.*"

I DIDN'T GET IT.

A certain Doctor, head of a college, stood for a professorship, which happened to be vacant at the same time his lady was delivered of a fine boy. A friend called on the Doctor about the same

time the professorship was decided, and for which he was one of the unsuccessful candidates, to congratulate him on the birth of his son; and accordingly, in the usual phrase, "wished him joy." The Doctor being rather deaf, and mistaking his meaning, replied rather smartly, "I didn't get it; I didn't get it."

B——R.

THE DEVIL,

An anecdote that a theatrical friend related to me, who was one of the party at a reconciliation dinner, and alludes to characters, at that time well known for their superior abilities. One, the first dramatic author of the day; the other, the succeeding Roscius of the day, John Philip Kemble. The former, displeased that he did not do justice to the hero of his piece, had written a severe pointed preface, attributing to him the failure of the play; this produced a rancorous quarrel, they being previously on the most friendly terms. This animosity continued for a considerable time; at last Frank North (the late Lord

Guilford), their particular friend, and interested for both parties, through his mediation, caused that mutual meeting, without which, the determined inveteracy of the author and actor might have lasted as long as the Siege of Troy. But if greater the quarrel, "Why then we'll drain the barrel*." Of course a dinner was proposed, "mine host," Kemble, making a party at his own house, when oblivion of the past, not in the waters of Lethe, but their *avant couriers*, as Theodore Hook calls them, Madeira, &c., at dinner, and the ruby Port that followed after, kept all on the *qui vive* till a late hour. The two *ci-devant* opponents being left alone, the snuff box and the wine continually passing to each other, cementing those mutual professions of the renewed friendship, the time passed so pleasant, that at eight o'clock, the candles being almost exhausted, the servant opened the shutters, when the sun shining on Kemble's face, the other frightened, not having seen him (by this time "how came you so"), exclaimed aloud, "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us, the devil! the devil!" Kemble's face

From SHERIDAN'S *Duenna*.

so white, the increased growth of his beard during the night, and so frightful his altered countenance, that, terrified, and suddenly leaving the room, he exclaimed, " O day and night, but this is wondrous strange."

THE BRUSH.

At a house in Long Acre, a number of herald coach painters, who resided there, met, and from this circumstance its name originated. There was also a club established by Hogarth, which was frequented by artists Wilson, Barrett, and Hayman, as well as by literary characters—Smollett, Fielding, and others. It dwindled to " Hail, fellow, well met." Forty years back, it was a lounge after the performances at the theatres; and its convivial company (there was no black ball to exclude) has often induced me, on my return, to take my glass there, where assembled some of the choice spirits of the town-playing gentry, &c. All were welcome who could contribute to the mirth and amusement of the company. The entrance was the kitchen, where a chop or steak, cooked at a huge fire and gridiron,

was always in readiness. In the room above, wit and humour were abundant; and to promote these sentiments, Whitfield, a Covent Garden performer, was chosen (on account of his excellent reading of lines, written by George Alexander Stevens, entitled "The Brush") to the chair. The composition alluded to the house, the society, and its origin; and, from the style of it, the composer was not over chaste; every line had a well-turned point, which was so well executed, that it was sure to set the table on a roar. This the author gave to a rich old citizen, who had retired from business, and, from age, appeared the father of the Brush. This penurious old codger could not be prevailed on to leave it for the amusement of the room; crabbed with years, and a near dumb brandy and water boozer, knowing its great value in attracting many to the room, he carefully preserved it, and was allowed by the landlord two glasses of brandy and water for the company it drew. One of those days, having drank very freely after dinner, Old Gripe (thus nicknamed, for his mean conduct in refusing to yield his manuscript for the benefit of the room), on leaving, was greeted with no friendly epithets for his

meanness, for thus receiving the payment of his liquor; when, armed *cap-a-pie*, I vociferated, "I'll pick his pocket, I'll bring it back." Bravo! bravo! and a general shout followed. Rushing after my man, I followed him to Long Acre, and made my *début* as a novitiate diver—picked his pocket—secured the manuscript—and returned triumphant to the expectant assembly.—A general huzza followed. Bernard, then a performer at Covent Garden, requested the loan, promising he would return it to me the following day, which he never performed. The next day I received an anonymous letter from a *good-natured friend, viz.*:—

"DEAR ANGELO,

"Beware, you are discovered; your last night's imprudence, clever as you thought yourself, may be of serious consequence; Old Gripe has been to Bow Street with Sharp, anti Gallows—'A thing devised by the enemy.'"

It was now my turn to improve the joke. Being invited the following day in the country, and to make the effect of the letter alarming, I remained concealed for a week. Having succeeded, here was "Diamond cut Diamond."

At my next appearance, I was cheered, and greeted in a humorous speech from the president, on my narrow escape from the gallows. The room is indebted to me for my literary theft of such an excellent composition as George Alexander Stevens's "Brush." Bernard soon after quitted England for America, to amuse the Yankies, and add to their glee and good humour.

LORD NELSON.

At the time I belonged to a club which used to assemble at the British Coffee House, Cockspur Street, called "The Keep the Line," the greater part were literary characters. W. T. Fitzgerald, well known for his poetical effusions, was one of the members, and was always introduced here after dinner. The latter part of the evening we had sat down to *vingt et un*, and continued playing till a very late hour. At parting, like Kemble, who ever made it a constant practice to insist upon any one who saw him home at a late hour to come in and drink Claret with him; my friend having wine, excellent Claret, in the house, was determined to follow the great actor's example. This decided me to pursue the same

practice, and when my friend attended me to my door, I insisted upon his taking a social glass with me. Handing him a book, the *Life of Nelson*, with beautiful proof plates, I requested him to accept it; the next day I received the following letter from him, indulged with the manuscript in preference to the printed copy, for the notice conferred on me.

19, *Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, November* 27, 1809.

Dear Sir,

My best thanks are due to you for the valuable present you made me, last night, of the great Nelson's life; and I request you will accept, in return, the poems I have written upon that glorious hero! They consist of "Nelson's Tomb," "an Address to England, upon her Nelson's death," (from the latter, Orme has made the quotation under the print of Lord Nelson,) and "The Battle of the Nile:" the last is out of print; I have therefore transcribed it, which I recollect you flattered me by saying you should prefer, as the manuscript of the author.

I remain, dear Sir,

Very truly your's,

W. T. FITZGERALD.

THE RACE BALL.

Lord Barrymore and Lord Craven were, many years ago, stewards at the Reading races. Being at the time on a visit to the former, at his cottage, at Wargrave, his Lordship offered to take me with him the following day; but I am ashamed to say, instead of being in time to accompany him, the effects of drinking and gaming till a late hour the previous night prevented me. The cottage was small, and the room I lay in was called the Barrack Room, from the number of beds in it, which amounted to eight. These he reserved for his select friends; he considered me one of them, and what he called a star at his theatre. The other visitors were left to scramble sometimes in the cottage for what they could get. This room, instead of being a dormitory, might better have been compared to one of the hells in St. James's Street, from the gaming, rioting, drinking, and swearing, which filled up the whole night, with few intervals of sleep, and those few only from the effects of wine. Instead of going to the races, I sat upon my bed that day, eating my breakfast, my next

neighbour doing the same, and addressing me by "D—n the races, old one, let us have the bones." From previous experience, I negatived this motion. "Well then," cried he, "what do you say to cards?" Our beds being drawn close to each other, at it we went, at *vingt et un*, and played till six o'clock. Lord Barrymore returned; and by the time we had dressed ourselves, dinner was announced. Claret kept us on the *qui vive* till ten o'clock, the greater part being "how came you so." As there was a supper after the ball, to be given by the two Lords, and those invited by them, the Wargrave crew of course were included, and off we sallied in carriages that had been waiting for us, and indulged in a *siesta* for eight miles, preparatory to entering the ball room. Emerging from the dark, and after the effects of the wine—the sudden lights—the dancing —and the noise of the music, having roused me from my nap, did not prevent me from seeing double; when all of a sudden, I heard the scream of a female, the dancers all crowding together, and the music stopping in an instant, they made room for a supported female, carried out by four gentlemen. It appeared that she had

sprained her ancle; when instantly, the fiddler (whom she had scarcely passed) struck up "Shepherds, I have lost my love;" this was by Lord Barrymore's order, and caused a good laugh through the whole room, while we amused ourselves by quizzing the partner, a little, fat, ugly Corydon, as we all called him, as he sat in a corner of the room, neglecting that attention which he ought to have shown to his lost Phillis. Of those invited by the stewards, about forty of them sat down to supper, Lord Barrymore in the chair. The party consisted of the most select in the neighbourhood (I say nothing of the Wargrave motley). As ladies were not invited, drinking and singing went on till nine o'clock in the morning, when I was glad to find myself safe moored in my barouche again.

ADMIRAL KEMPENFELDT.

Some time after the disaster of the Royal George, man-of-war, having foundered at Portsmouth, many things were weighed up, and, amongst others, a quantity of the admiral's wine. Having received a present of two dozen bottles, I

was very choice of this curious article, and brought it out only to my particular friends, amongst the first of which was my theatrical crony, who, on tasting it, admired its full body and rich flavour, and no one was a better judge, nor kept better wines; so pleased was he with it, that whenever he dined with me, I boasted of my good fortune in having such a prize as this nectar saved from the vasty deep, and assured him that what remained, was kept solely for him; so that when he was inclined to enjoy a friend and a bottle, he used to call for a Kempenfeldt, it had such a *body* in it. [This must have been intended as a *pun.*] My stock, had it sufficed for all these calls, must have been like the widow's cruise, but *crede quod habes;* thus was it always the same to my friend: and I doubt not that this trick has been equally successfully practised by others.

RUSE POUR DÎNER.

Of the many strange characters I have been acquainted with (not a few); of those two favourites, Jemmy Diddler and Paul Pry, the following, for novelty, I think may be included.

At a friend's house I was often in the habit of meeting the following, who had been an architect—had some time retired from business, and was supposed to have made an ample fortune. Having no relations to leave his money to, he was not a little noticed amongst his acquaintances, who, expecting to come in for a *slice*, keeping them in hopes, his RUSE DE DÎNER was a *passe partout*, especially in those families where there were children. Sponging on those who gave the best dinners, so that, about five o'clock, his knock was very well known. Sure of seeing one of the fry he had been god-father to, it was, "Oh! that's my dear god-papa." This dinner hunter had so far ingratiated himself with parents, their expectations, and the former, sugar plums, cakes, &c., which he usually brought in his pocket (a few pence his dinner cost), had taken care to be god-father where the kitchen and cellar were the most inducement, taking the child on his knee.—"Ah, my sweet little darling," kissing it, "you shall remember your god-papa." When, a few years after his dîner expedient, to the utter disappointment of the parents, and his "little darlings," their sweets,

which had cost him his hungry visits, he died suddenly, every one, remembering his *ruse de dîner*, soon discovered his imposition, and their credulity.

JACK FULLER,

My old schoolfellow at Eton, boarded in the same house, at Dame Manby's: we were then little boys, not only cronies, but bedfellows. Speaking of those who were my superiors since, but when at school a good thrashing made no distinction, none have taken more notice of me than my old *camarade d'école;* that bluntness with good nature (so well known), and friendship at all times, which, for years, I had experienced. Of his hospitality in town, and at Rose Hill, particularly my welcome there when I resided at Hastings latterly. Enjoying his invitation, he kindly let me have his carriage for my conveyance, when our meeting reminded us of stories of our "noontide days," the many scrapes and floggings we had shared together. At the time, of two traits we recollected; one was, such as had caused the laugh as well as disappointment; — the other,

where his motive was an effort of his good nature. A barrel of oysters being sent to him from town, impatient, as we all were, to see the contents, at the same time his telling us, " What a glorious supper we should have," every one was for opening the barrel. No! he must do it himself, when, first putting his nose to it, and smelling, exclaimed, " As fresh as a rose, d——me! All haste, give *me* the hammer?" When opened, to his surprise, and the laugh of the hopeless expectants, some good-natured friend had *only* sent him the oyster-shells, with a note enclosed, " Dear Jack, accept a lawyer's gift; may it be the first and the last. Your's, Cave." The other, his contrivance at the time, was not a little eccentric. I should first explain Cons, which was the Etonian term for their associations, where boys were more intimately acquainted; and to render it more binding, each in his turn had his tea party. Having procured a fowl, and puzzled for want of materials to dress it, that evening he expected a party to tea, and considering the preference of the fowl better than the usual sipping assemblage, had recourse to no other means than to boil it in the tea kettle, when the broth (not unacceptable), poured into the cups,

made up for the former. But as to the fowl; in boiling, it got so enlarged, that there it remained, and each at first had his pull at what he could get. My worthy old friend is no more!—Peace to thy ashes! Your munificent donation to an institution will ever be remembered, and the many who have partaken of your liberality must long regret the loss of honest Jack Fuller.

THE MINSTREL.

Of the many instances that have occurred to me, noticed in my second volume of *Reminiscences*, I cannot omit a strange scene which occurred, during the summer, at Hastings. In the month of August, a gentleman, to all appearance, took up his abode at Dewdney's Hotel. To the surprise of the company, during their evening promenade on the parade, enjoying the sea breezes, they beheld him playing the guitar, at the same time accompanying it with his voice, and occasionally receiving silver and half-pence, then making a graceful bow. His dress, which must have been purposely suited to attract notice, was not a little conspicuous: a high-crowned hat, of

two centuries back, with a long pheasant's feather, horizontally projecting; false black whiskers; a Tartan sash, and ornamented brown leather spatterdashes. His Spanish guitar, supported by a ribbon, and his strange appearance, creating curiosity, he was soon surrounded by a numerous assemblage; and a large ring being made for him, at the end of the parade, standing erect, exhibiting his guitar and voice, which, for taste only, might do as a voice *da camera*, but too feeble for the open air, to have effect, nor was the instrument sufficiently audible. His selection, "Sweet Home," he sang with much *gusto*. The *on dit* here was, that his motive for publicity was a wager. Judging from his gentlemanlike deportment, some are credulous enough to believe that he is a nobleman, and even assert him to be the Hon. Mr. F———. However, he calls himself "Blondell." After the third night he disappeared. To say more would only be repeating what the daily papers stated respecting his visit to Tunbridge and Brighton, after the novelty of the musical troubadour, the attractions he produced. Having been myself a strummer on the guitar from a boy, and feeling myself also

bold to venture now, not as a minstrel, but amateur. When dark, and no discovery being likely, confident that neither my voice or strumming would keep pace with the *(on dit)* noble performer, yet determined to have my fun out, I made the attempt to please. Having paid a visit that morning to some ladies, and mentioning my intended evening pleasantry, they ridiculed, and threatened to hiss me. I assured them that nothing less than rain should prevent my grand musical display. On a hot summer's eve, at nine, wrapped in a camlet pelisse; a slouched hat, and feather projecting out, and a frightful mask, I sallied out, and placing myself on a bench quite *à mon aise*, made my musical *début;* and if variety is charming, began with English, Irish, and Scotch airs. None, at first, listened. Soon the company surrounded me; during a time silence prevailed. I told them the best was to come, that I sung like a nightingale, and how delighted they would be to hear me. As yet, no bursts of applause—a dead silence. Trusting to my disguise, I had the boldness to make a vocal *début*, at the same time playing the accompaniment to "Oh where, and oh where, is my highland laddie

gone?" and when I came to that part where "I shall ne'er see him more," affecting the pathetic, and sighing and whining, a loud laugh ensued. Emboldened now, and feeling quite at home, I sung *sotto voce*. After which, there was a general bravo! bravo! As yet, all went on well. Satisfied with the fun myself, I began to find myself so crowded up, the numbers increasing every moment, whilst the company were calling out, "Give him more air." I was no longer able to continue, my elbows being so confined that I could not play. I hurried away, little expecting what was to follow; and if bruises be the food for love, I did not find it on this occasion, for I was followed by the *canaille*, fishermen, little boys and girls hooting, and endeavouring to snatch my guitar from me. With difficulty I found a refuge in the shop of a haberdasher, named Standfield, having been first refused admittance into the shop of a baker, in George Street, named Russell; at length, fastening my pelisse round me, they having dispersed, I made my escape.

Having instructed above two hundred of the nobility, several of whom have distinguished themselves as statesmen; *viz.*—Lords Sidmouth and Liverpool; and of the present day, Lords Ellenborough, Rosslyn, Aberdeen, Grey, &c. &c. I do not hesitate to say, patronised as I have been, that many who have derived the exterior of the gentleman from the exercise, and some quite models for the chisel, are indebted to the foil for it; and while all professions have *charlatans*, it is not a hair-dresser assuming mine, can put my nose out of joint. I could mention many, whose elevated situations far superior, have been a disgrace to them; instances that daily occur. Judging of a frontispiece to a fencing book I have seen, that was written above a hundred years ago, by a Neapolitan fencing master, Salvator Fabris, who was patronised by his king. Describing the two portraits, in them both, to it—Both the dress and appearance of each kept pace; leaving the crown out, it would be difficult to discriminate which of the two was the fencing master. In the British Encyclopædia (no peru-

quier here), "Pyrard assures us that the art of fencing is so highly esteemed in the East Indies, that none but *Princes* (Bravo!) are allowed to *teach* it; they wear a badge of cognisance on their right arms, called, in their language, 'Essam,' which is put on with great ceremony, like the badges of an order of knighthood by the kings themselves." Hence we may suppose, this noble art was protected by kings; it was considered as one of the principal branches of education, and, accordingly, we find that the nobility remained longer under the fencing master than under their teacher. And Locke, in his *Treatise on Education*, says: "Fencing is considered to be so necessary a qualification in the breeding of a gentleman, and has so many advantages, in regard to health and *personal* appearance, that every gentleman of rank and property ought to have so striking a mark of distinction. I could mention Lord Chesterfield, and many more, who have, in their writings, extolled the accomplishment. Having grounded my arms, "Othello's occupation's gone," and never before had occasion to puff my profession, I trust I shall not be accused, after such names, who have spoken so well of it, of

adulation. Now a word or two from me.—Those youths who have narrow chests, difficulty in breathing; others grown up, whose vocations are sedentary, for want of exercise, ill-health has been the consequence, whereas all bodily labour, whether riding, walking, &c., I may venture to say, none are compared to *les armes:* of the longe only, there, every muscle is in action; the extension itself, for an artist to delineate from, exceeding the Gladiator. Having so far spoken in favour of fencing, I cannot conclude, without mentioning an extract from my father's treatise on the art, to which *I* added some remarks.

Sir John Sinclair, in his *Code of Health and Longevity; or, Athletic Exercises,* page 163, No. 6, Vol. II., speaking of fencing, gives the following extract of a letter from Mr. Angelo, of Bolton Row, May Fair, dated London, Oct. 19, 1806.

" Flattered as I am, by the favour of your letter, I can only regret the observations I have to make have so small a claim to your attention. I shall, however, be happy, if any thing I offer does in the smallest degree contribute towards the elucidation of any part of so important a

subject as that of athletic exercises. It appears to me, that the effect of the art of fencing, upon the human frame, has not been considered in the view which it deserves; the result of the other athletic exercises, respecting which you have made such extensive inquiries, have their respective advantages of adding strength to the body; but the question is, how far will these, in their operations, tend to the promotion of health and longevity. Let us examine this point, both by analogy and induction: it is to be found, that although all exercises strengthen the body, and promote health, yet there are some more extensive in their effects than others. On the one hand, the large muscular arms of the blacksmith; the broad shoulders and thin legs of the drayman and waterman; the muscular legs of the chairman; the arms and shoulders of pugilists, &c. &c., have been remarked by every one. On the other hand, the feeble state of the muscular powers of mechanics; the contracted state of their chests, and, in the great manufacturing towns, the short duration of their lives, have not escaped observation. Now all those who, from their several occupations, have an increase of muscular strength,

no doubt, will derive the increase in proportion as those muscles have been exercised; let us, therefore, consider the operation of the muscular system in fencing, with respect to its position, and motion on animal economy.

"*First.*—The position of the body in fencing have, for objects, erectness, firmness, and balance; therefore, the chest, neck, and shoulders, are placed in positions the most beneficial to health.

"*Second.*—The various motions of the arms and limbs, while the body still maintains its erect position, not only confirms such positions, but by continual exertion of the muscles, necessary to their respective motions, and more especially that of the thorax, they not only require vigorous strength and tone, but in young people the bones of the thorax become, in consequence, more enlarged. As long, therefore, as the important functions of the thorax, viscera, &c. &c., can be assisted by means of muscular exertion, so long must fencing maintain its pre-eminence with respect to its advantageous effects on the human frame, and consequently on longevity. If it be granted that large populous towns tend to decrease longevity, in proportion to their increase there

will be less opportunity of invigorating the body by muscular exercise; then the more the beneficial effects of fencing are made known, the more it will tend to counteract those pernicious effects of decreasing longevity.

"I have only to add, in confirmation in part of what I have advanced, that the professors of the art on the continent are remarkable for long life; my father attained the age of eighty-six, and continued erect, and practised the art till within three weeks of his death. Monsieur Mollard, who still teaches at Woolwich, I have every reason to believe, is near eighty. Fencing has been productive of the most salutary effects on consumptive habits; many instances of which have fallen under my own observation. Among others, the son of Mr. Heath, the celebrated engraver, had a consumptive tendency, and occasionally felt a pain in his chest, so as to prevent free respiration. I advised his father to send him to me, he tried the effect of fencing for three months, and has ever since enjoyed his health. I can also mention another instance of the advantage derived from the exercise. The grandson of a noble Duke (Grafton), who was last year

a scholar of mine at Harrow School, had his right arm very much contracted from an accident; it was, in a very few months, invigorated from fencing, and became straight. I could bring forward many other proofs, but to state them minutely, would lead to the detail of particulars, the result of which would unnecessarily trespass on your time."

If I have been sounding my trumpet too long; the above quotations, I trust, will acquit me of adulation — "Othello's occupation's gone." No longer wielding the foil, leaving those who supply my place, after what I have corroborated, to keep Master Galen at a distance. Speaking of myself, I never knew a week's illness during the space of fifty years; and now, at my advanced time of life, when greeted "How well you look!" I shall therefore finish, when recommending the science, instead of "What! not learn to dance *Miss?*" (one of Bannister's favourite characters, *coupée*), shall say — "What! not learn to fence, *Sir?*"

THE RUM DUKE.

One time I attended a Duke, who was very fond of the exercise, and whom I constantly instructed, when in town. His usual residence being at an hotel, to avoid the noise his early lessons might make there, they were always taken at my fencing room. Sometimes in winter, an appointment made, at an early hour (eight o'clock in the morning), I received a message, I was to expect him at nine. As it was not at my house, the servant was despatched to have a fire in readiness. One morning, having returned home late, after boozing *too* much rum and water, I was awakened, to hasten to the room; I observed to his Grace, how much I should prefer lying in bed, of a cold dark morning, to leaving my home to fence. He asked me why? Having long attended him, and knowing well his good nature, having once been a visitor to his house in the country, I did not hesitate to say, "Last night I put too much rum into the water, so that now, instead of being a fencing master, I am a *Rum* Duke."

FENCING.

During the year 1783, I lived in Manchester Buildings. Mr. Hankey, the banker, was my neighbour, in George-street. His fondness for fencing was such, that, not content with one master to keep him in practice, I have often met at his house six; when usually beginning with the weakest (he took them all in their turn), finishing with the strongest, the one who taught him, Monsieur Le Pierre. This generally was the first hour. When seated, he amused himself by pitting us against each other; and our professions being the same, we did not always agree; and, like a tall school-boy that encourages the little ones to fight, so was Hankey amused when we disputed the hits; and often, our anger getting the better of science, we rushed on each other; when, had we had a sword instead of a foil, caution would have made us keep our distance. Judging of what I have seen, for science, the field is preferable to the fencing-room—the latter too often the case, exercise for ferailleurs, not fencers. At one of our meetings the consequences might have been serious. Two who had exhibited before him,

and *he*, by his laughing, had incensed them; together the next day they went to Paddington, where they drew swords. The one who had received a *scratch* on the sword arm, shy, I should suppose of approaching, affected after that he could no longer attend his scholars; when Mr. Hankey, having been the cause, sent him a ten pound note, a salve that recovered him the next day. My turn might have been the next, with a Monsieur De Coursell, disputing our thrusts, a *coup-jarret*, whose tall lank appearance would have been a scare-crow to me, and who had killed two men at Paris, for which he fled here, when luckily we were placed *exprés* next to each other at table, and the *bonne chere* and wine made us more friends than ever. If ever I had pretensions to excel in my profession, here meeting with the strongest opponents, then young, and a debutant, after the practice and lessons I had received, from a boy, of my father; this was a finishing school to me, to accomplish myself in the practical part. However, I was indebted to the instruction I had followed. Many a day I have listened to the observations of the numerous foreigners who frequented my room—some of the first fencers from Paris.

Often, previous to closing it, the business of the day finished, there would be a *raisonné sur les armes* for half an hour. Different opinions of the *secundem artem* of the attack and the defensive part—elucidating those reasons that were improvements to me, and, in my opinion, such convincing proofs, that cannot be better derived than from the French. So far I will do them justice, and bow to their superiority as fencers. How can they be otherwise—it is their national amusement, as boxing is our's. Besides, from a boy, they follow it up. Many *au fait* at seventeen, and at seventy, thrusting carte and tierce. Whatever my opinions are, they are not intended to detract from our merit (this smells of the shop); and those instructions adopted here, are equally the same as abroad; but the truth is, no sooner has a master perfected his pupil, his methods being as correct as those in France; the bad ones, who learn merely for exercise, the very first month, fence loose—I may well call it *loose*, poking away with a foil, no matter how they hit; to them it is good fun, and a good sweat. The assailed, if he defend himself, must fence out of rule, to avoid the *baroque* attacks of his inexperienced adversary. How then

can a master expect to make a good scholar? unless he follows the example of those abroad, who, *tout d'accord,* never suffer their pupils to fence loose till they are perfect in the lesson, and then by degrees; the *first* year they are, if competent, *permitted* to *assault.* To return to our assemblage. We usually met at twelve o'clock, and stripped, in flannel, continued till five, then the dinner hour; the two last hours, from the perspiration issuing from the jackets, I might compare the room (a small one) to a washing-house in a mist. On the chimneypiece was always placed a bottle of brandy. I have seen two the same day—a reviver to those who took a sip occasionally. Recoverot, a famous fencer, when he was of the party, though one of the best at first, often finished the worst; his repeated draughts in his head, no longer could his heels support him. Rowland, the father of the present George Rowland, well known for his abilities as an instructor, as well as his skill, was the favourite antagonist of Hankey. Pleased ever to get him in a corner, the other knowing his *customer,* suffered himself to be the plastron for the day, his antagonist not content with giving one hit, but always repeating it. Dinner an-

nounced, we all assembled. After, Champagne, Burgundy, &c. followed; when the Frenchmen (I was the only English *tireur*) with their compliments followed. "Ah, Monsieur Hankey, you be de great fencer; you beat St. George; he no so good." The more they pleased his fancy for the exercise, the more he pressed the bottle; and if Barthelemon, then the leader of the band at Vauxhall, did not make his evening appearance (for, like Monsieur St. George, our host excelled in the fiddle as well as fencing), we might have kept it up till morning, sometimes renewing it after dinner; and where the wine had operated most, the more foils were broken. No choice then. It was my profession, my attendance required. Often I would have preferred my own table to the dinner and better wines which followed at the fencing, sometimes renewed till a late hour.

MUSIC AND SWORDS.

D'Eon, when known only as *Chevalier*, had a servant named Devine, who, from having been a French soldier, was a fencer, whom he occasionally

had to keep him in practice. Whether he (Devine) had served his time in the galleys, or had escaped from a prison, *n'importe*, he answered D'Eon's purpose. Having often fenced with his master, we have had him to relieve us, judging from his violent method, beyond the amusement, his appearance and countenance was enough to keep him at a distance. His disposition passionate, and quarrelsome with his equals. La Grenade (a *soi-disant* term for a French soldier), who had served abroad, and was employed at my academy to practise my scholars, a quiet and civil emigrant, having had a trifling dispute with Devine, they both met at the end of Harley-street, (then fields,) facing Marylebone-gardens. The latter, a bully, conscious of his own skill, insisted on having a man to play on the organ while they drew swords, which was the result of their meeting. When, not a little to the satisfaction of those to whom the combatants were known, Devine received a dangerous thrust, that deprived his master of his services, the hospital supplying his place, and such a tune that cooled his courage ever after.

SYNAGOGUE.

The latter end of last century, when patronised by Colonel Herries, of the Light Horse Volunteers, to accommodate their attendance I had a fencing-room at the Half-Moon Tavern, Gracechurch-street. My vocal friend, Samuel Maynard, of Doctors' Commons, having spoken to me of two Jews, who sang at the Synagogue, and whose voices for loudness were extraordinary, their powers being beyond conception. In the habit of often inviting my friend to dine there, a Saturday was fixed to dine with me preparatory to our visit. With him he brought the Rev. Mr. Holmes, whom I have not seen since, now above thirty years, at this present time I believe one of the prebends of St. Paul's, who was reckoned one of the first vocal amateurs, and an excellent singer himself. After dinner, we sallied to Houndsditch, taking our place on the men's side, the other for the females only, we beheld these two famous singers, at a desk in the middle aisle, approaching to the altar, where stood the Rabbi. When singing the service like our Litany, the two

brawlers (I can call them nothing else), each holding the end of his ear, made such a noise that I could only compare it to a man crying mackerel, or a link-boy calling a coach; such bellowing, so loud, was stentorophonic beyond description. Indeed, the responses of the congregation, such a confused *mélange* of voices, put me in mind of the Christmas game, called the Jews' Synagogue, where a pack of cards is distributed to the company, when each in a loud voice calls out his card, ten of hearts! knave of clubs! ace of spades! &c. &c., which I have been told much resembles part of their devotion. However, the sight as well as the divine accompaniments, were new to me. I was the more amused the very instant the congregation gabbling was over. You would suppose they had not a thought beyond business—no repeating words now that brought them there; those next to me, it was, "Did you get the monesh, yesterday?"—"No, my Lord vas—" At it they went again, following the general noise; then proceeding with what they had been talking about, "Not at home. Did you get de bond?"—"No; but—" another roaring. Not anxious to hear the result of his lordship, or the Jews' money, we

hastened away. They may have considered us of "Hagar" offspring if they please—never will they catch me at their Synagogue again.

BEEFSTEAKS.

"Good wine needs no bush," so says our immortal bard; yet I should think a tender beefsteak, well dressed, previous, is no bad zest to add to the gusto. So it proved one day, on my inviting a party of the Light Horse Volunteers to dine with me at my fencing-room, in the city, which was a Bourgeois gold mine to me, in addition to my business at the West end of the town. The distance being so far from my home, near to Hyde Park, that after four o'clock, the day was too far gone to return to dinner. Generally remaining stationary, either the convivial receptions I could give, or accepting those invitations my professional introduction had procured me—not only the general notice of that respectable corps to their table, but to the city feasts and their halls, particularly the Ironmongers, where I not only had my *entré*, but the privilege of taking a friend with me; my city days I was usually absent, my family not expecting

me. On the day the Light Horse Volunteers dined at my room, Sandy Gordon, who was their adjutant, a good officer, the social companion and the élite of the corps, and no one from experience, a better judge of good wine, in praising mine, the port wine was, *nem. con. supernaculum.* The day following, Mrs. Abbott, mistress of the Half-Moon tavern, received several orders from the party to send the same to their house. This she refused; it was only for those who frequented her's.

The consequence was, a Beefsteak Club was proposed to dine there every Saturday; when, the jovial adjutant in the chair, he took ample care to keep the ruby shining in the glasses till a late hour. Not a little gratifying to me to have been the means of promoting the interest of mine hostess. The story, after told to my acquaintance, invitations to them were the more acceptable. "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." Then the latter must be those that have not a dinner at home (bachelors), but trust to procuring one abroad. If the others are fools, then hospitality is a stigma; to be friendly to those who are in want of a dinner.

A new name, when speaking of the great, and the *would be* great, the *haut en bas* of life. Much could be said on the subject. *I* can only speak of what I have personally seen.

Residing in the country since the year 1821, my visits there since my last, when in town, were far different to a lady "At Home." Though a perfect stranger to her, and the husband (her good man as she called him), who had made an ample fortune, formerly a Russian merchant, *i. e.* a speculator in tallow. One night when I was her partner at whist, talking of her intended large party, and inviting me, she said, "Next month expect a card," when I received Mrs. —— "At Home," Finsbury-square. Such a long distance from mine, then residing near Hyde Park, was little encouragement to coach it above three miles, to show myself amongst the *genteel* city *mélange*. However, I did not expect to meet my old city connections, with whom I once passed so many pleasant evenings, then thirty years previous; yet, curiosity tempted me to make one. Accordingly, I arrived there about nine o'clock, when, making

my *obeisance* to madame, who, bedizened and beplumed, was seated on a sofa, her foot on a stool, exhibiting a thick ancle, honouring me with a slight motion of the head. "Why did not you come sooner? tea's over," said she, retiring to make room for the city dandies with their white gloves and opera hats; who, like myself, in paying their devoirs to her, were told "tea's over." I soon found that, when viewing my company, I was a fish out of water. Not one person did I know, or was known to, nor did I speak to any one during the whole evening, except mine host, on making my *entré*—a little fat man, in snuff colour, ditto black scratch, and good-natured countenance, shaking me by the hand, as if we had been old acquaintance, "There's plenty of ice and cakes," quoth he; "don't spare them—they are all paid for."

Too late for tea, and no appearance of refreshments, unless I walked down stairs to the parlour; preferring the supper, as I expected, I remained above, my attention engaged in seeing the company, all strangers to me. In the first room, where madame was in state, receiving the homage of the *assemblée bourgeoise*—some, for aught I

know, might have been *counter gentlemen*—were two whist tables. In the back room (the folding doors opened) was a piano-forte, the misses, in their turn, displaying their musical accomplishments; some thumping the instrument, playing their show-off favourite lesson, it was all forte; others, what execution, to the gazers looking on, their fingers could astonish, hearing bra*vo*, Miss—City Saint Cecilia's—beauty and music are the food of love. Only one pleased me, that differed from all the others, who, with feeling and pathos, accompanying herself, sang that beautiful Scotch air, "Rosslyn Castle." Had Rizzio been alive, he would have been delighted. Suiting the expression to the company, I found myself so higgledy-piggledy, we were so crowded and jammed together, only by consent we moved. On the servant bringing in, on a tray, glasses of ice cream, having taken one but two sizes bigger than a tailor's thimble, with a spoon stuck in it, I was obliged to wait till it was my turn to move it to my mouth. When finished, the glass cup being so very small, and the spoon too heavy in it, down it fell to the ground; nor was I able, so pressed on each side, to pick it up. A waltz being proposed, and

several returning to the next room, a circle being purposely made for dancing, the spoon was found. To the accompaniment of a piano, a little *nez retroussé* miss, about sixteen, with numerous ringlets that flowed over her shoulders, reminding me (except the face) of King Charles's beauties at Hampton Court; and, had she ever seen them, might have fancied herself a resemblance. A lank over-grown exquisite, but a few years older than herself, was the happy beau to encircle his arms round her waist. To the delight of the papa and the mama of the latter, the faster they twirled, the more the *imbécille* parents encouraged them. Miss was at first all languishing, a mutual leering at each other; at last, affecting over fatigue, her eyes shut all the time, as if ready to faint, papa, being alarmed, put an end to this *decent* exhibition, when master whirligig wheeled her to a chair. Now past twelve, and hearing we were to turn out; alas! no supper, tant mieux! for I wished myself away, taking French leave, I hastened down stairs, pleased with the idea of a ride home. Though no supper eater, some tea and toast, with the description of the evening visit, the more the finale would be acceptable.

Here I was mistaken; not a coach to be had, in a drizzly rain, I walked on till I got to the White Hart, Holborn, facing Gray's Inn-lane. Wet, and in no good humour, I entered the tavern; some cold roast beef and pickles, with a jorum of brandy and water after, sustained me a little, whilst the waiter, in the rain, was looking for a coach. I now found myself something better, "though rather faint still," and I considered myself a fool for going so far, to be received "At Home." Sooner than pass such another soirée, I would be looked on as a dun—my presence best at a distance.

A BEGINNING.

When, *fleuret à la main*, I began the world for myself, soon after my *entré* at Westminster School, beginning with one scholar, in a short time there was an increase, to the discomfiture of five other masters, who taught fencing there at the time. Parents chose their own instructors. Previous to my attendance, the Rev. Doctor Goodenough (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle), at whose seminary, at Ealing, I attended the present

Dukes of Rutland, Portland, &c., and who was educated at Westminster, gave me a letter of recommendation to his old dame, Mrs. Grant, at whose house he then boarded; when on a winter's evening, about six, I waited on her, and was assured of her influence to serve me. Pleased with my reception, I had no sooner quitted the house, than a shower of warm water and tea-leaves, from one of the windows, drenched me. At the time displeased, and not recollecting the expectations of my future visits, I directly took up a stone, and was going to break the windows where I heard some boys laughing, when, checking myself, having announced my name, and the consequence that might attend the fencing-master's *début* after, as they would soon learn from Mrs. Grant, my urging visit, and "*chacun doit penser à soi*," trusting to my forbearance, I put down the stone, with the intention never again to pay a visit there after dark. Young as I was then, opposed to so many foils, no *foil* to my *nouvelle* situation. The repeated stories of the boys, to me, of the superiority the other masters had vauntingly boasted how *they* could instruct, all professing their abilities. The mere chatter of boys made

no impression on me, except the vituperous tongue of one of the five, a tall Irishman, named Redman, whom I have spoken of in my second volume of *Reminiscences*, wherein I mentioned my father's paying one hundred pounds for caning him. Being told that *he* had boasted beating my father, and both of us having fencing rooms in Dean's Yard (the other masters only attending at the boarding houses), out of patience with the continual falsehoods related to me of his abuse, with my scholars and other students, I went to him. Exposing his base assertions, provoked as I was, I told him, his age (then above seventy) spared him that resentment he deserved. On refuting his saying *he* had beat my father, I called on him to take off his wig, and show the scars where he had received the blows on his head, that he laid his damages at a thousand pounds, at times they produced such a giddiness, that it often prevented him from following his business. Here he refused, telling me, "You lie like a dog." Convinced he was only laying a trap for me, to take the law, I could have spit in his face; or, at the moment, resented such a reply. It was only law, and his advanced years, prevented

me. The boys satisfied, and Redman's assertions refuted, the more rapidly I established my new situation; and, from a circumstance which turned out in my favour, no longer had I to contend against five.

Occasionally attending the boarding houses on those who took private lessons, in the next room to one of my scholars, named Maitland, who boarded at Mrs. Ottie's, was another master, named Pardone, an Irishman, who had served abroad in the Irish Brigades. The boys, desirous to see us contend together, contrived, after he had finished teaching, which was previous to my attendance (three o'clock), to keep him in the room in which I was expected, and, favourite as he was, I considered him the only one that stood in my way—possessed of that inducement, which I was not competent to, of amusing the scholars with lies; how many he had wounded and killed in duels. I could only have told them, "I eat all that *I* ever killed." However, it was good fun for them to laugh at his bouncing. It was then, "learn of Pardone, he's a queer fellow, he'll tell you such damned lies." Besides, he had got a strong footing there before me. At three o'clock,

I made my appearance there, and having previously fenced together, our meeting was nothing new. Here I found the room full of boys, when the question was soon put, "Mr. Angelo, won't you fence with Mr. Pardone?" and the same to him; of course, neither refused. Here our separate abilities were at stake, to amuse schoolboys. However, to please them, we stripped, and engaged. As I had but lately made my *début* there, I exerted myself the more, to secure a good footing; but I had not an easy *customer* (pugilistic) to deal with; for some time it was what the fencers call *partie égale*. Nevertheless, though each may have shown their skill, the spectators were not sufficient judges; merely silent: when the foil falling from my adversary's hand, a general applause and laughter ensued. At the time, seizing their moment of being pleased, neither my attack or defence occupying my attention, I took every opportunity to disarm him, which pleased them the more. This could not have continued long, and, from his athletic appearance surpassing mine, finding he was enraged at the notice bestowed on me, though I had turned up a trump in an encounter, the

game might have taken a different turn. Having already won, I was glad to ground my arms; fortunately, my nose was bleeding at the time, from the heat of the room, and the exercise; it was a finale to the exertions imposed upon us. Had I engaged before those well acquainted with the science, the foil falling would have been of no consequence, nor attended to: it is the quickness of the point, that depends more on a light hand, than grasping the foil too strong. Indeed, many have a loop to their glove, to prevent it falling; and what is a sword-knot? but to fasten it to the wrist. Here fortune stood my friend, for my antagonist had his "capabilities," having been one of the best fencers in the brigade. When we left the place together, in our way he would have quarrelled with me; but asking him to dine with me, soon cooled his courage, he was perfectly agreeable to it; and what with the effects of the wine, assenting to his incredible stories, and praising his abilities, though a would-be lion before dinner, after, pleased with his reception, *en ami*, no longer opposed, he went away a lamb. A short time after, it was proposed by one of his former scholars, who resided in Dublin, to establish him

there, at the same time that he had procured several to begin. To see his kingdom again, was such a temptation he could not refuse, and he resigned to me what scholars he had left. My old foul-mouth antagonist being made one of the Poor Knights of Windsor, and the three others finding no encouragement, I had no longer to contend against five, the *champ de bataille* was *solely* left to me after, which continued from 1784 to 1821, when leaving my town business (a profession my father followed, and instructed till he was in his eighty-sixth year), no longer a fencing master, I may say, " Othello's occupation's gone !"

IMPATIENCE.

Of the numerous foreigners that made their appearance here, with their *vanterie* of having beaten the first fencers at Paris, some adventurers, to establish themselves as fencing masters: others, who, like our gentry, the many, who have *reasons*, preferring Boulogne to their own country, to London. A Monsieur De Pineaux, who had

been a *gendarme*, and was obliged, for some *faux pas*, to seek an asylum here. Having trumpeted his skill (though no credit to my foolish *impatience*), he might have been a scare-crow to all those who followed my profession, whilst he delayed proving his abilities, though they were not to be frightened. Yet none were impatient, like myself, to be the first to assault with him. Hearing he frequented the Orange Coffee House, in the Haymarket, and curious to see this great fencer, in the evening (winter) about seven o'clock, I took my chance of meeting him there; when I found one corner crowded with foreigners and fencing masters, listening to the rhodomontade of a tall *soi-disant parleur*, boasting of his abilities. Soon known to them, and joining the party, till near nine o'clock the whole conversation was engrossed about fencing. My room being facing this *rendezvous de toutes sortes d'étrangers*, and having the key in my pocket, I could not resist challenging this *Vanteur* to accompany me there, and fence with me. Here my impatience got the better of my prudence; established as I was, I had no business to

risk my situation with a stranger, it must have been the influence of the punch, which had flowed for two hours, that made me so forget myself. However, with some difficulty, he was prevailed on. Accordingly, *nem. con.*, all ready to follow me (I first sent for two pounds of candles). Nearly the whole coffee-house were present at our exhibition. A ring being made, surrounded by several holding the candles, stripped, *Monsieur le grand tireur*, and myself; both not over-firm on our legs, we did little better than tumble on each other, and break foils, to the no little amusement and laughter of the spectators. However, I was not so *enivré*, but I soon found I had got a *gascon* to deal with, a mere *ferailleur*, a term alluding to the *jeu de soldat*, all considering themselves fencers. Some few excel, but the greater part are of the above description. However, my antagonist, after such a *début*, never appeared in any one of the fencing schools. It was related to me after, that a pawnbroker's widow, at whose house he lodged, captivated with his person, had received those palpable hits on her heart she could not parry, and they were married. Her shop being disposed of, having received to himself all she

possessed—such a *foil* to *push* himself forward—Monsieur took French leave, nor did madame ever hear of him after. Such were the *pledges* of *his* love, that they were never *redeemed.*

LEG OF MUTTON.

Jack Bannister, soon after he made his first appearance on the stage, was a constant visitor at my father's fencing room; and from that continual attention to the lesson, was soon able to make the assault, *quelque que soit;* it was all the same to him, ever "anxious for the fray," not considering they were old scholars, and the strongest fencers; but at the same time, by receiving improvement, at last they found him their equal, and I may affirm, following Charles Kemble's example, who was one of my best scholars, and who, like the family, pursuing that perseverance to excel, so my friend succeeded. Such a favourite was he with the scholars, that all were anxious to have him for their antagonist; nor did it stop here; for when my father left the room, which was usually at three o'clock, having then a country house at Acton, the carriage at that hour was always waiting for him.

No sooner was he absent, no longer the foil, Bannister's drollery, tricks, and humour, were so amusing, that often, when the evening attendance at the theatre required him, with difficulty he could get away.

My father, who was particularly attentive to teach his scholars the bow, the salute of *every* one at that time (now-a-days *too vulgar*, shame!), and particularly to his theatrical *élève*, the graces. Though the continual repetition, and he was quite perfect, yet, when my father met him, as if to remind him, made such an obsequious low bow, much as to say, see how *I* salute, must have occasioned the result of a story he related to me himself. Though not told by me with his humour, yet, enough of the parties—their *politesse*. "Meeting your father one day in the Haymarket, when making me such a low bow, keeping his hat off, and looking at me in the face, as if reminding me it was my turn next. Determined to beat him at his polite game (at that time you know, we wore cocked hats), at the moment I made such a grand flourish with my arm, holding my hat, and a butcher's boy being close to me with a LEG OF MUTTON, plump went my *chapeau* in the tray, and

down fell the mutton into the mud." Here my friend's disaster did not finish; the other I cannot call one, I will only consider it a *faux pas;* my friend's drollery, from what I have heard, was not confined where he received instruction at my father's, but in the life room of the Royal Academy, which he attended previous to his stage *début*, then a grown boy, intended to be an artist. Moser, who was keeper of the Royal Academy, and usually was present whilst the students were engaged, had no sooner left the room, than his fun, tricks, and drollery, no pencil (like no foil), but loud shouts of laughter: not only a little encouraged by brother students, Rowlandson, but even Hoppner, never cheerful himself, but all the others, many who were, after, some of the first prominent artists of the day.

One evening in particular, Moser missed his facetious visiter, whom he had left but a few minutes before engaged at his drawing; not finding him in his place, what was his surprise, on seeing him romping in the kitchen with the maids, and so close to the handsomest, the parties so pleased with each other, Moser exclaimed, "This is indeed, young gentleman, copying after nature."

However my pen may wander beyond mere anecdotes, as contributions to my work, as public characters are public property, and as I am speaking not only from authentic information but personal experience, trusting also to the general encouragement of my Second Volume of *Reminiscences*, which I may say was my own writing, I shall yet venture to trespass farther—anecdotes of a favourite performer cannot but attract notice. I may be acquitted of writing on the subject of my lamented friend, Kean, what many of the journals can only state from hearsay. The following has been penned since his decease.

Having already spoken of him in my late publication, and living near Richmond, at my return from his house, a few days subsequent to his death, and previous to his interment, I made my inquiries; and although the merit may be trivial, yet the excellent information of an actor who has excited so much public attention, however my wishes may exceed my endeavours in curiosity, cannot be displeasing.

On the Wednesday previous to his death, it

was reported at Twickenham, where I resided, that he had died that evening; the papers, however, of the following day, mentioned he was yet living. His funeral was fixed for Whitsun Eve (Saturday, the 24th of May), which was more suitable to the gentlemen of the theatres. Previously I called at his house at Richmond, where I received information that three o'clock was the hour fixed, and that it was to be a walking funeral. I was much surprised there was nobody in the room but a lad of nineteen to receive me. Kean had been soldered down in a leaden coffin a week. The servant informed me that he alone had attended his master many hours during his last illness—that the Tuesday previous to his decease, on awaking from his sleep, and on giving him two tea-spoonsfull of brandy and water, with some jelly, he inquired, "who are those two men I have been fighting with?" this was about four o'clock, and his last words, calling on his servant William, were, "tell me." Wednesday morning, Mr. Dukes sleeping on the sofa, Mr. Lee entered his bed-room, and considered his last moments approaching, and soon after heard a sigh, on life departing. I was also informed that he had

been attached to a girl he met in the streets, whose name was Ophelia Benjamin, a Jewess, whom he was obliged to dismiss, after living with him seven years—that she was continually annoying his relatives—had been a great expense—that many things had been lost—he was much affected at parting, which was done by his coachman leaving her where she had been taken up.

Referring to the time he made his first appearance at Drury Lane, as a fencing master, *sans cérémonie*, I was my own Sir Clement Cotterell, presenting myself at the theatre while he was rehearsing Hamlet; when recommending him in the fencing scene, that honour due to his Danish Majesty, and *devoir* to the audience, the salute, those graceful attitudes always preceding the assault, ought not to be dispensed with. Much obliged to me, Kean was delighted to adopt, and myself the more so to be acquainted with him, teaching the two forthcoming antagonists. From that time I was often at his house, when he resided in Clarges Street (living but a few doors from him), where I passed some pleasant days, sometimes going out with him in his carriage. I should think it must have been about sixteen

years ago. The second time I was invited to dine with him, was on his birth-day, where I met Messrs. Stephen Kemble, Pope, Harley, &c. Leaving the dining parlour, and retiring above, with spirits, the wine, and the glee, the time, till four in the morning, with "rapid strides" passed quickly away. When taking leave with the others, being so very near a neighbour, he would not let me go, and calling for another bottle, I continued there near an hour. On descending the stairs, he would follow me, as *I* conceived *poliment*, to the street door, when, to my surprise, the servant helped him on with his great coat. "We must take a walk together," he holding my arm fast till we got to Bond Street. Having but a short time to sleep, preparatory to my daily pursuit, whilst something attracted his attention, and leaving me, I took French leave; and, however pleased I had been, was glad I returned home.

During the months of August and September, then my summer vacation, after the daily fatigue of those previous exertions, I usually retired some distance from town, to rest myself. Returned, to renew my labours, when the effects of that indolence and indulgence not accustomed to, my

health so impaired, and no youth to add to its recovery, the recourse of that exercise which was a sudorific at all times; that relief, the table and glass, I enjoyed the day before, would have shortened the lives of many. When, thank God (no chicken now, during my many years, that healthy constitution, stranger as I have been to medicine), fencing has sent Master Galen and his doses to Coventry. September, the theatres just opened at the time, my friend Kean, who lived only a few doors from mine, I called upon him, observing, the summer months had altered our shapes for genteel comedy, how lusty we had grown, and that an hour's fencing every morning, taken before breakfast, instead of pills, and two rolls after, health and appetite would then keep pace. Delighted at the proposal, the following morning was fixed for our preparatory improvement, at nine o'clock. *Fleuret à la main*, both "eager for the fray"—stripped in flannel, like the minuet before the Scotch reel—grace before agility, and what the French call *pour vous mettre en train*, we began with carte and tierce. At first proceeding slowly, when telling him, "Now, take care of yourself, I am going to unbutton your

waistcoat." Here my quickness succeeded for the last time, when at the moment I felt such a shock, as if I had overstrained the back ligatures of my left thigh. Alas! such was the result. This fatal thrust to me was my last *performance* of the foil, those numerous *engagements* during fifty years previous. Now it was *arma cedunt sprain.* No longer that daily extension of the limbs, that during the whole time, and even past sixty years, those who were my scholars can affirm, at my room in Bond Street, seeing me stripped, receive the attacks, not only of my strongest scholars, but *quel que ce soit*, amateurs that visited me. Now approaching to sixteen years I have felt the effects, lame as I am to this day, through the mistaken, however friendly, endeavours of the faculty to relieve me, prescribing cupping, blistering, ointments, &c. all the time to no purpose. The gout, which I had been subject to for years, though short temporary twiches, which I had not told them, and must have paid a visit to the afflicted part, was acting contrary, where only patience and flannel might have cured me, now a lasting and fixed pain to my knee; and, considering my time of life, that infirmity we all must expect, I bow to its decree.

This is an addition youth might overcome; now *le rideau tombé*, no hopes are left; and so painful at times, after seated a little while, with difficulty I can leave my chair to cross the room. Were the effects of nature to add to my age, I should not complain; but so far from *improving*, as I expected to keep pace with my excellent dramatic antagonist. When walking abroad now, ashamed, I fancy myself a hobbling old man; and hear my old acquaintance say, "Poor fellow, *ils sont passés ces jours de fête.*" Could my left knee but keep pace with the right, that *nerf* that still exists, they would be a solace to me; thankful to the foil that opposed to those hits I once received, returning them with that *interest* exceeding a jew's *mercy*; now, "no longer pipe, no longer dance." Why complain? *On n'est pas héro partout.* The last time I saw my friend Kean, who could "cleave the general ear with horrid speech," was in July 1830; the day following I received a letter from him, not only as a memento, but that relic I keep by me, as well as one from Garrick to my father;—autographs I value.

"My dear Sir,

"I have read with great satisfaction your *Reminiscences*, and consider them both interesting and instructive. I have never ceased to regret that I was the unfortunate cause of your retirement from your profession, of which you have ever been the brightest ornament. Wishing you health and happiness, and much profit from your literary pursuits,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your's very truly,

"EDMUND KEAN."

"*July 7th*, 1830.

"*To* H. ANGELO, ESQ."

Calling on Mr. Kean, at his house, Bute Cottage, Regent's Park, one morning, at ten o'clock, the servant informed me his master was not stirring. I replied, "Well, if you can give me the paper, or a book, to read, though you say it may be one o'clock before he is up, I will wait till that time." Accordingly I was shown into a room, and had not been seated there a quarter of an hour, before he entered. Pleased to see me, and a hearty shake by the hand, some years

having elapsed since we last saw each other, which was at Bath, where I then resided, he asked me if I had breakfasted. Answering in the negative; then come along with me, it is in the next room; but first, without waiting or ringing for, the servant entered with a bumper of brandy. Following him, at the top of the table I beheld a young lady, young enough to be his daughter; Miss Tidswell (late actress), whom I had known, I should think, these last fifty years, seated on her left. At the bottom of the table sat Kean, when a large smoking beef-steak, which covered the dish, was placed before him. After pressing me to partake of it with him, which I refused, such a *déjeuné à la fourchette*, then in summer, not over tempting, he helped himself to not a little slice, and merely eating a very small morsel, he sent his plate away. This was the last time we met.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. W. C. MACREADY.

Of the numerous eminent performers I have had the honour of instructing in the science of fencing, I believe the only one now on the boards

is Mr. Macready. At the time I instructed him, at my academy in Piccadilly, I think he could not have been more than eighteen, just previous to his appearing at Covent Garden. Having sent him a prospectus of my *Pic-Nic*, I felt myself highly gratified by receiving the following reply:—

" 61, *Lincoln's Inn Fields*,
" *June* 12, 1833.

" Dear Sir,

" I am most happy in the opportunity of testifying my respect and my sense of obligation to you, for your valuable instruction, which I am proud to remember, in any way possible; it will give me great pleasure to be considered among the early applicants for your forthcoming work, which I shall beg you to send me on publication; and with my best wishes

" I remain, dear Sir,
" Your very faithful and obliged Servant,
" W. C. MACREADY."

" *To* H. ANGELO, ESQ."

Entire stranger as I have been since, I cannot omit testifying my obligations to the great Roscius

of the present day, who, after so many years gone by, could write me such a friendly and flattering reply.

Alluding to the recollections of Mr. Macready, his father (once a favourite performer at Covent Garden), considering it necessary his son should acquire those accomplishments requisite for his appearance on the London Stage, sent him to town, under the surveillance of a prominent performer; and for the preference conferred on me, in being selected to add my efforts towards the completion of his person, I feel myself peculiarly indebted, both to the notice of the son and the estimation of the father.

Having been known to the father many years previous, and being informed that his son was intended for the stage, I wished to include him with the many others I had instructed, as *friends;* this however was refused, for previous to his return home, no remonstrance of mine could prevail, or prevent my receiving the full amount of his instructions; and, from the numerous civilities I have at all times received from the father since, the recollections of Macready must ever dwell on my mind with pleasure and gratitude.

KEMBLE'S EAR.

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion first made his appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, Kemble, who performed the King, sang a song; at the rehearsal, Shaw, the leader of the band, called out to him, whilst he was singing, "Mr. Kemble, Mr. Kemble, you murder the time, Sir." Kemble, first taking a pinch of snuff, replied, "Well, if I do, I had better do that, than, like you, be always beating it."

KEMBLE AND KELLY.

My theatrical friend Kemble, speaking of whom I am much indebted for his green-room anecdotes, related to me the following one of Kelly:—At a conversation about a new play, Sheridan had consulted Kemble, who remained silent all the time. Kelly being present, and out of patience at not hearing the latter make any reply, not a little laughable to the manager nor strictly offensive to the great tragedian, called out, "Kemble, why don't you 'open your marble jaws?'"

SIR WALTER SCOTT, AND JOHN KEMBLE.

Sir Walter Scott was a man of plain and unassuming language. His attempts at wit were few, but successful; nevertheless, he had a dry kind of humour, that always amounted to pleasantry. Telling a friend one day that he had a head-ache, in consequence of sitting up with John Kemble a great part of the previous night, drinking Madeira and water with him, his friend appeared much surprised at it, knowing the Baronet's sober habits, when he remarked, "Just take this along with you, that Kemble was drinking the Madeira, and I the water."

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Being present at a fight between Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam (I think at Moulsey Hurst), an immense ring was formed round the scene of action. Numbers were seated on the ground, amongst whom was His Royal Highness the then Duke of Clarence, with his son, who, I should suppose, was then about twelve years of age. The youth having occasion to quit the ring during the fight,

the Duke desired me, as I was seated next, to attend him; I could with difficulty prevail on the crowd to let him pass. On our return, as he was getting over the immovable mass, in lifting up his foot, he accidentally grazed the head of one of the *canaille*, who, at the moment, was about to make a blow at him, when I called out, "It is the Duke of Clarence's son," which prevented what might have been very distressing to me, having the youth confided to my care.

COUNTRY VISITORS.

Previous to the Christmas holidays, I invited a country acquaintance to take his dinner with me during the vacation. Having acquainted me, as he lived some little distance from town, when he should leave home, a day was fixed on, when I was to expect him. My usual dinner time then (winter) was at four. What was my surprise, not only to see him, but his wife and three daughters, at three o'clock; the misses with their bundle, to add to their finery before dinner.

Now, as I only kept two servants employed, as the cook was to prepare dinner, the other so much engaged, she was continually called to wait on them. This was an intrusion at the time, *mal à propos* to my customary invitations. A visit *en famille* so soon, unexpected, and dreading the idea of their *pleasant* company the *whole* evening, I hastened away to my friend, James Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, who had a box of his own at the Opera House; mentioning to him how very unpleasantly I was situated, he kindly lent it to me, saying if I was not engaged, I could take my supper with him, where I should meet his brother, Professor Porson, and others whom I was well acquainted with; also Doctor Raine, of the Charter-House, at the time attending there. That alone, to me, was a great inducement. So far, so good. My visitors are provided for, and I shall have my liberty. Hurra! said I.

After dinner, pleased as I expected them to be, at showing them my town civility, sure as I thought of the riddance that was to follow, and agreeably surprised as I hoped they would be that I had got a private box for them at the opera, to my utter disappointment, having been

there the preceding Saturday, they did not care to see the same opera. Miss Clementina, the elder sister, an over-grown girl in her teens, said, "La, mama, nobody *don't* go there on the Tuesday night, how vulgar! I likes the fashionable one." This was a *contretems*, country fixtures imposed on me for the whole evening. No supper at Perry's. Had I invited any one to meet them, I then might have absented myself, at least for part of the evening—that would have been a temporary relief to me. No alternative, and a round game proposed—commerce, to please the misses, who said they were quite *agreeable* to it. I took care to order supper an hour sooner (ten o'clock). When after, the father praising his eldest daughter, how well she sung, proposed her singing; a long pause ensuing, preparatory to hemming her voice into tune, I volunteered one of my caracatos, enough to create their laugh, and put them all in good humour—a mere sunshine of a day that is soon gone; so it was here. Miss Clementina refused; she had a bad cold, when her mama said, "'Tis all a hum!" and papa insisted on her singing, boasting what a deal of money he had paid Signor Squali to teach her, and the great expense of

purchasing a piano-forte. All entreaties, for some time, were in vain. This continued for a quarter of an hour, when his perseverance succeeded. At last she began, "Had I a heart." A dead pause, bursting into tears; it was, Oh, dear! oh, dear! A duet followed, the parents at the same time angry. "Clementina, you hussy, none of your airs, sing directly." Again she began, when this time she only got as far as "falsehood framed;" ditto tears, and "I can't, I can't," followed—that damped the remainder of the time, which her *commencement* had caused. A heavy snow having fallen during the evening, I proposed to make sure of their sending for a coach, being such a bad night. *Malheureusement* during the space of an hour, no conveyance to be found. This did not prevent their still harping on my daughter, her crying, and they scolding; when, *par force*, no choice left, Master Clod, with his rib muffled up in my *roquelaure*, the daughters in great coats, *à la maître de danse*, they were obliged to foot it home in the snow. This was their first visit to me, and was the last, and pleased was I to say, when speaking of my country visitors, "*ils sont passés ces jours de fête.*"

Among the numerous distinguished characters who were my scholars, were Lords Sidmouth and Grey, Mr. Jenkinson (afterwards Lord Liverpool), who at the time was a student at the Charter House, and came purposely to take private lessons, at my house in St. Alban's-street, where I then resided. I should mention, that, during some time I had been previously applied to, to teach at the school, but was always refused by Doctor Beardmore, who was the master. His objection was, that some years before, an accident *might* have happened. Two of the little boys having got possession of the foils, fencing together, one had received a hit near the eye; since then the science was never suffered to be taught there; and though his late Majesty, when Prince of Wales (my father having mentioned to him my disappointment), sent Lord Southampton (then one of the Lords in waiting) to speak in my favour to the Doctor, he still refused, saying that he could not alter a regulation which had been adopted; however, at his decease, I procured the appointment. Previously, Lord Hawkesbury (the physician, having recommended fencing as an exercise of that utility

so necessary for youth, as well for health as for person) sent for me, then residing in Hertford-street; when mentioning how very much he stooped, and complaining of his chest being so contracted, he fixed the mornings I was to expect him, saying, "Mr. Angelo, if he don't hold up his head, give him a good thump on his back." This was the winter 1787 (about that time the present Dukes of Manchester and Rutland, Lords Edward Somerset, Somerset, Talbot, Grantham, Leveson Gower, Marquis of Queensberry, and Sir Francis Burdett, were my scholars), when, at so early an hour as nine o'clock, to be in time to return to the morning school, he was ever punctual to take his lesson, nor do I recollect, except merely the first salutation, we ever exchanged a word. My scholar, then approaching to sixteen, though assiduous and attentive to my instruction, however his health might have benefited from the exercise, from his long habit of stooping, it was too late then for me to remove it. Some few years ago, when I published my father's *Treatise on Fencing*, in a note he honoured me with, to subscribe to the work, after taking notice of having once been my scholar, he said he was sorry he did not follow up the exercise.

DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

Of the Duchess of St. Albans, when Miss Mellon, much has been said *pro* and *con* as to her Grace's charity and generosity; but the following anecdote speaks for itself:—Visiting one day, a poor woman in a garret, who, from having seen better days, was in reduced circumstances, she found her dreadfully afflicted with rheumatism. "You are not sufficiently and warmly clad," said Miss Mellon—"you ought to be all covered with flannel."—"Alas!" said the poor woman, "I cannot afford to buy flannel." On which, Miss Mellon actually took off her own flannel petticoat to put on her, adding, at the same time, a small donation, probably as much as she then could afford. Charity, thus applied, is indeed a rare virtue!

RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. JORDAN.

After the many different characters that have delighted me, seeing Mrs. Jordan, the recollection of hearing her sing, "O where! and O where, is my Highland Laddie gone?" at my friend John Bannister's benefit, the first time she played the

guitar on the stage. Though myself at the time then not competent to sing to my favourite instrument, the guitar, which I had strummed on from a youth, without those accompaniments to the voice, which is most essential to please. The day after, hearing that Buckinger had been her music master, and lived in the Strand, I hastened there, when, taking a few lessons from him, several airs that pleased me most, and those best suited to my "hoarsen'd voice," particularly Mrs. Jordan's "O where," and that made such an impression on me. To this day, but when *alone*, in my boudoir, and my spirits failing, my guitar is my only *soulagement, au fait*, to accompany myself in two airs, "Away with melancholy," and "O where! and O where;" these two were always my *début;* the first a reviver, that so pleased I was with my own caterwauling, and no one at the time present, applauding myself on finishing, I cried out, Bravo! Encore! Encore! when making a flowery speech, and as if afflicted with a bad cold, "yet, to make myself *agreeable*, I shall be happy to sing again." Agreeable, reminds me of a Christmas night, when one of the party, a raw bumpkin (and we were all called upon for our song), begging to be excused,

" he could not sing, but should be happy to make himself *agreeable*, he would give them the 'Hare and many Friends,'" from Gay. Speaking of the other favourite air, when recollecting Sir Jonah Barrington's description of Mrs. Jordan's unhappy hours and reflections (her guitar was one of her resources against consuming melancholy, at her cottage, a quarter of a mile from *Boulogne sur Mer*), that the very instrument I was playing on, which I bought of Buckinger, had once belonged to Mrs. Jordan, and was the very one on which I heard her first play the Scotch air; the sound is no longer *allegro!* it was all *affettuoso.* Oft I could not proceed; the blue devils discording both voice and strings, that "if music be the food of love, play on:" it was "Enough—no more. It is not so sweet now as it was before."

THE KITCHEN.

When, every other week, my professional attendance was expected at Cambridge, many a winter's morning, before day-light, I have walked to meet the coach, at the White Horse, Fetter Lane (from my house in Bolton Row), to

take me there; and often, whether rain, or frost, have been an outside passenger. Hoddesdon, which is seventeen miles from town, was the first stage to breakfast; the coach usually arriving there about ten; sometimes shivering, and almost frozen, when ushered into a cold room, where the fire had only been lit but a few minutes before, the ladies of course were a screen, crowding near it, to the rest of the travellers; sometimes, including all the passengers, a dozen or more, all impatient to begin their breakfast; near ten minutes have elapsed, when one plate only of toast made its appearance; the fair sex first served, three or four pieces only left for the rest, who soon their voracious appetites had engaged them, *à la fourchette*, devouring the meat accompaniments of beef and ham. Others calling for eggs and ale; when near ten minutes more had passed, enters another plate, ditto Master Jehu, to announce the coach was waiting. The bill called for, when nearly the usual stage charge was double to what was paid for tea *only*. Now, as I was not a knife and fork morning traveller, I certainly did not consider myself called upon to pay for the meat and eggs of the hungry

gentlemen. Some not contented with their morning meal, but enough to include their dinner. I have seen them fill their pockets, preparatory for their lunch, during the remainder of their journey. Having already too often paid my *quota* towards the breakfast, and not partaken of the meat and eggs, although, myself, so long a traveller, ought to have known better; "if old birds are not to be caught with chaff," at last, I found out "I had been paying through the nose," so that when the bill made its appearance, I called out, "Waiter! I have had tea *only*, what's to pay?"—"Eighteen-pence, Sir." Putting down the money, I left the others to settle the bill. Not pleased with my breakfast here, and preferring the *toast* to the ladies (when the cup, not the glass was before me, than the ladies' *toast* at Hoddesdon) a new manœuvre occurred to me.—"As *l'argent fait tout*," or more appropriate, it was "Money will make the mare to go;" having made my advances to Betty the Cook, accompanied with half-a-crown, it was no bad beginning to be admitted into the *kitchen*. When, seated by a good fire, she always took especial care to place the first toast before me. However ill-

mannered I might appear to the parlour gentry company, what was I to do? I could not refuse the damsel of the dripping-pan. Such a kitchen toast.

MRS. GARRICK.

Soon after the return of the late Queen Caroline from the continent, Alderman Wood attended her in one of the city barges down the River. I was beholding the aquatic sight on the Adelphi terrace. During this time Mrs. Garrick then lived there. About three o'clock, standing in the balcony, with an opera glass viewing the spectacle; there was an eclipse at the same time. Having often been at our Roscius's house, and so well known to her, yet many years had elapsed since she saw me. As her chariot was at the door, I inquired of the coachman if he expected his mistress soon; when he replied, Directly. Though I had not spoken to her for years, she might not have remembered me after so long an absence, when I remained before the door to hand her to her carriage. On her approach towards the passage I made my obeissance, mentioning my name. To my surprise, I was directly known. Taking me by

the hand, she exclaimed, "How like your father! How long has your dear mother been dead?" When, assisting her to her carriage, supporting her arm, it was the mere bone of a skeleton; her smile and countenance had all the remains of having been a handsome woman. Retaining her intellects, the affability with which she received me, was beyond what I could possibly imagine. I knew at the time, Garrick had been dead so many years, January 20th, 1779, her age must have been drawing near to a hundred. Referring to the marriage, July 1749, our Roscius was married to Mademoiselle Villetti, the most capital dancer in Europe, and universally admired for her beauty and accomplishments. At her demise, not long after, the papers announced her age A HUNDRED AND ONE.

FRENCH CHARADE.

Mon premier est un tyran, mon seconde est effroyable,
Mon tout est, pour un garçon, pire que le diable.

Reader, do you give it up?——it is Mari—age.

FINIS.

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